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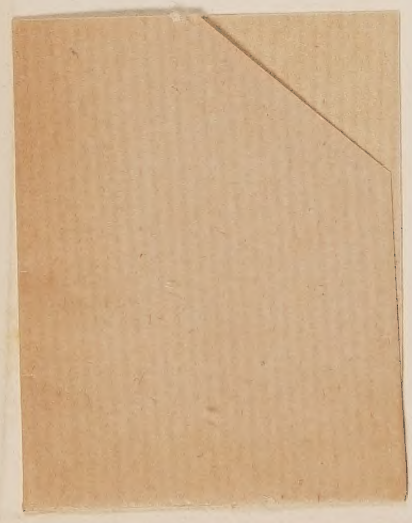

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The Magic Key

(Curwen Edition 3552)

A Spanish Fairy Operetta
in Three Acts. By
W. SMYTH COOPER

Author and Composer of 'The Enchanted Glen', 'The Wishing Cap', 'A Royal Jester', etc.

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Scene I.

No. H. 141. VILLAGE GREEN.

Scene II.

No. H. 132. MOUNTAIN SCENE.

Scene III.

No. H. 119. FAIRYLAND.

Contents.

ACT I.

NO.			PAGE
	INTRODUCTION		1
1	CHORUS	We're merry as the miller	4
2	SONG AND DANCE (CORREGIDOR) ...	A most prodigious memory...	9
3	CHORUS	What jovial lads are we	14
4	CHORUS	We're all of us amazingly intelligent...	17
5	GIPSY CHORUS AND DANCE	Every morning with the sun	20
6	SONG (KADIGA)	Once in Sunny Spain	24
7	SONG (SANCHICA)	Fairy tales	27
8	SONG (JUAN)	I am the bold, bad, bandolero	31
9	SONG (FLANNIGAN)	My name is Patrick Flannigan	34
10	SONG (JUAN AND BANDOLEROS	The light guitar	40
11	CHORUS	When the merry bells	44
12	SONG (SANCHICA)	When the shadows	48

ACT II.

13	SONG (SANCHICA)	O 'tis sad	51
14	VOCAL MARCH	We are marching	55
15	SONG (CHIEF GNOME)	The careless Fays...	59
16	CHORUS	Tick, tock, listen to the clock	61

ACT III.

17	CHORUS	Hail to Titania	65
18	CHORUS	Would you like to live ?	67
19	SONG (TITANIA)	Time and tide	71
20	CHORUS	We are marching	74
21	SONG (TITANIA)	Welcome	78
22	ENSEMBLE	... ...	82
23	FINALE	Come then to Fairyland	88

The Story in Brief.

IT is Midsummer Eve, and the inhabitants of Barossa are assembled to hold their annual festival. It is the custom on this occasion to suspend the law, so that even the bandoleros from the mountains can join in the festivities without fear of arrest. The inhabitants of this village have long since ceased to believe in fairies, with the exception of Sanchica, the Barber's daughter.

During the revels she suddenly enters and shows her father a strange "key" which she has found upon the mountains. The Corregidor (local magistrate) claims this key as lost property in the name of the law.

A gipsy fortune-teller, Kadiga, says the key is a magic one, that will open a certain cave in the mountains where a Moorish princess is said to be imprisoned under a spell. She tells Sanchica that if she were to go to the mountains at midnight on Midsummer's Eve, she might meet the Gnomes, who alone know the whereabouts of the cave. She further warns the Corregidor not to meddle with the Magic Key, and though he pooh-poohs the idea of such a thing being possible, he finally gives it back to Sanchica.

It is the custom for the villagers to resort to the mountains at midnight on Midsummer Eve, to light fires on the highest peaks and await the rising of the Midsummer sun. This is supposed to ensure a good harvest.

Sanchica decides to go with them unknown to her father, and try to discover the cave in the gipsy legend.

Meanwhile, a stray Irishman named Flannigan enters in great terror, having been chased by bandoleros while crossing the mountains. He causes great amusement with his topsy-turvy language and strange behaviour. He stays at the house of Sanchica's father, and when Sanchica disappears, offers to assist in finding her. The Barber, Flannigan, and the Corregidor start in pursuit, but are baffled by the fairy friends of Sanchica, who cause them to wander in circles till tired out. They then give up the chase and fall asleep in very ridiculous attitudes.

Meanwhile, Sanchica has reached the mountains and by chance strayed into the company of some Gnomes and Nymphs who had been long banished from Fairyland, whither Sanchica and the inhabitants of Barossa, as well as Flannigan, are transported to explain their conduct.

Flannigan and the Barber cause great consternation and some amusement when they arrive before Titania, but all ends happily on account of the restoration of the "Magic Key."

PRINCIPALS

3552

Sancho shaves the Corregidor and Pat Flannigan intrudes

General Group

Sanchica, Kadiga, and Gipsies

The Gnomes and Nymphs recognize their long-lost Magic Key

The Corregidor, Flannigan, and Sancho, wearied, fall asleep under the influence of the Fairies

How we performed "The Magic Key."

By the Author and Composer.

ACTING on the suggestion that a description of how we prepared and performed this operetta for the first time may possibly be helpful to future producers, I will endeavour to relate briefly our mode of procedure; not, however, as a last word on the subject, but as something on which the ingenious will doubtless improve.

The work of preparation was divided among the various teachers of the "Cavendish" Council Schools, Balham, S.W., in accordance with their bent. One took the music of one act, another of another act, one lady making herself responsible for the dresses and dances of the gipsies, another for those of the gnomes and nymphs, and so on. Yet another, Miss M. Lawes, undertook the elocution of the principals. When all was thus ready in detail, a few general rehearsals made us ready for the final rehearsals with the orchestra, which consisted entirely of amateur friends. The band, though not essential, nevertheless added to the brightness of the performance. The designing and cutting-out of the dresses was entirely the work of the lady teachers; the actual making was done by the children and their parents, who were most enthusiastic.

The "colour scheme" having been decided upon for the various sections of performers (Nymphs, Gnomes, Peasants, etc.), inexpensive material was purchased in bulk. Quality is of no consequence in these cases, style and colour are everything. A description of the dresses by the ladies who designed them, which will be found at the end of this article, will, I hope, with the aid of the photographs, simplify matters for any who may undertake this part of the work.

Our stage properties were of the simplest and all easily made. They consisted chiefly of a few home-made pitchforks and rakes for the peasants, wooden daggers to adorn the belts of the bandoleros, an imitation blunderbuss for Juan, tambourines and castanets for the gipsies, scythe and hour-glass for Father Time, lather cup and shaving brush with razor of very exaggerated proportions for Sancho the Barber, a staff of office for the Corregidor, and last but not least the "Magic Key" itself, which, appropriately enough, took the form of a combination of a heart and cross as seen in one of the photographs. It was made of wood covered with silver paper, though cardboard would have done quite well.

The throne for Titania consisted of a raised seat with a back to represent a large scallop shell. There were two or three steps leading up to the seat, and the throne was supported on either side by white rocks. The whole was very easily made of rough wood, cardboard, and cheap white art muslin, which was pasted over all to give strength and uniform texture. The whole was painted in white distemper, the shell shaded, and the rocks and steps veined, in pale pink. This throne made a brilliant object for the centre of the back of the stage, and obviated any change of background for Act III, in which it appeared.

In the staging our aim was to give continuous life to the performance by keeping the chorus always on the move—always doing something, such as holding imaginary conversations in groups, when not eagerly following the principals in their speeches and solos, with appropriate gestures. Refrains, wherever possible, were caught up and repeated by the chorus to increase the life and "go."

Entries of principals, such as Flannigan and the Corregidor, were made excuses for intense excitement among the chorus.

The closing moments of Act I, where the Fairies, by "shepherding" the Corregidor, Flannigan, and Sancho in the darkness, prevent their pursuit of Sanchica, were very striking, the lights being very low and the curtain falling as the last of the trio falls asleep in the midst of his soliloquy. The soliloquy was punctuated by long pauses filled in by the snoring of the two already sound asleep. So, too, near the end of Act III, the bye-play between Sancho the Barber and Flannigan caused much amusement.

DRESSES AND DANCES.

GIPSIES.—Of these, Miss F. Minns (who designed the dresses and invented the dances) says :—

"The dresses of the girls consisted of red, green, and gold sateen skirts trimmed with sequins—black velvet zouàves—white blouses and coloured sashes as contrast. Head-dresses, gaily coloured scarves or shawls with fringe, or coloured sateen trimmed with sequins. The boys wore red and gold sateen knickers; black velvet sleeveless coats trimmed with sequins, worn over white blouses; coloured sashes; caps of black velvet trimmed with sequins. Kadiga's dress was a full one of black muslin trimmed with red tinsel and coloured brilliants to contrast with others; red velvet zouàve; head-dress of black lace, bright red ribbon bow on one side.

"Kadiga was attended by a band of eight girls and eight boys with gaily-be-ribboned tambourines. In No. 5 she dances with castanets while the band of followers sing to graceful movements. The number was repeated as a dance only, and, with the use of tambourines, made a very sprightly effect. Partners danced round in circles; arches formed by tambourines held up while others passed through. Partners tripped lightly forward eight steps then glided gracefully back, and repeated the movement, tripping to places in circle.

"The music of No. 6 lent itself to a solo dance for Kadiga, consisting of graceful swaying movements as she dances in and out among the gipsies sitting in a circle. The dance can be varied by two of the girls joining her in part of the movement."

With regard to the IMMORTALS, Miss R. Grant, who designed their dresses and arranged their dances, says :—

"Gnomes Dresses.—These were made of golden brown sateen, with stockings and shoes to match. The stockings were dyed to match, and ordinary plimsols were covered with brown sateen material to match the dress exactly. These dresses were made as illustrated. The hoods were cut very high to a point, to give an elfish appearance, and fitted tightly round the face so that no hair was visible. Beards were made of very thick white Berlin wool, unravelled, upon stout wire frames.

"The Nymphs.—These had azure blue dresses made very shortly, as illustration, with blue shoes and stockings to match. The dresses were festooned with red roses, linked together with silver tinsel. The children brought any old faded roses, and these were dyed to required shade.

"Titania.—A long cream dress hanging loosely from a fitting yoke. The sleeves and train were made of silver and blue tinsel interwoven. The train was very long, and was carried by two small fairies. The Crown was made of tinsel leaves, with centre emerald paste ornament.

"Fairies of the Court wore an old rose shade of art muslin dresses trimmed with silver tinsel and sequins and had silver wings affixed to the yoke.

"Gnomes March.—12 gnomes and 12 fairies. All entered singing, the gnomes first and fairies after. Throughout the first movement they took three steps then raised themselves on toes, then sank again and repeated as before, until they had reached designed places in semicircle. This lasted as far as 'gloom below.' The song then becomes an ordinary action one, and the actions readily suggest themselves if the words are studied. At the end of the song the music was repeated for a sort of grotesque dance. The children simply walked through various gavotte figures (music not being applicable to dance) and the quaintness of the dress gave a very pretty effect.

"Tick Tock.—12 gnomes and 12 fairies. All stood in a listening attitude waiting for clock to strike. As soon as this finished, the children sang and danced the number. The dance was of a composite character. The movements were fitted in to finish exactly with the music. Children formed pairs, gnome and fairy respectively, half of semicircle going R. and half going L. *e.g.*, Tick, right foot forward, toe pointing on ground; Tock, right foot swung behind, toe pointing as before. Listen to the clock, three steps forward, R. L. R. 'See how the moon is climbing,' right hand pointing upwards towards sky. 'Tick Tock, lives of mortals,' etc., repeat above. Then repeat twice again until 'Trip we,' etc., is reached, when the boys formed a semicircle round the stage, and the girls tripped lightly in and out around them. For the 'tra la la' portion the chief gnome got in the centre and the others joined hands and danced round them until the clock commenced to strike, when all listened again intently with first finger of right hand uplifted, and in this attitude the curtain fell.

"Would you like to come to Fairyland.—About 32 girls took part in the number (fewer girls would do equally well).

"'Would you like to come to Fairyland.' Girls formed four rows, eight in a line, while singing this line they marched forward as if asking the question.

"'Where the time is always day, 'neath Titania's sway.' The front line joined hands and allowed second row front place, the second gave place to third, the third to fourth, and so on, until the front line had their place again. Then all fell back into a double semicircle. This completed that section of song.

"'She is mild, faults and failings blind.' The semicircle of girls swayed towards throne, making a graceful movement with their hands.

"'Every joy,' etc. Front semicircle of girls danced round gracefully, while back girls continued to sway.

"'In happy Fairyland.' All girls did a deep curtsey and remained a second with both hands outstretched towards the Queen, who watched the dance from her throne at the back of the stage."

Miss Newcombe, who designed the dresses of the principal MORTALS, says:—

"The operetta having its plot laid in Spain gave scope for brilliant colouring of the costumes. Sanchica's costume was particularly distinctive—short bright red skirt, black zouave over white blouse plentifully besprinkled with coins and spangles, with the Spanish head-dress, a black lace mantilla. The Irishman, on his entry, might have been suddenly transported from the Emerald Isle, with his short brown knickers, swallow-tail green coat, and tall chimney-pot hat in a crushed and more or less well-worn state, with his shillalagh and luggage tied up in a red handkerchief. The Barber's costume was less interesting, his white shirt and white apron giving his character. Corregidor, the Spanish judge, in his long black cloak gathered and hanging full from the shoulders, with his wig, gave dignity to his position and showed up in contrast to the bright colouring around. The Beadle was also dressed in contrast to the prevailing colours, having a chocolate-coloured suit with braided front in wide gold braid, with the unmistakeable beadle's hat. The Bandoleros were made to look very fierce with dark moustaches, wide-brimmed felt hats, bright coloured shirts, and capes at back which could be slung over one shoulder; bands of coloured ribbon were wound round the legs. Father Time wore a grey wig and was swathed in a sheet, and carried his hour-glass and scythe."

"The Magic Key."

In response to questions asked by conductors, the Author makes the following further suggestions:—

FOOTWEAR.

FAIRIES: White shoes or slippers (preferably any kind of slipper, with stockings drawn over all to ensure silence in all dances and other movements).

GNOMES: Brown stockings drawn over slippers to silence steps.

MORTALS—BANDOLEROS: Shoes or slippers (any colour) bound on with straps crossing and continuing to the knee, brigand fashion.

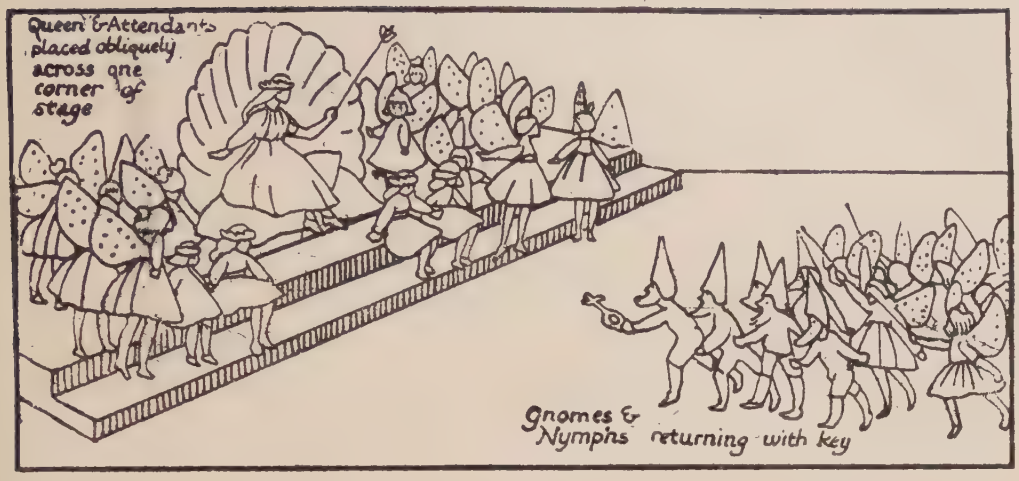
OTHER INHABITANTS OF BAROSSA: Ordinary black shoes or slippers.

No. 15—GNOME OR NYMPH: It is immaterial whether a Gnome or Nymph sings No. 15: whichever has the better voice.

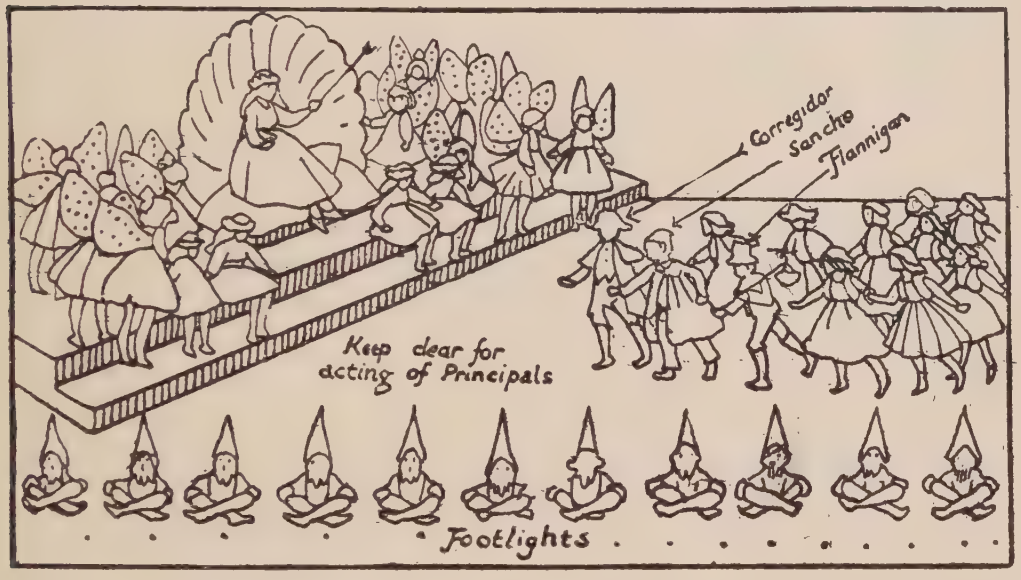
SETTING FOR FINALE, ACT III.

The accompanying sketch will give all that is needed.

SETTING FOR ACT III.



SETTING FOR ENTRY TO FAIRYLAND OF INHABITANTS OF BAROSSA, ALSO FOR ENSEMBLE (No. 22).



This is the most picturesque setting if stage room permits. The respective sides of Fairies and Mortals may be reversed if entry demands.

In tableau Fairy Queen may remain on throne, standing, with sceptre outstretched, while principals line up behind Gnomes behind footlights, leaving space so that Sanchica may be seen standing on step of throne 'neath wand or sceptre of Queen. Fairy and Gnome principals on Fairy side (half) of stage: Mortal principal on other half. Should this, the more artistic arrangement, prove difficult, the throne placed centre back will do quite well.

Characters.

THE CORREGIDOR OF BAROSSA	A local Magistrate
SANCHO	Village Barber
SANCHICA	His Daughter
PAT FLANNIGAN	A Stray Irishman
JUAN	A Bandolero
JUANITA	A Peasant Girl
PEDRO	A Peasant
KADIGA	A Gipsy Fortune-Teller
DOLORES	A Peasant Girl
VILLAGE CRIER	of Barossa
TITANIA	Queen of Fairyland
VIOLA	A Fairy
FUGITA	A Fairy
ARIEL	A Fairy Messenger
IRIS	A Fairy

CHORUS OF PEASANTS, BANDOLEROS, GIPSIES, &c.,

CHORUS OF GNOMES AND NYMPHS.

ACT I.—SCENE: The Village of Barossa.

ACT II.—SCENE: A Mountain Glen, haunt of Gnomes and Nymphs.

ACT III.—SCENE: The Court of Titania, Fairyland.

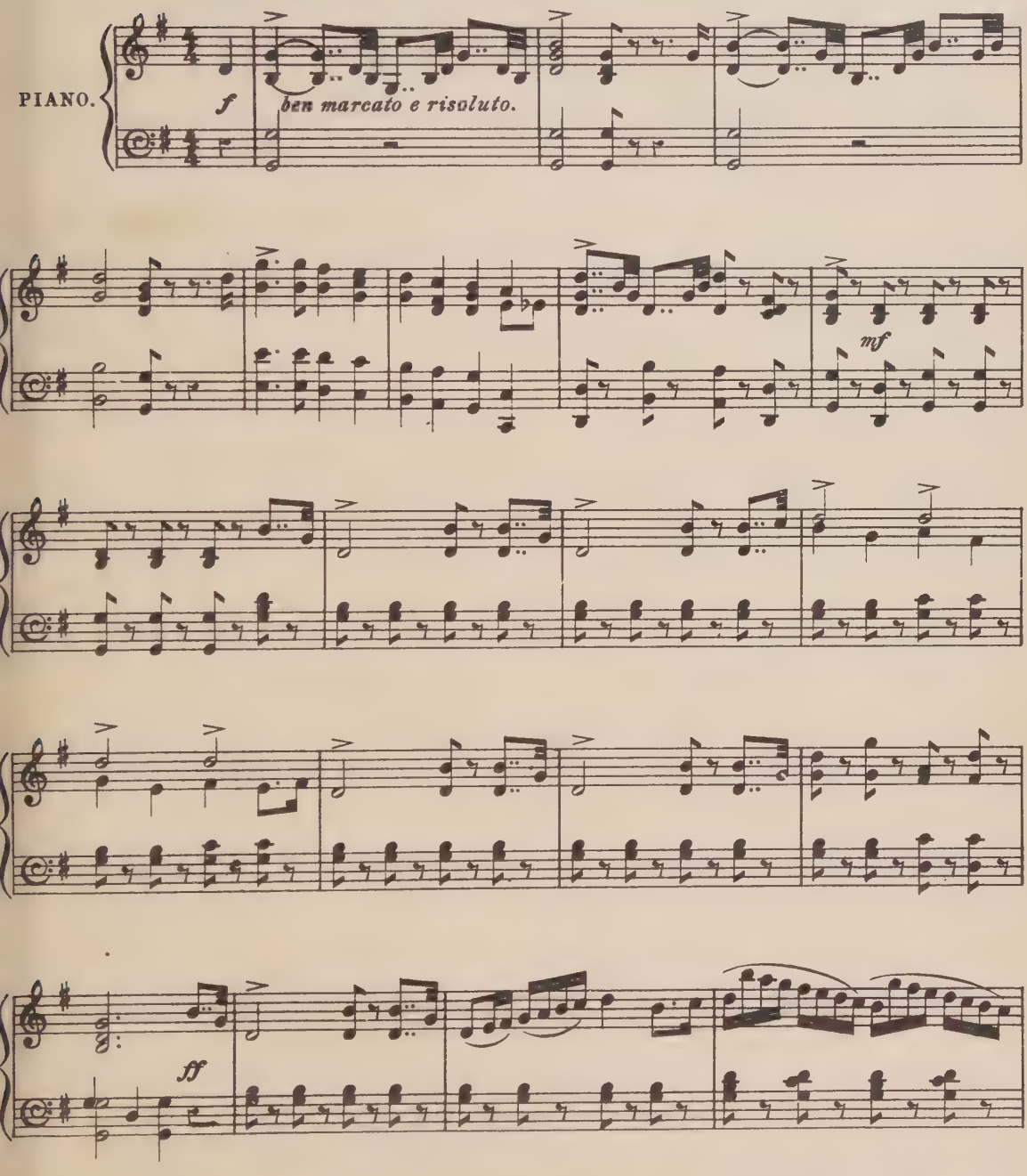
THE MAGIC KEY.

ACT I.

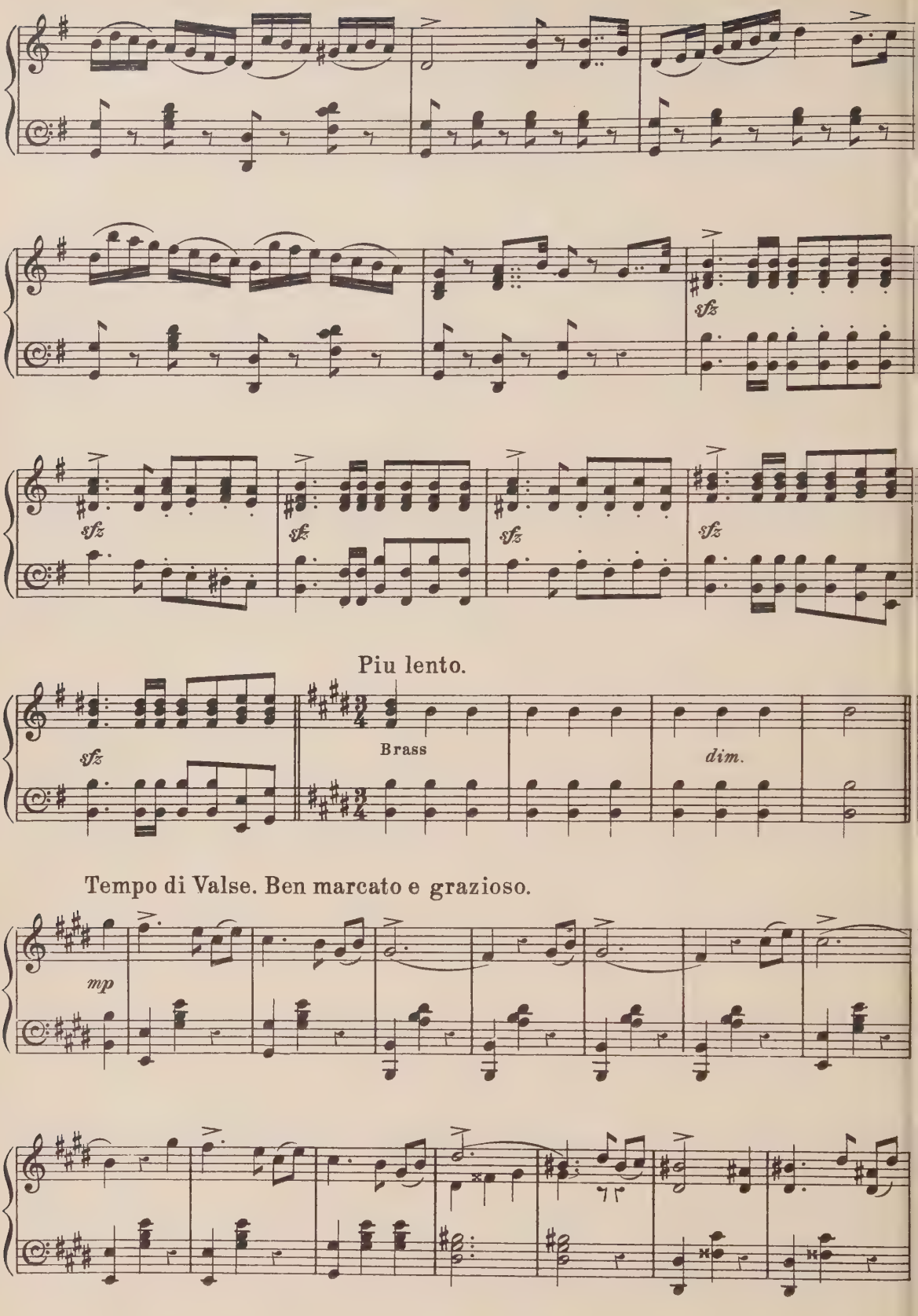
Introduction.

W. SMYTH COOPER.

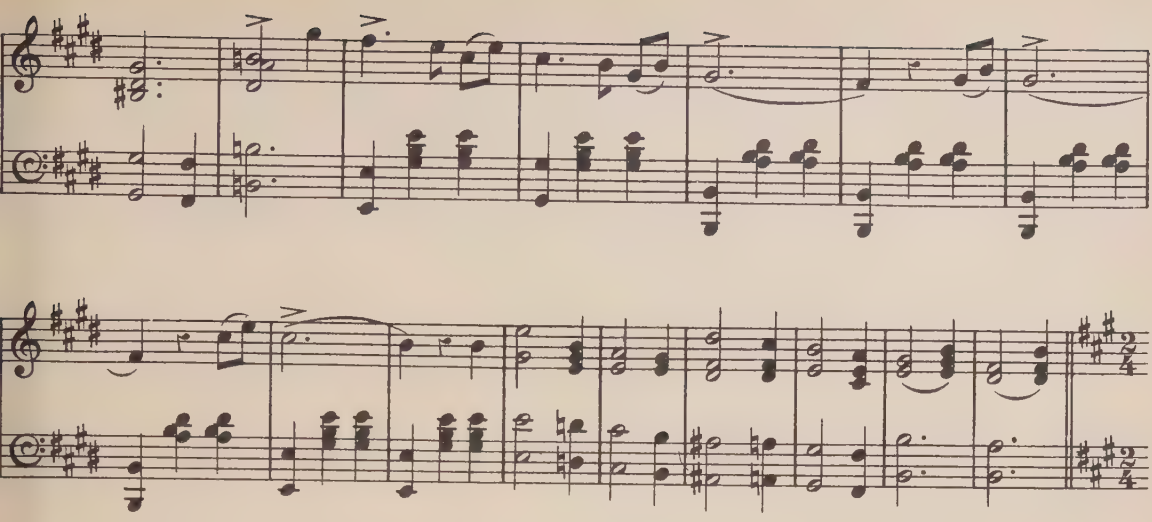
Allegro moderato. ♩ = 132.



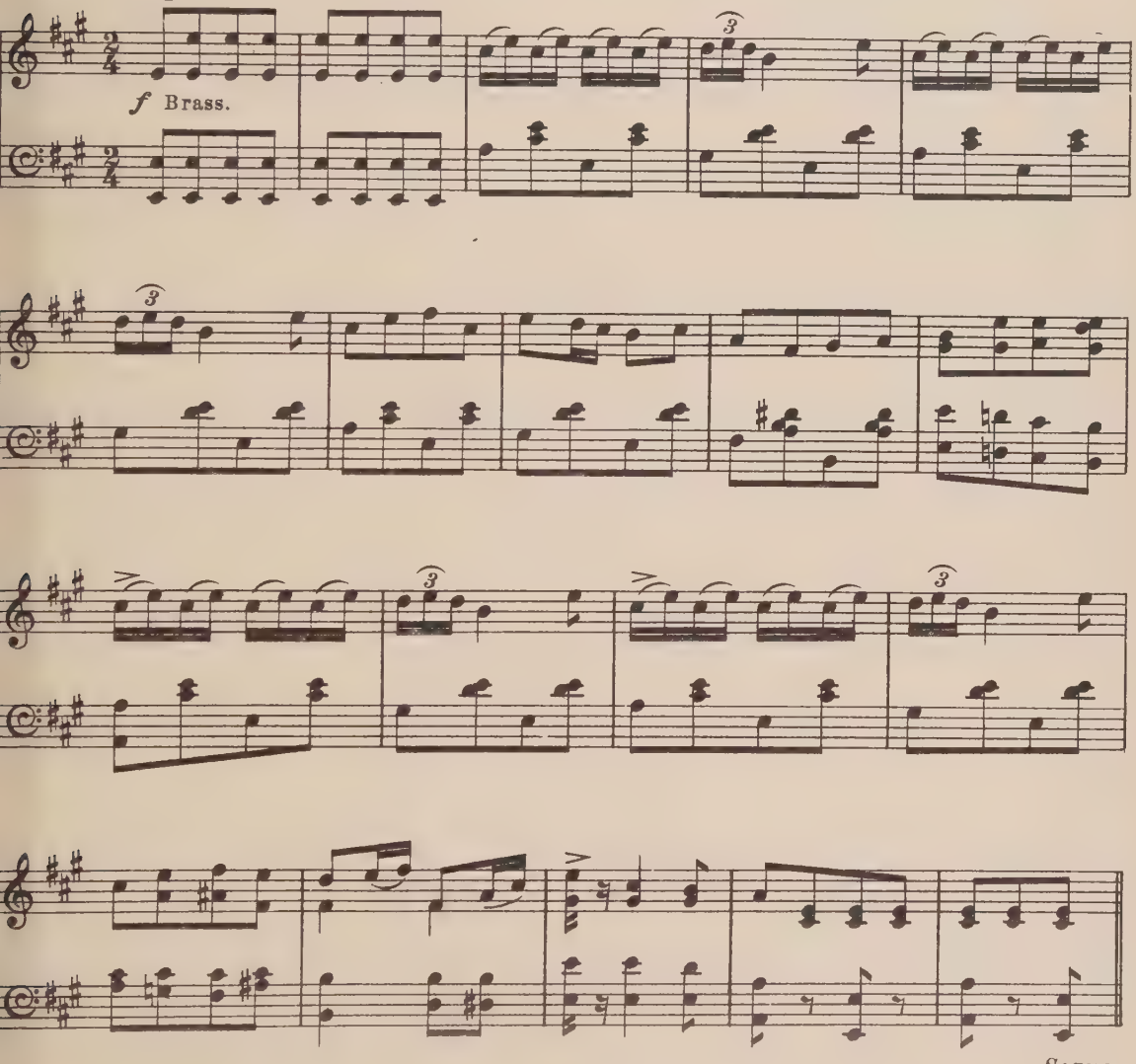
CURWEN


sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Piu lento.
sfz
Brass
dim.
Tempo di Valse. Ben marcato e grazioso.
mp

CURWEN



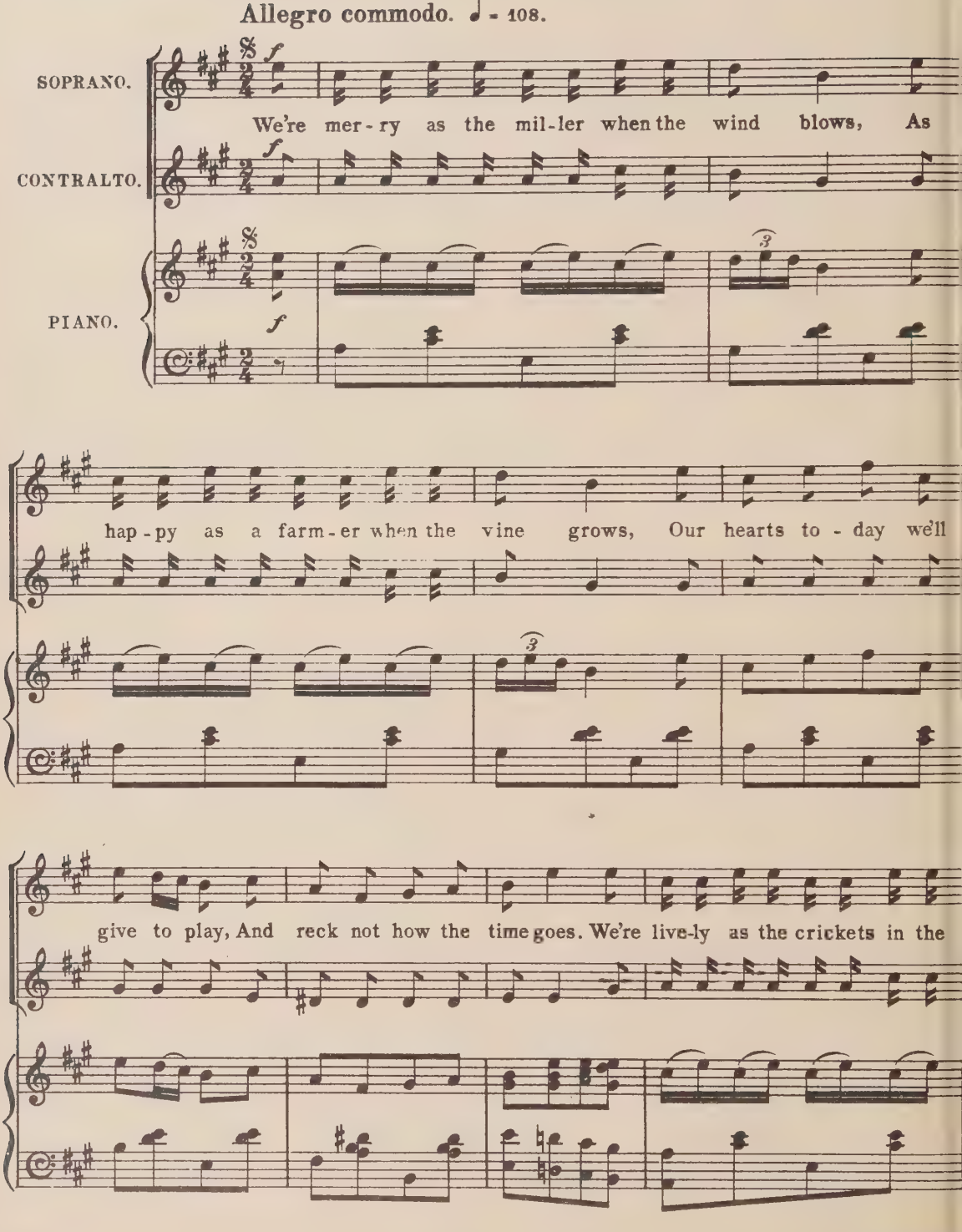
Allegretto con brio.

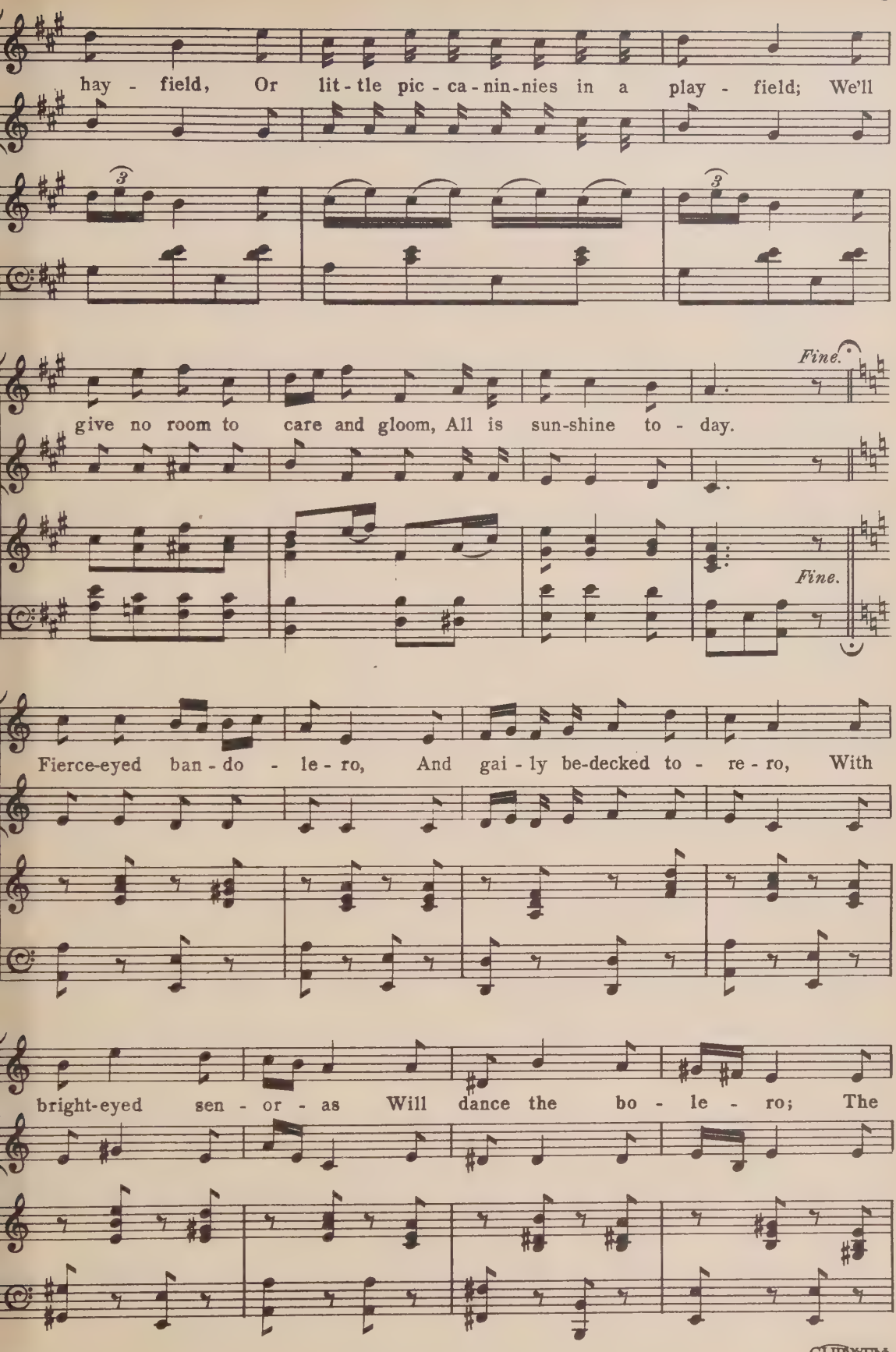


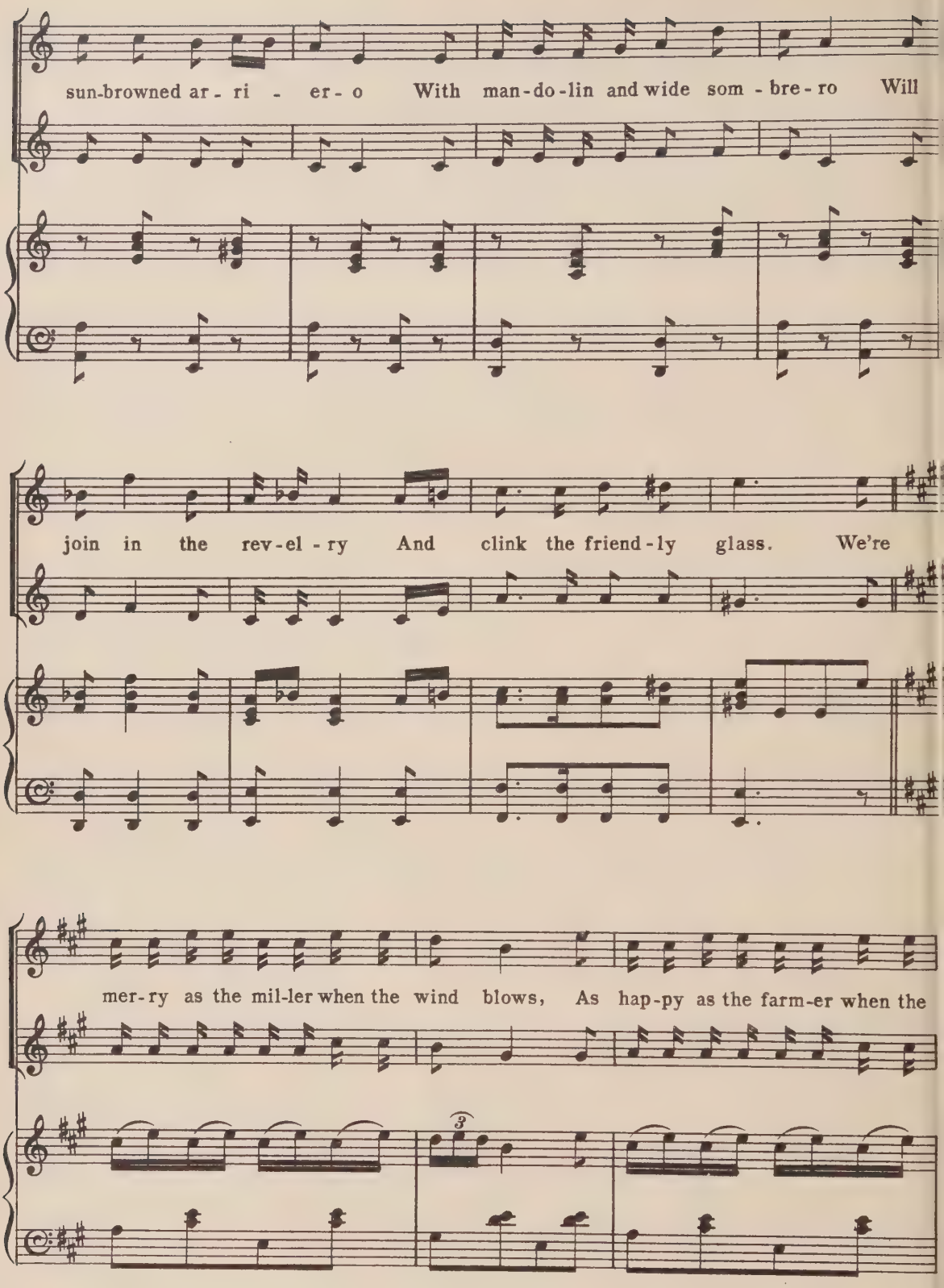
Segue.

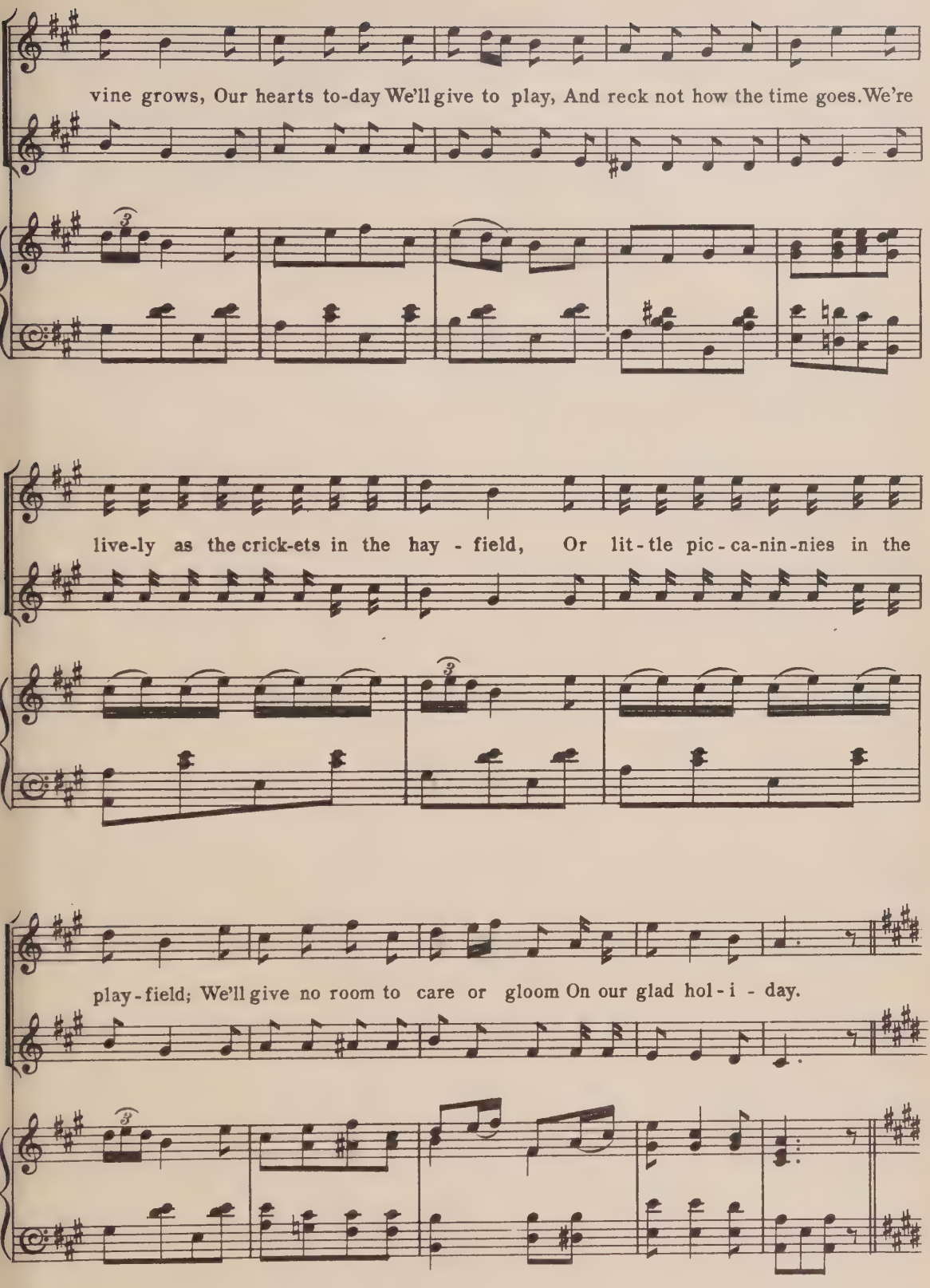
No 1. Chorus.

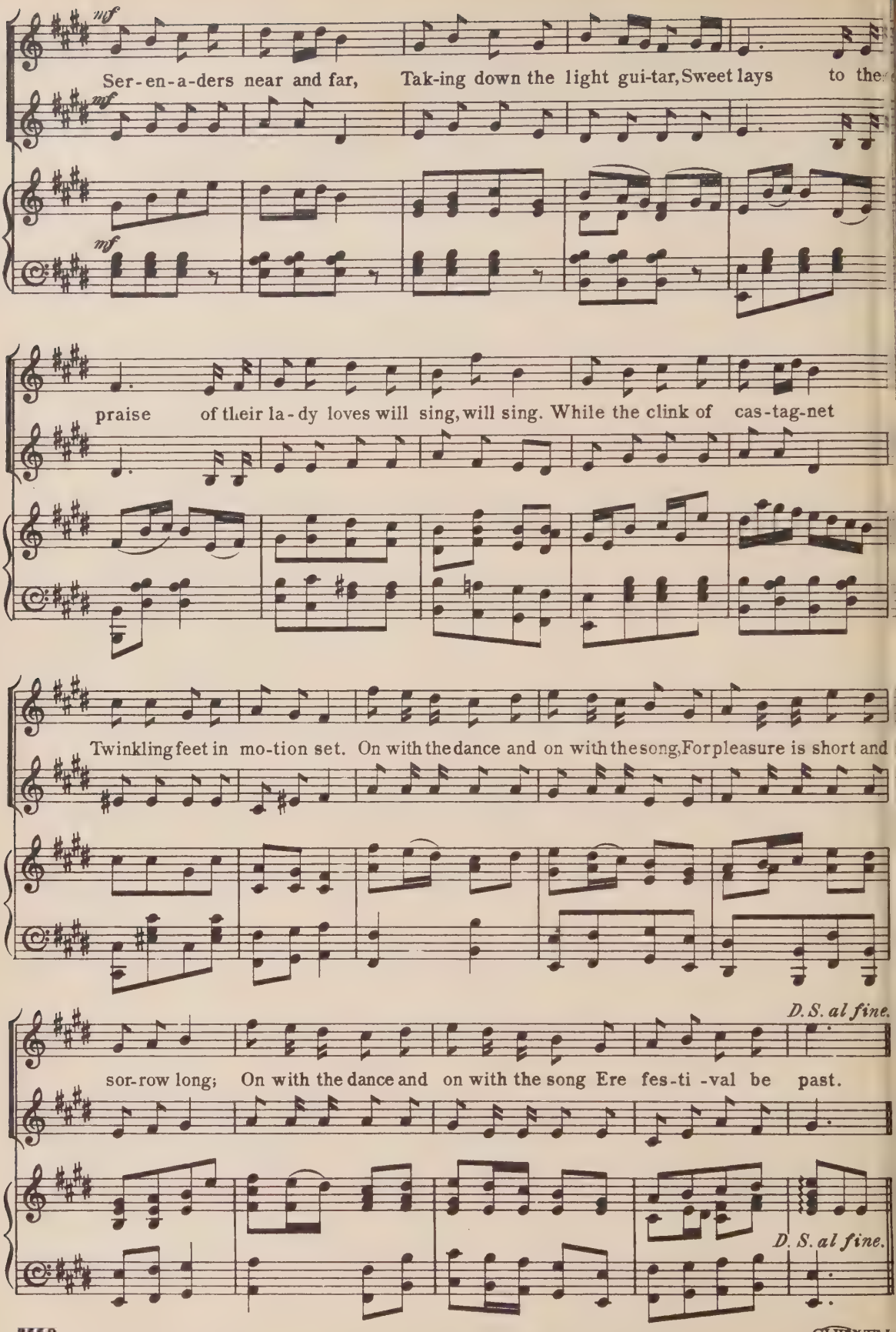
"WE'RE MERRY AS THE MILLER."


Allegro commodo. ♩ = 108.
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
PIANO.
We're mer-ry as the mil-ler when the wind blows, As
hap-py as a farm-er when the vine grows, Our hearts to-day we'll
give to play, And reck not how the time goes. We're live-ly as the crickets in the


hay - field, Or lit - tle pic - ca - nin - nies in a play - field; We'll
3
3
Fine.
give no room to care and gloom, All is sun-shine to - day.
Fine.
Fierce-eyed ban - do - le - ro, And gai - ly be-decked to - re - ro, With
bright-eyed sen - or - as Will dance the bo - le - ro; The


sun-browned ar - ri - er - o With man-do-lin and wide som - bre - ro Will
join in the rev-el - ry And clink the friend-ly glass. We're
mer-ry as the mil-ler when the wind blows, As hap-py as the farm-er when the
3


vine grows, Our hearts to-day We'll give to play, And reck not how the time goes. We're
live-ly as the crick-ets in the hay - field, Or lit-tle pic-ca-nin-nies in the
play-field; We'll give no room to care or gloom On our glad hol-i - day.


mf
Ser-en-a-ders near and far, Tak-ing down the light gui-tar, Sweet lays to the
praise of their la-dy loves will sing, will sing. While the clink of cas-tag-net
Twinkling feet in mo-tion set. On with the dance and on with the song, For pleasure is short and
D.S. al fine.
sor-row long; On with the dance and on with the song Ere fes-ti-val be past.
D. S. al fine.

CURWEN

(*Enter* VILLAGE CRIER, *ringing bell.*)

CRIER.-- Take notice, take notice, that the Corregidor approaches, and see to it that all law-abiding citizens show him the respect due to his exalted rank and station. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

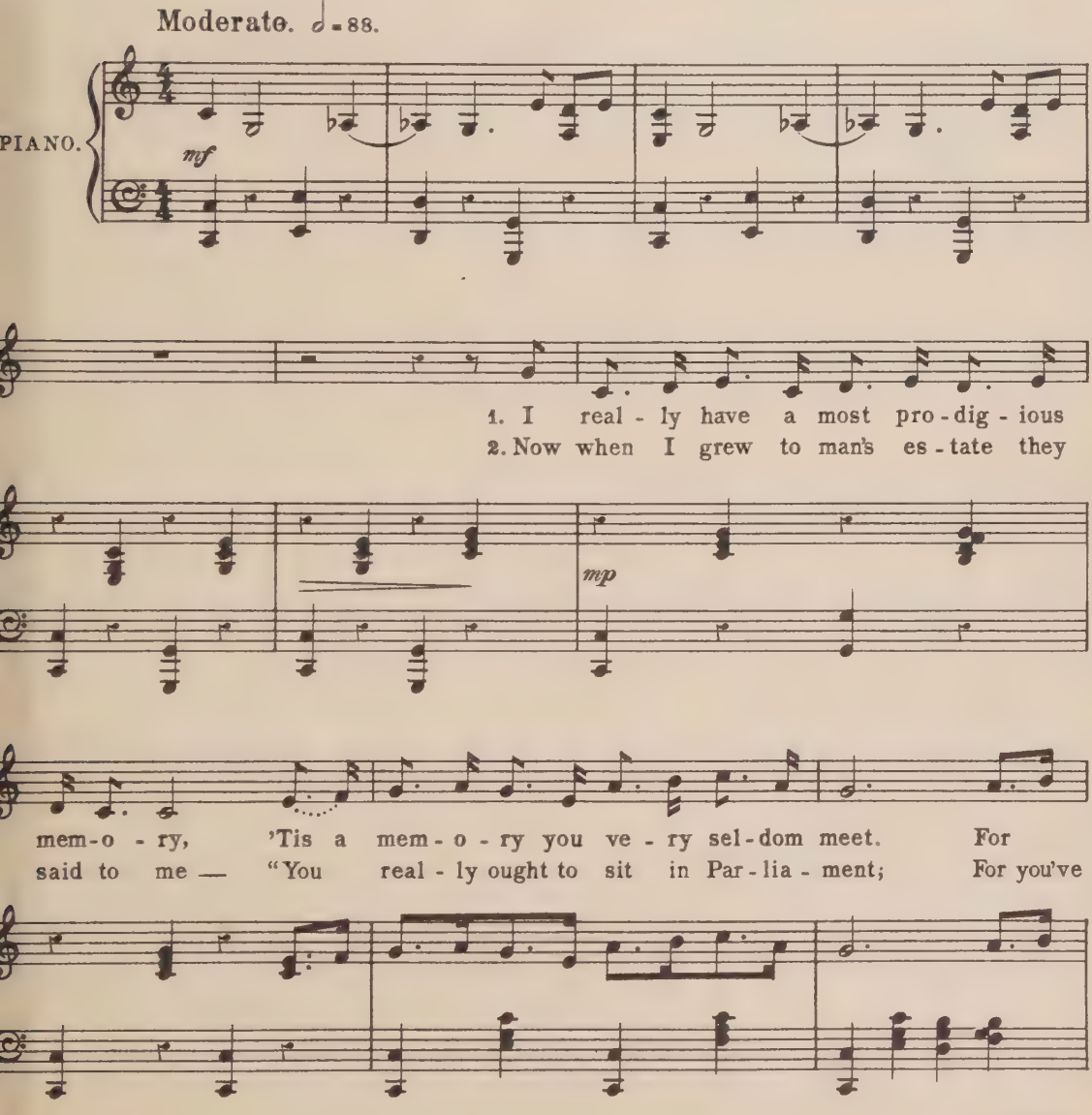
CORREGIDOR (*astonished and angry*).—What in the name of Columbus is the meaning of all this unseemly racket? Is it a fire, or a wedding, or a bull-fight, or what? Why, I could hear the din a mile away!

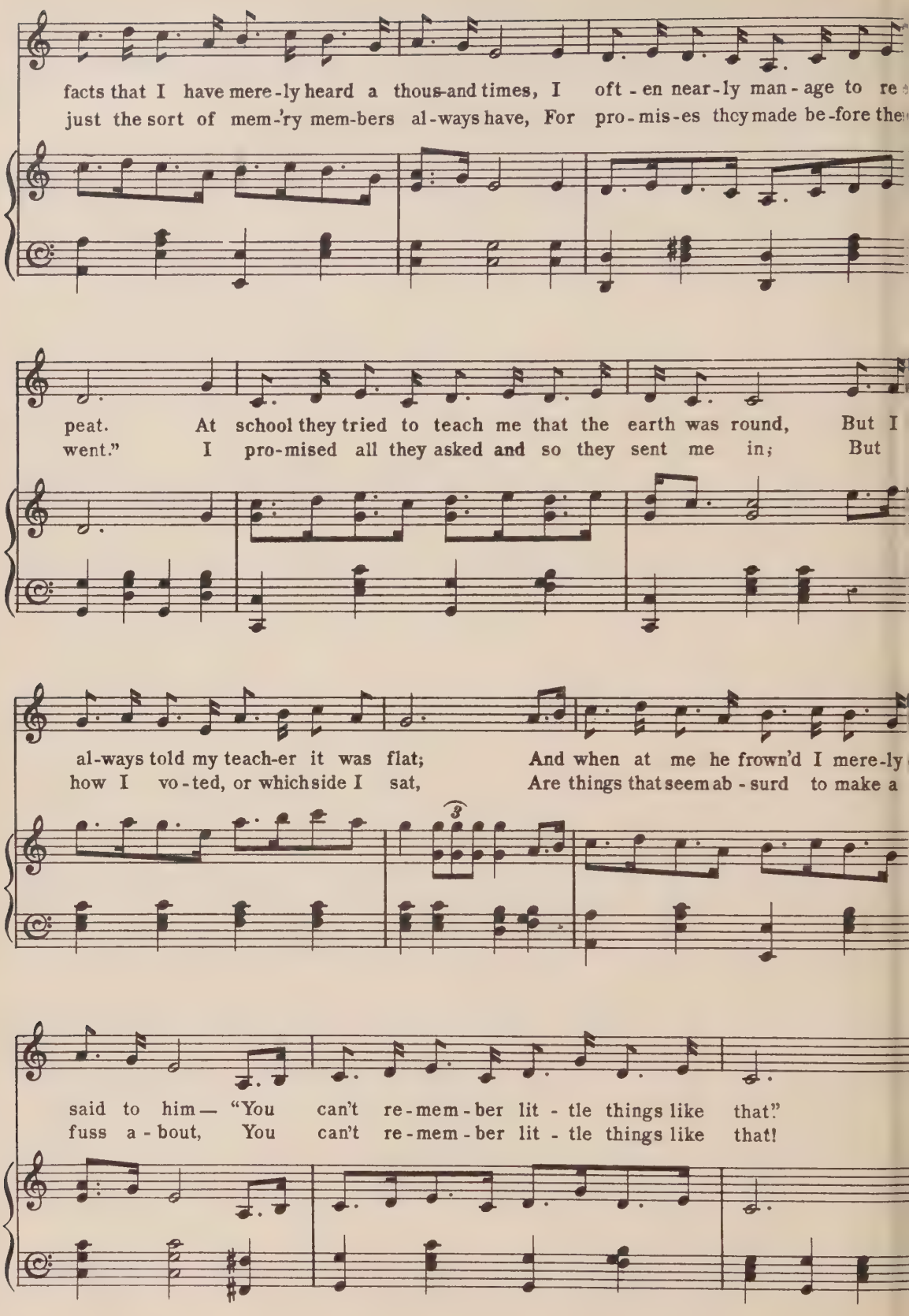
SANCHO.--May I be allowed to remind your worship (humbly, of course) that to-day is our annual public holiday?

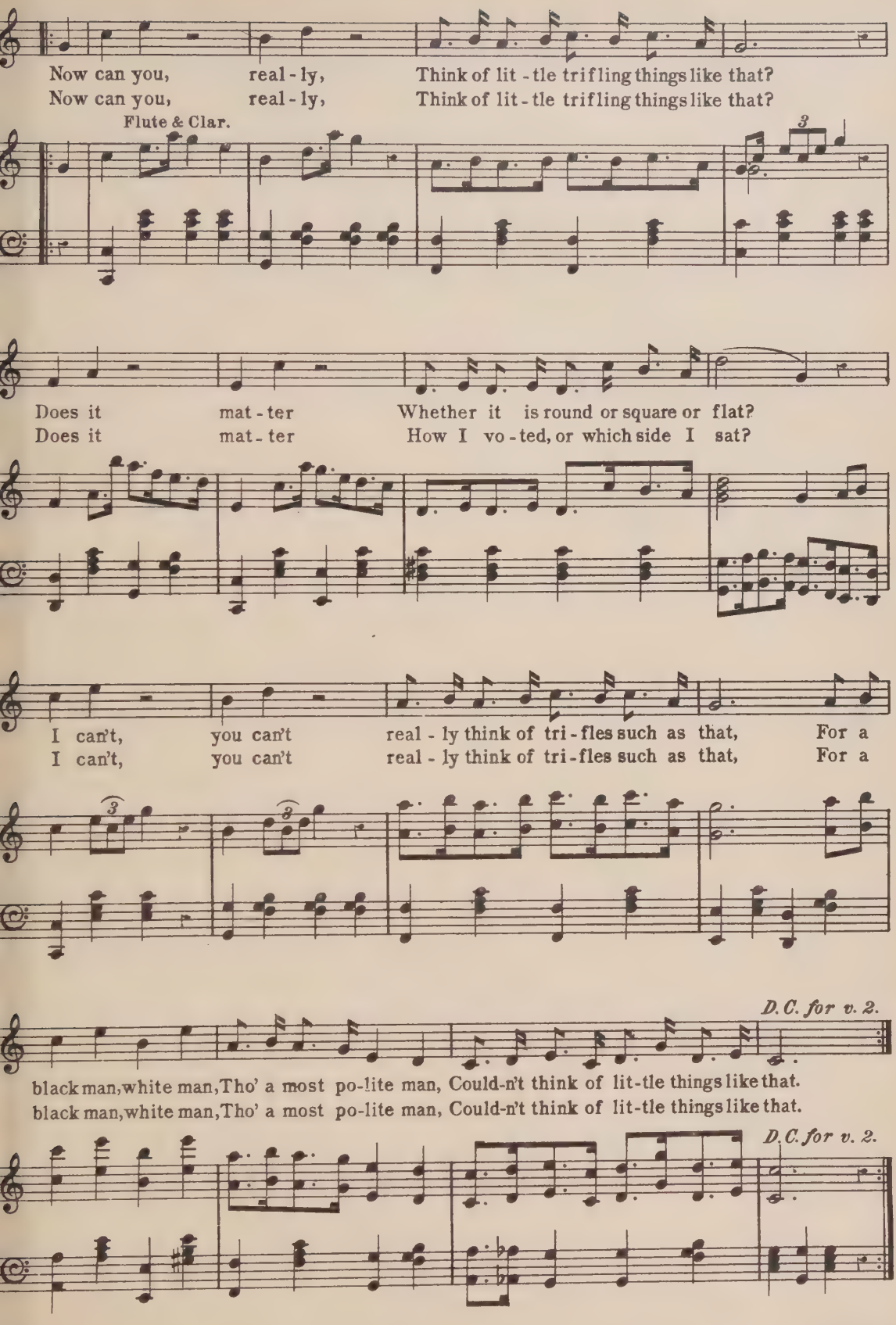
CORREGIDOR.—Public holiday! Now, now, Mr. Barber, you can't deceive me. This is a distinct attempt to steal a march on the law. The law allows only a limited, and strictly limited, number of holidays in a year, and this is not one of them. Allow me to tell you that the law (that's largely me) has a particularly good memory for dates. In fact, my memory may be justly described as prodigious.

No 2. Song. (Corregidor.)

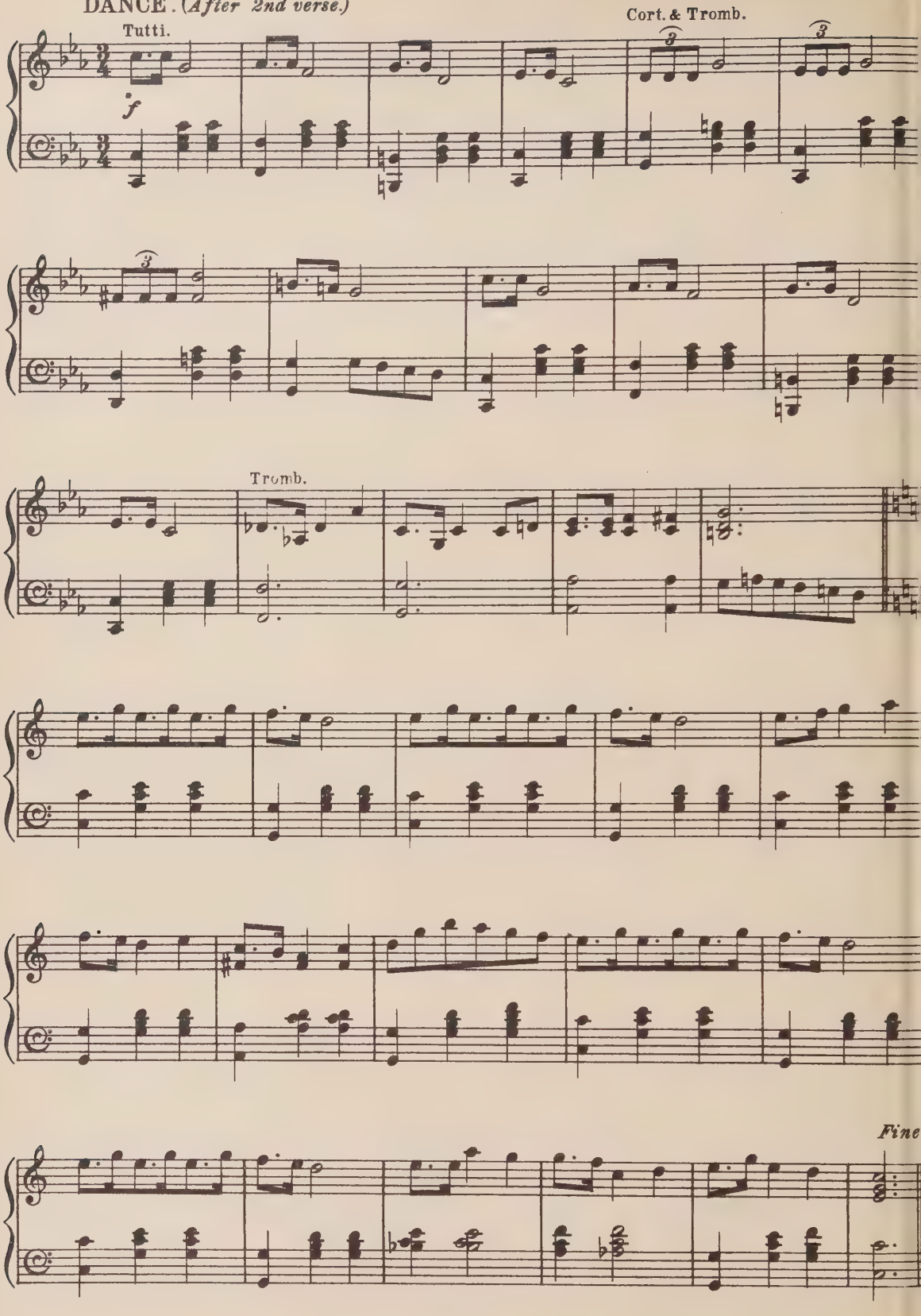
"A MOST PRODIGIOUS MEMORY."


Moderate. ♩ = 88.
PIANO.
mf
1. I real - ly have a most pro - dig - ious
2. Now when I grew to man's es - tate they
mp
mem-o - ry, 'Tis a mem - o - ry you ve - ry sel - dom meet. For
said to me — "You real - ly ought to sit in Par - lia - ment; For you've


facts that I have mere-ly heard a thous-and times, I oft-en near-ly man-age to re
just the sort of mem-'ry mem-bers al-ways have, For pro-mis-es they made be-fore the
peat. At school they tried to teach me that the earth was round, But I
went." I pro-mised all they asked and so they sent me in; But
al-ways told my teach-er it was flat; And when at me he frown'd I mere-ly
how I vo-ted, or which side I sat, Are things that seem ab-surd to make a
3
said to him— "You can't re-mem-ber lit-tle things like that"
fuss a-bout, You can't re-mem-ber lit-tle things like that!


Now can you, real - ly, Think of lit - tle trifling things like that?
Now can you, real - ly, Think of lit - tle trifling things like that?
Flute & Clar.
3
Does it mat - ter Whether it is round or square or flat?
Does it mat - ter How I vo - ted, or which side I sat?
I can't, you can't real - ly think of tri - fles such as that, For a
I can't, you can't real - ly think of tri - fles such as that, For a
3
3
D.C. for v. 2.
black man, white man, Tho' a most po-lite man, Could-n't think of lit-tle things like that.
black man, white man, Tho' a most po-lite man, Could-n't think of lit-tle things like that.
D.C. for v. 2.

DANCE. *(After 2nd verse.)*



CURWEN

CORREGIDOR.—Now, having settled that matter—that is to say, having satisfactorily disposed of the holiday delusion—I command you all and severally to return to your occupations.

JUANITA.—But it is a public holiday for all that. (CORREGIDOR *draws himself up, boiling with rage.*)

CORREGIDOR.—Tut! tut! girl, tut! I say.

JUANITA.—Yes, it is a public holiday, and what's more, the law is suspended once a year on this very day. So you are out of it for once, old big-wig, so there!

CORREGIDOR.—What do I hear? Was ever such impertinence to a representative of the law? And by a woman, too. I suppose you are one of the New Women?

JUANITA.—No, I'm not, Mr. Corregidor, but I shall be some day.

CORREGIDOR.—Yes, no doubt. I thought you weren't old enough for a new woman yet, and a good job for you, too, or I should certainly commit you for contempt of court. I suppose you will be chaining yourself to my front railings soon. I hope you'll choose a rainy day.

PEDRO.—You couldn't commit anybody for contempt to-day, Mr. Corregidor, as this is Midsummer Eve, the one day of the year when even the Bandolero from the mountains and the gipsy from the glen can join in the festivities without fear of arrest.

CORREGIDOR.—Midsummer Eve? Midsummer nonsense.

PEDRO.—If your worship will look at the kalendar, you will see that we are right.

CORREGIDOR.—Well, just to oblige you, I'll look (*fumbles in pockets*). Dear me! I must have left it somewhere. Here, Crier! go at once and fetch my kalendar from "Somewhere."

CRIER.—Yes, your worship, certainly, your worship. (*Runs off, but returns.*) Beg pardon, but where did your worship say the kalendar was?

CORREGIDOR.—Didn't I distinctly say "Somewhere," you numskull!

CRIER.—Very sorry, your worship, of course you did. (*Exit.*)

CORREGIDOR.—Hey! Crier! (CRIER *returns.*) It's just occurred to me that the kalendar may be up at headquarters. (*Exit* CRIER.) Oh, isn't it hot. Why even a jelly-fish would know it was Midsummer without looking at the kalendar. (*Mops his face with large bandana, then takes off hat and out falls kalendar.*) Why, here it is. Now, didn't I say it was up at "head quarters"? What a memory I have, to be sure. (*Looking at kalendar, much astonished.*) Dear me! Dear me! I must have lost a day somewhere. (SANCHO *looks about the floor as if to find something.*) What are you doing down there, old chin-scraper?

SANCHO.—What did your worship say you had lost?

CORREGIDOR.—Now, stupid, I said I had lost a day, but you seem to have lost your head. Don't you know that time once lost is never found?

SANCHO.—Yes, your worship, and I know something that when once found can never be lost again!

CORREGIDOR.—Oh, do you? and what's that, pray?

SANCHO (*in an undertone to* CORREGIDOR).—That bald patch on your worship's head.

CORREGIDOR.—Hush! not a word. You should regard that as a professional secret. (*To People*) Well, good people, as there is no gainsaying the kalendar, I give in, and bid you all proceed with the festivities. Who will lead off?

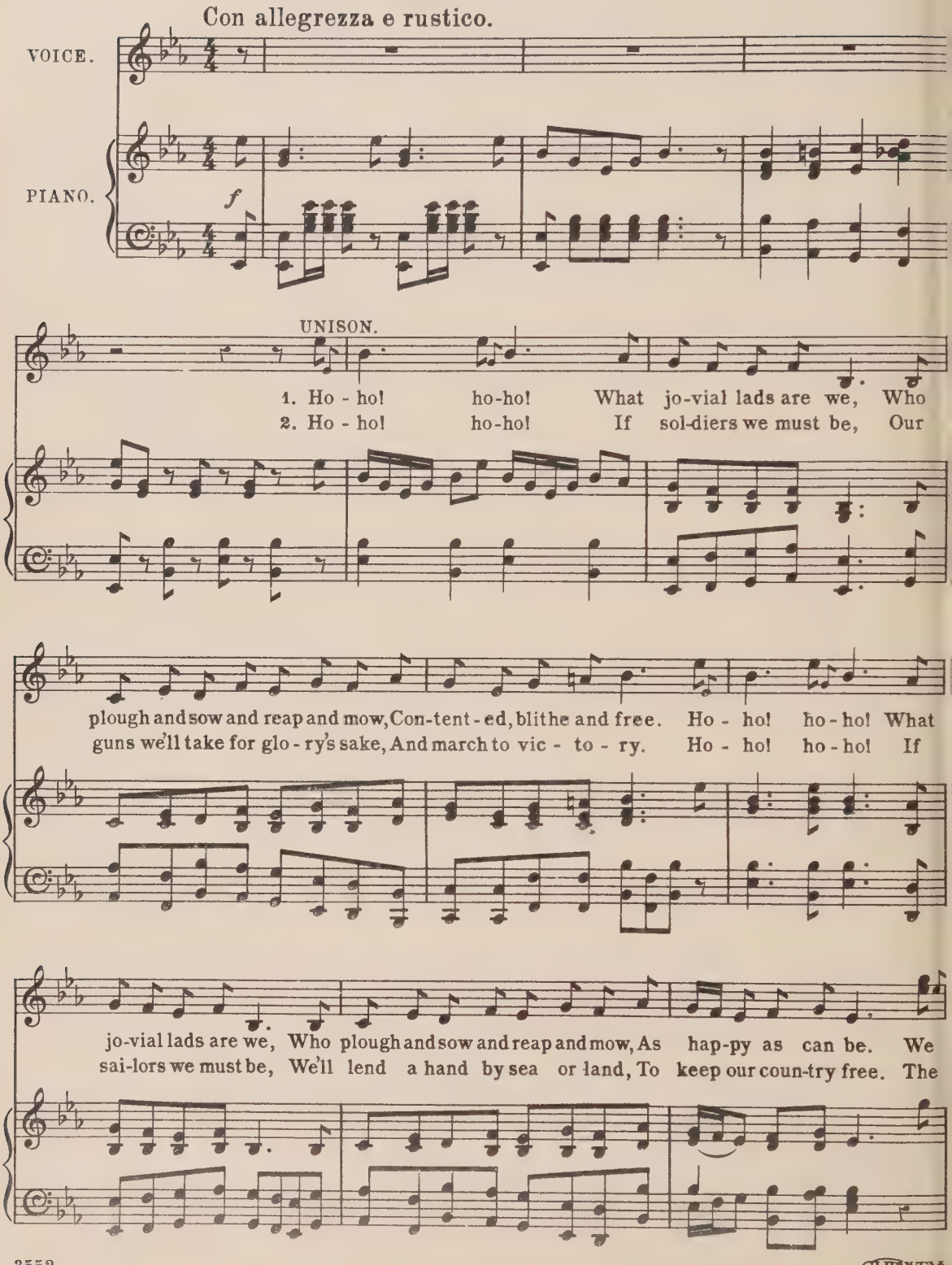
PEDRO.—We will; come along, lads, let us give them a rousing chorus. Now's our opportunity.

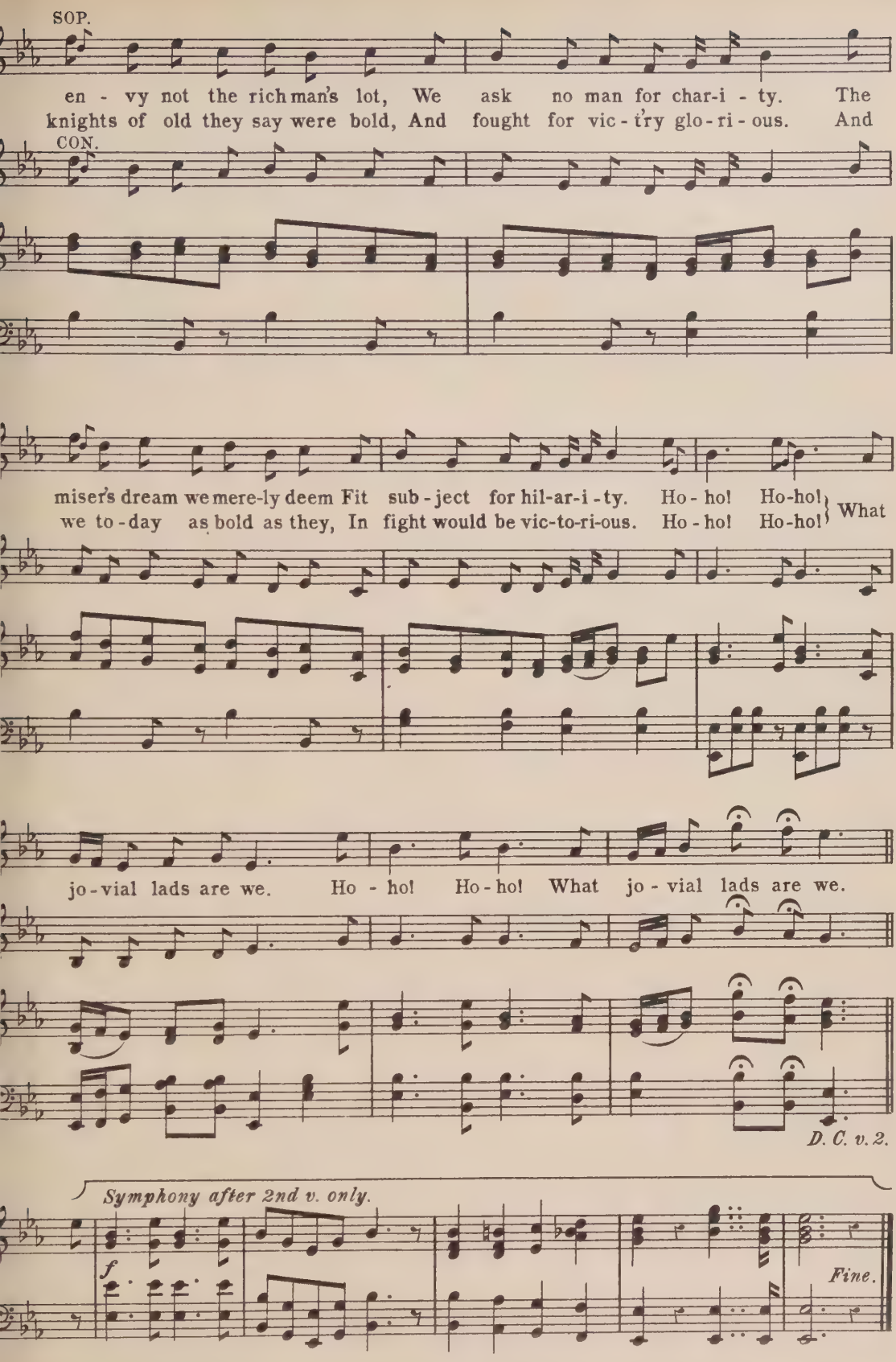
SANCHO.—Clod-hoppertunity, I should say.

ALL.—Shame! Out with him. (*Chase him round and he runs off.*)

No. 3. Chorus.

"WHAT JOVIAL LADS ARE WE."


Con allegrezza e rustico.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
UNISON.
1. Ho - ho! ho-ho! What jo-vial lads are we, Who
2. Ho - ho! ho-ho! If sol-diers we must be, Our
plough and sow and reap and mow, Con-tent - ed, blithe and free. Ho - ho! ho - ho! What
guns we'll take for glo - ry's sake, And march to vic - to - ry. Ho - ho! ho - ho! If
jo-vial lads are we, Who plough and sow and reap and mow, As hap-py as can be. We
sai-lors we must be, We'll lend a hand by sea or land, To keep our coun-try free. The


SOP.
en - vy not the rich man's lot, We ask no man for char-i - ty. The
knights of old they say were bold, And fought for vic - try glo - ri - ous. And
CON.
miser's dream we mere-ly deem Fit sub - ject for hil-ar-i - ty. Ho - ho! Ho-ho!
we to - day as bold as they, In fight would be vic-to-ri-ous. Ho - ho! Ho-ho!
What
jo - vial lads are we. Ho - ho! Ho - ho! What jo - vial lads are we.
D. C. v. 2.
Symphony after 2nd v. only.
f
Fine.

SANCHO (*returning*).—Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!

CORREGIDOR.—Now, all at your peril, attend! It is my duty to warn you all that to-d owing to the suspension of the law, there will be a large influx of gipsies, bandoleros, and otl questionable characters, who will no doubt endeavour to fill your minds with romantic stor and fairy tales, as is customary with all such riff-raff. You must endeavour to keep up yo reputation, as intelligent, level-headed, unromantic citizens of Barossa. Accept nothing b facts; beware of fiction.

JUANITA.—Please, Mr. Corregidor, what are "facts" and what is "fiction"?

CORREGIDOR.—Just like a woman. Can't help being inquisitive, I suppose. Well, y see, it's like this; if the dentist pulls your tooth out, that's a "fact;" but, if you say it didn hurt, well, that's "fiction."

JUANITA.—Oh, thank you, Mr. Corregidor.

CORREGIDOR.—It is highly gratifying to know that at the present moment there is not single person left in the village foolish enough to believe in the silly fairy tales of our benight ancestors.

ALL.—Oh yes, there is one.

CORREGIDOR.—One! What one?

ALL.—Sanchica, the barber's daughter.

CORREGIDOR.—Eh! What? Sanchica?

SANCHO (*falling on his knees*).—I humbly beg your worship will not be too hard on r daughter. She is young, a mere child. She will know better some day. (SANCHO *rises*).

CORREGIDOR.—Well, I'll give her six months——

SANCHO (*falling on his knees again*).—Oh, pray, your most gracious worship, pray don't, f the love of——

CORREGIDOR.—Get up, stupid. I was going to say I'll give her six months——

SANCHO.—Oh, don't.

CORREGIDOR.—Yes, I will; zounds, I will! I'll give her six months to get all that rubbi out of her silly little head.

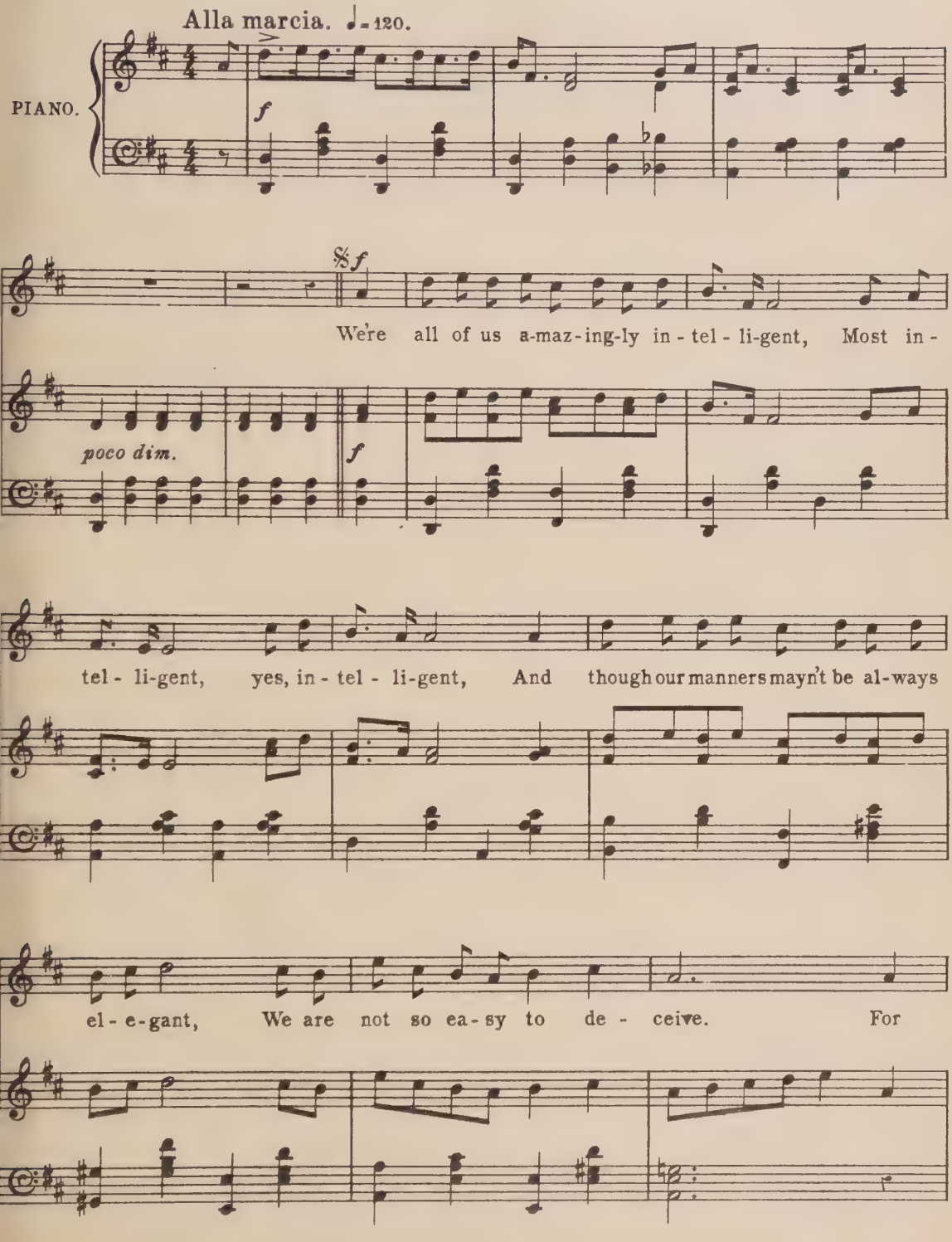
SANCHO.—Oh, thanks, a thousand thanks, Mr. Corregidor, I thought your worship mea six months in gaol.

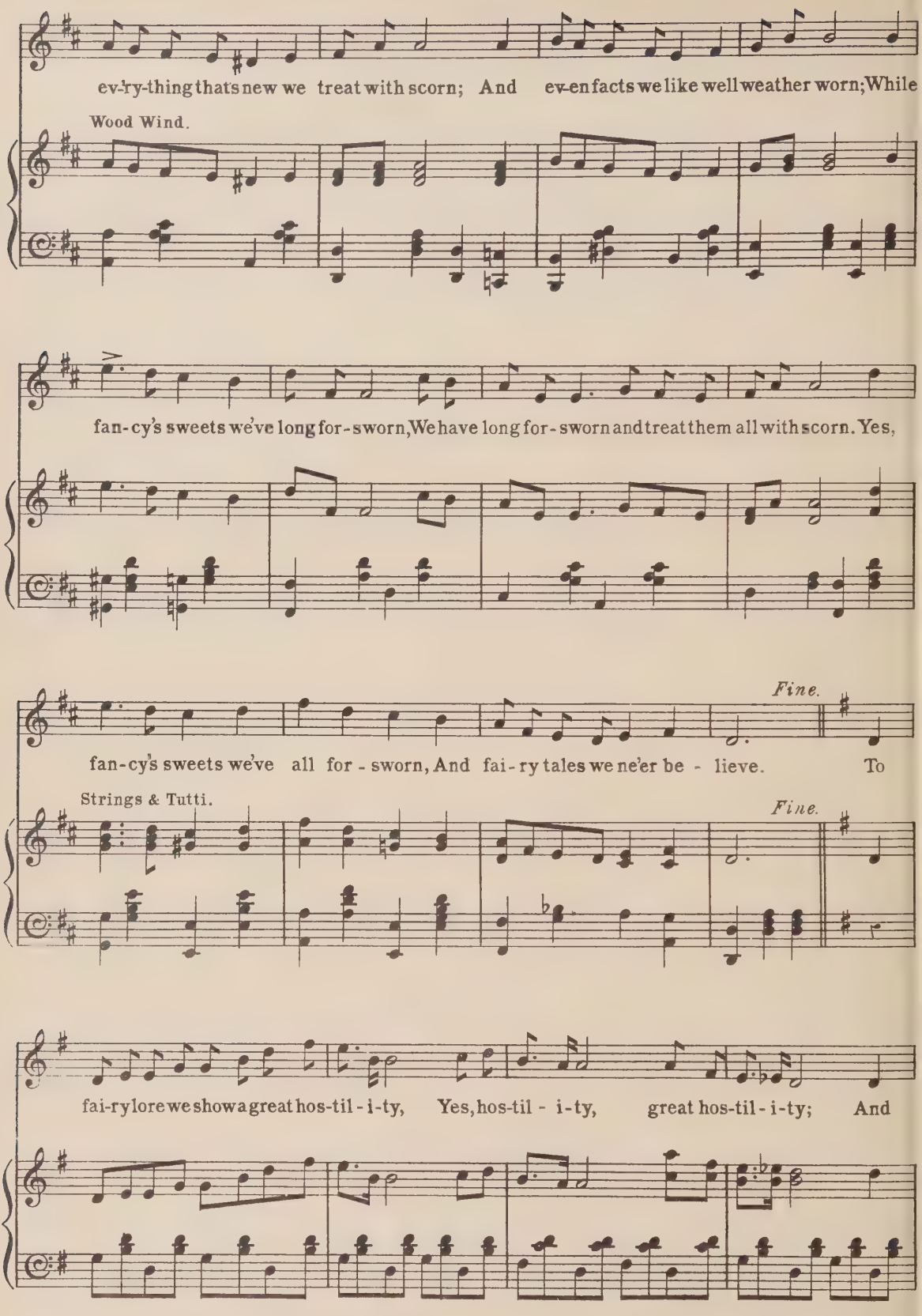
CORREGIDOR.—Don't forget, good people, that you are all of you loyal and intelligent citize and when the rabble comes, believe only half you hear and distrust the other half.

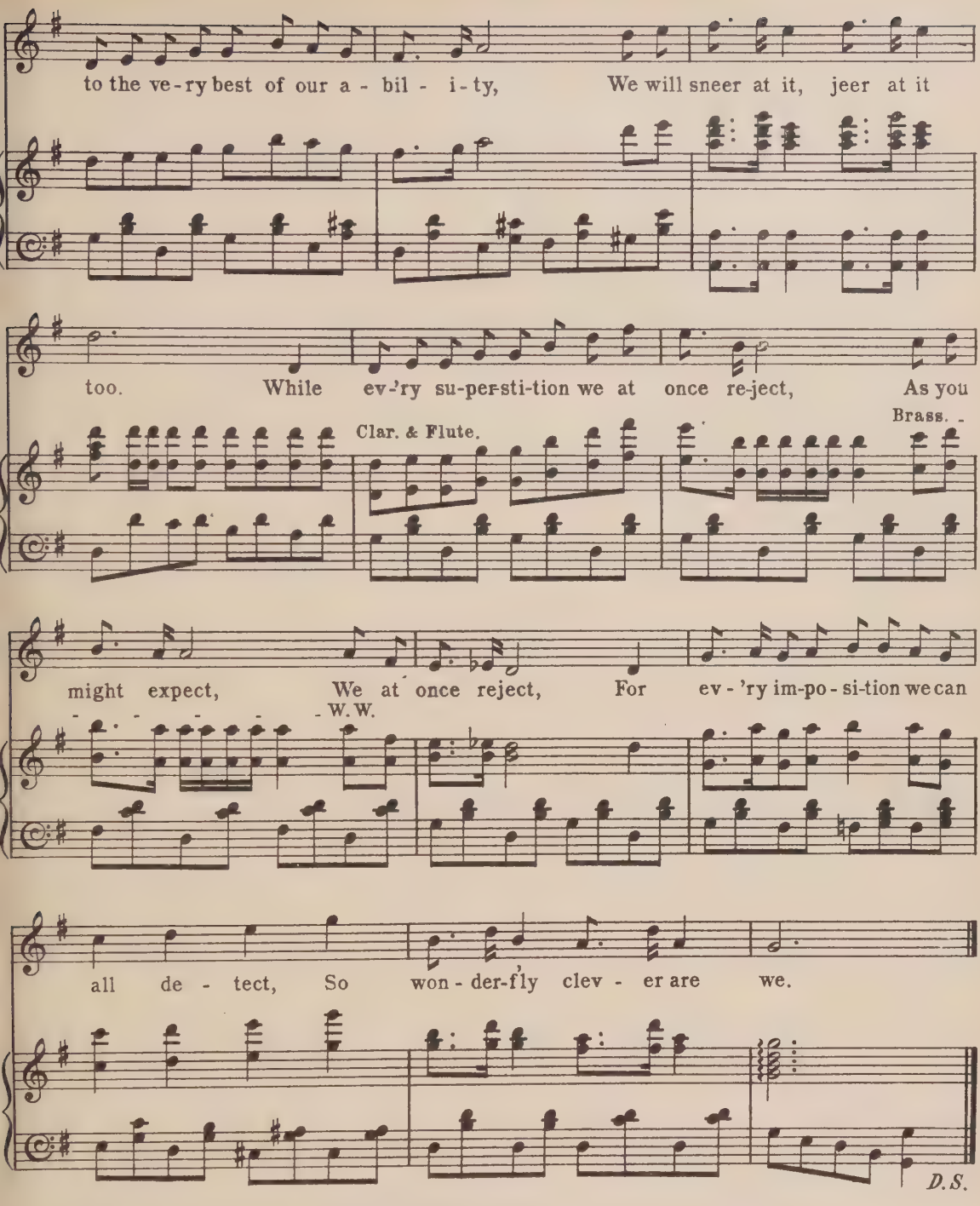
No. 4. Chorus. (Unison.)

"WE'RE ALL OF US AMAZINGLY INTELLIGENT."

(Enter Gipsies led by KADIGA.)


Alla marcia. ♩= 120.
PIANO.
f
𝄋f
We're all of us a-maz-ing-ly in-tel-li-gent, Most in-
poco dim.
f
tel-li-gent, yes, in-tel-li-gent, And though our manners mayn't be al-ways
el-e-gant, We are not so ea-sy to de-ceive. For


ev-ry-thing that's new we treat with scorn; And ev-en facts we like well weather worn; While
Wood Wind.
fan-cy's sweets we've long for-sworn, We have long for-sworn and treat them all with scorn. Yes,
Fine.
fan-cy's sweets we've all for-sworn, And fai-ry tales we ne'er be-lieve. To
Strings & Tutti.
Fine.
fai-ry lore we show a great hos-til-i-ty, Yes, hos-til-i-ty, great hos-til-i-ty; And


to the ve-ry best of our a - bil - i-ty, We will sneer at it, jeer at it
too. While ev-'ry su-per-sti-tion we at once re-ject, As you
Clar. & Flute.
Brass.
might expect, We at once reject, For ev-'ry im-po-si-tion we can
W.W.
all de - tect, So won-der-fly clev - er are we.
D.S.

KADIGA.—Good morrow worthy people. May the stars be propitious.

CORREGIDOR.—Bosh! I say, Bosh! (*To* Crowd) Citizens, do your duty and say Bosh.

ALL (*shouting*).—Bosh!

CORREGIDOR (*to* KADIGA).—Do you hear? Bosh!

KADIGA.—That remark is by no means original, though wanting in politeness.

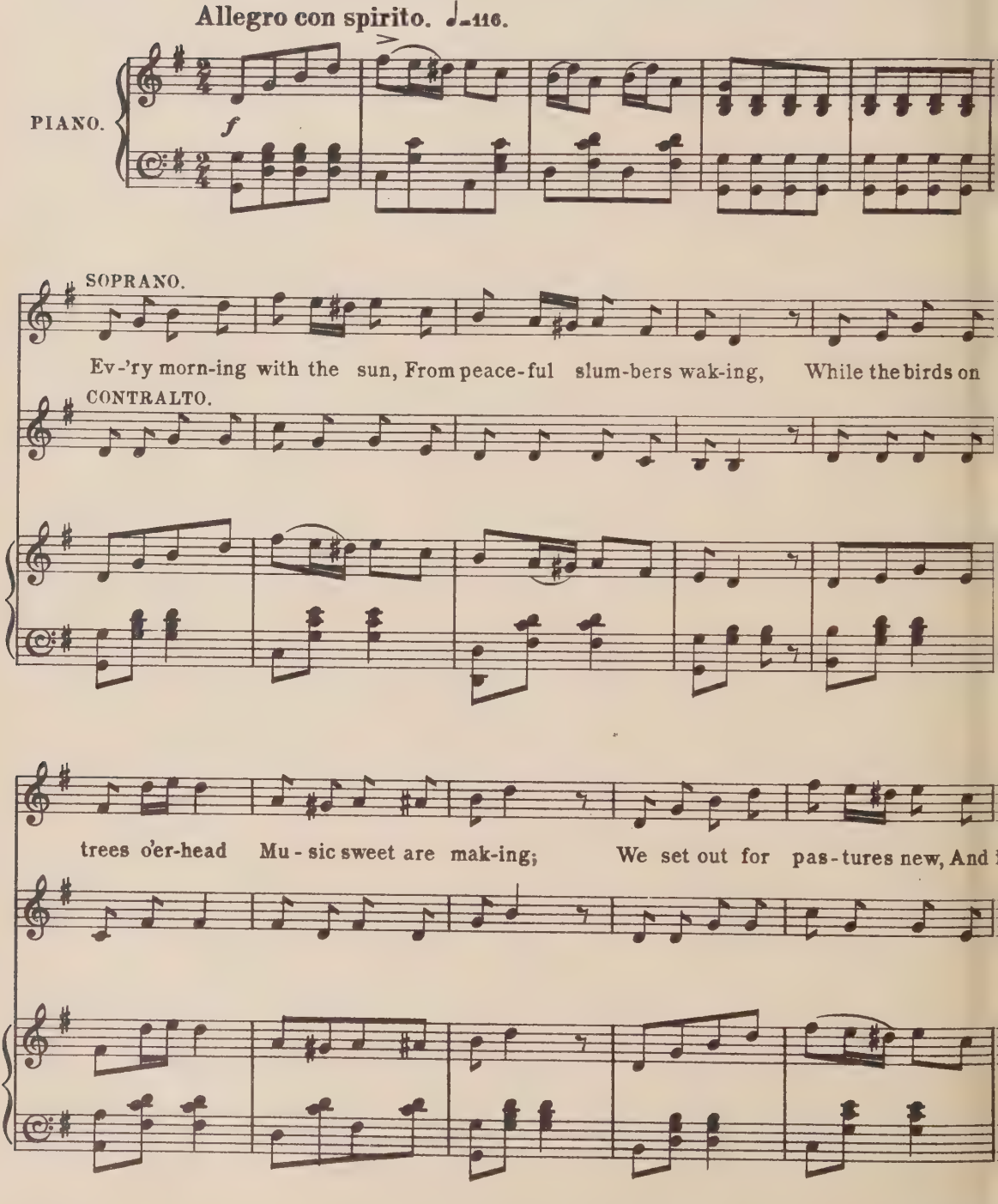
CORREGIDOR.—The stars are all very well as parish lanterns in districts where the gas is bad, but their influence in mundane affairs is practically nil.

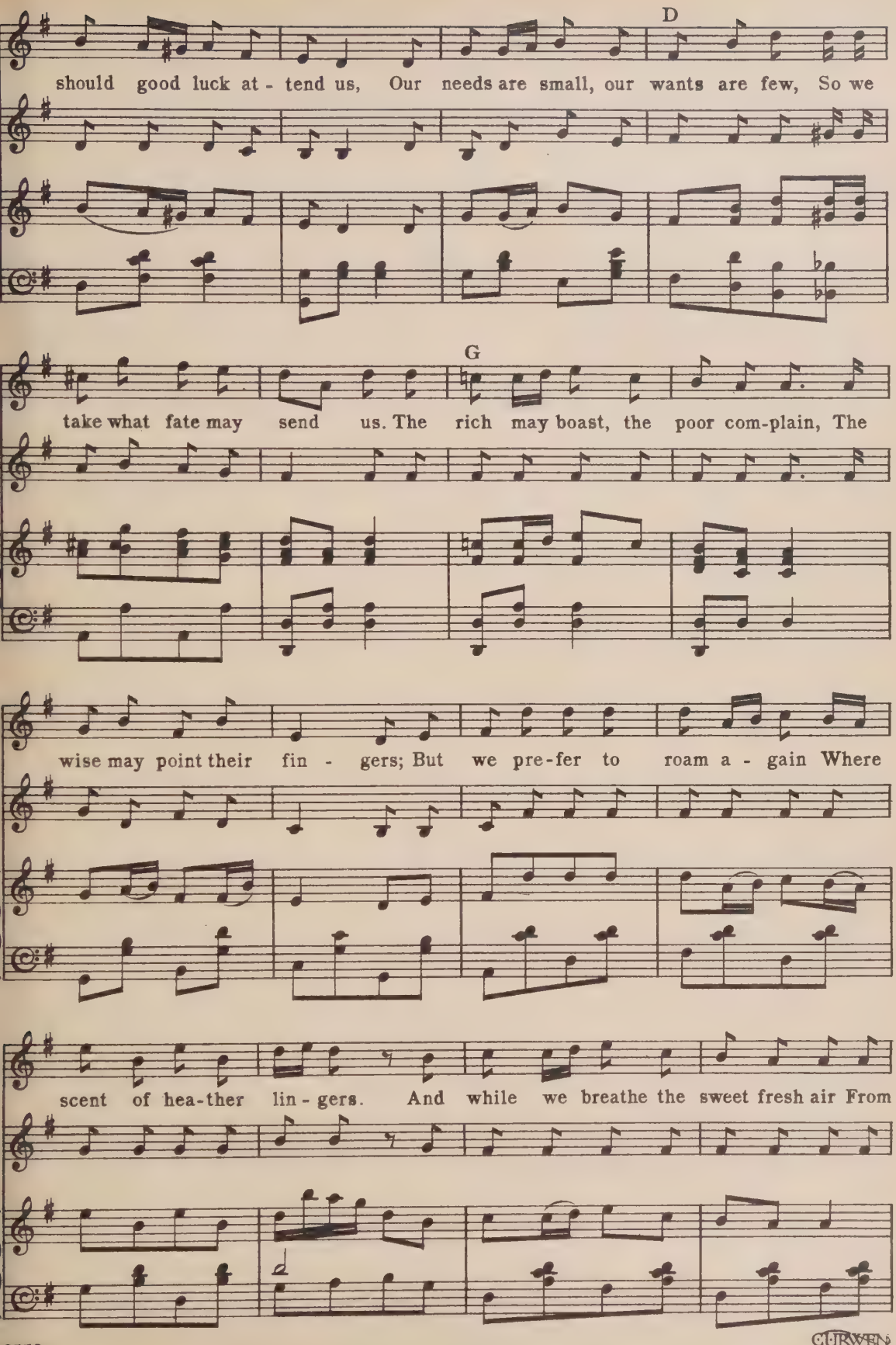
KADIGA.—We shall see!

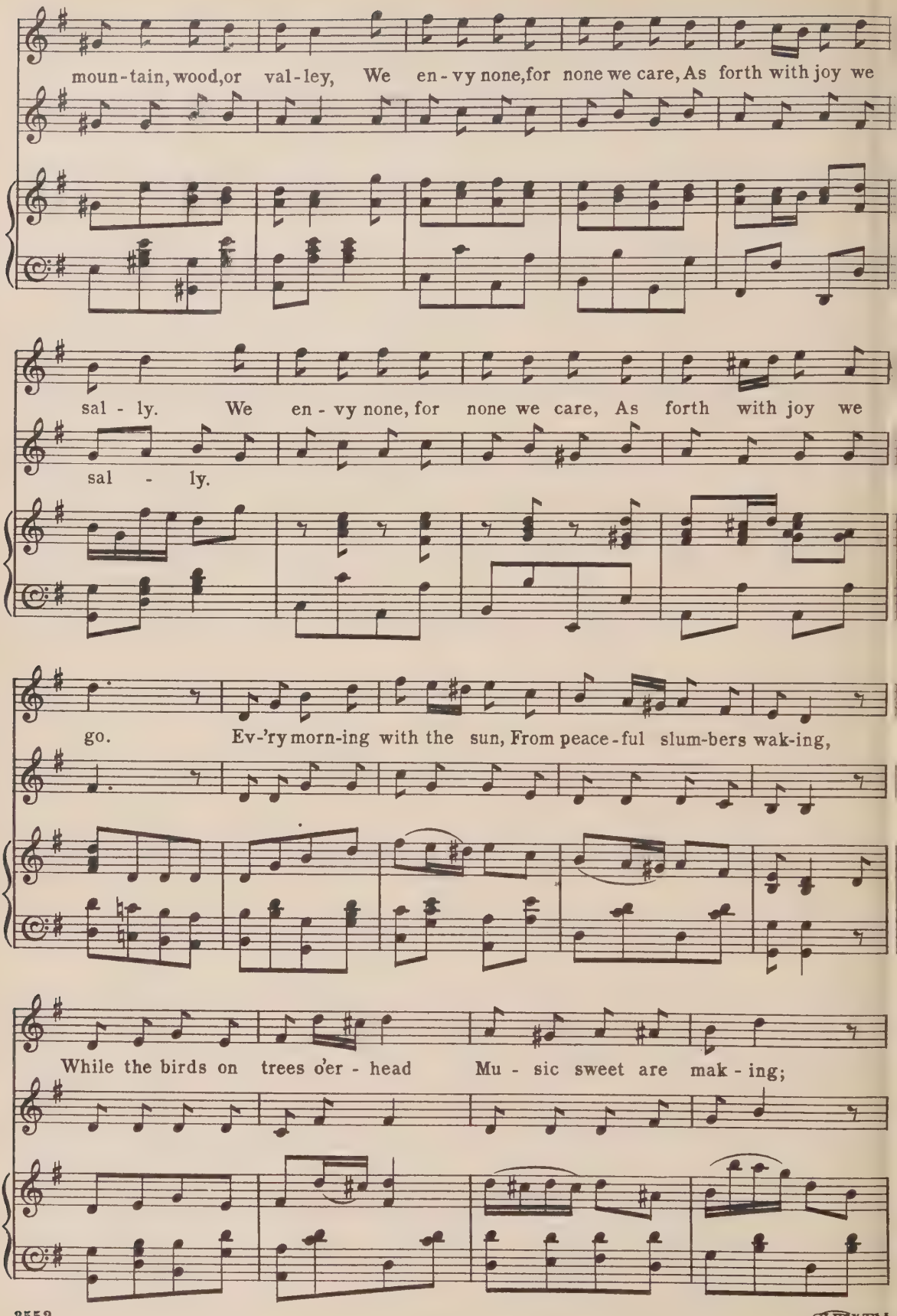
CORREGIDOR.—Quite so something *star*-tling, no doubt. I call on you and your band to give an account of yourselves and your doings.

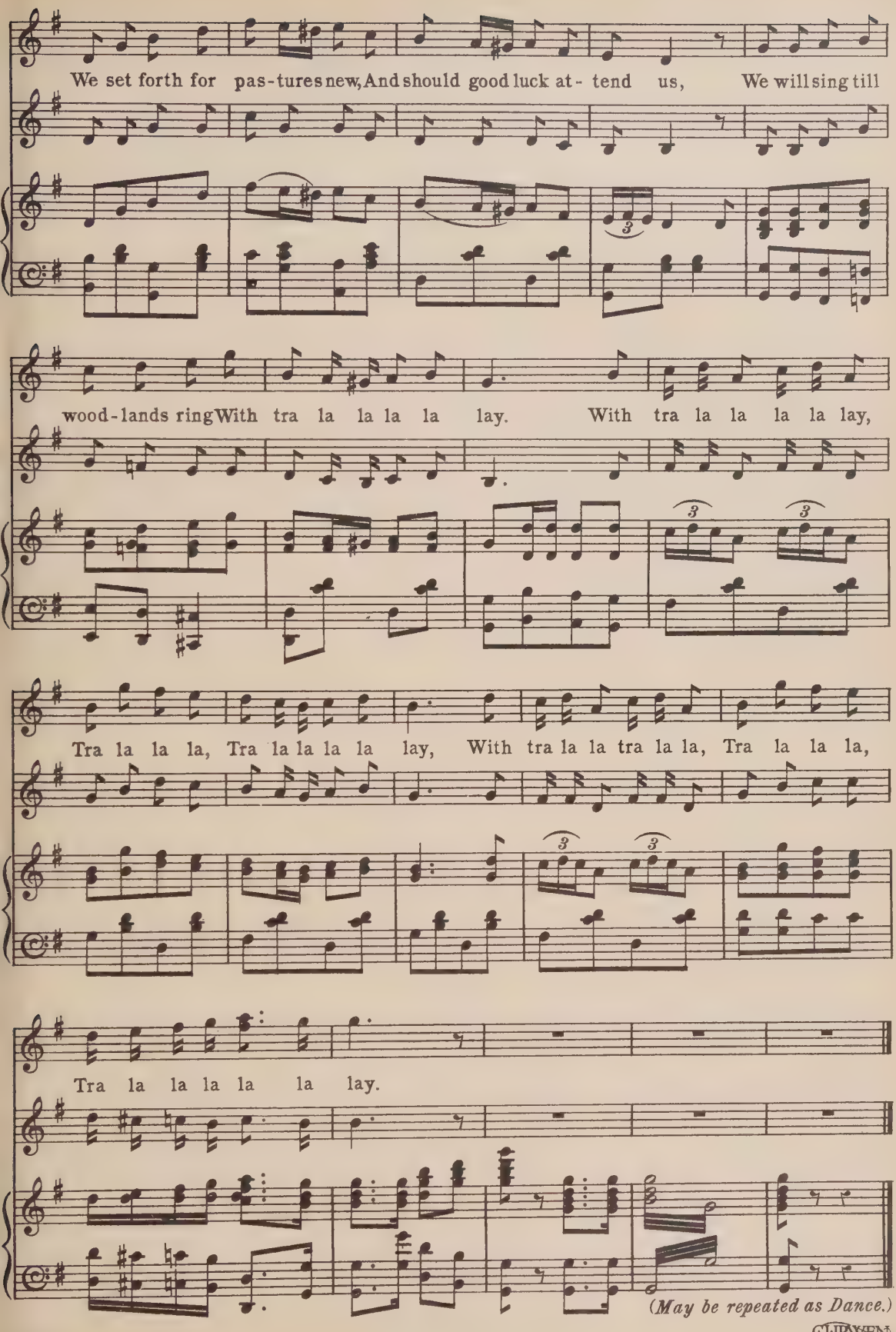
No. 5. Gipsy Chorus and Dance.

"EVERY MORNING WITH THE SUN."


Allegro con spirito. ♩=116.
PIANO.
f
SOPRANO.
Ev-'ry morn-ing with the sun, From peace-ful slum-bers wak-ing, While the birds on
CONTRALTO.
trees o'er-head Mu-sic sweet are mak-ing; We set out for pas-tures new, And


D
should good luck at - tend us, Our needs are small, our wants are few, So we
G
take what fate may send us. The rich may boast, the poor com-plain, The
wise may point their fin - gers; But we pre-fer to roam a - gain Where
scent of hea-ther lin - gers. And while we breathe the sweet fresh air From


moun-tain, wood, or val-ley, We en-vy none, for none we care, As forth with joy we
sal-ly. We en-vy none, for none we care, As forth with joy we
sal-ly.
go. Ev-'ry morn-ing with the sun, From peace-ful slum-bers wak-ing,
While the birds on trees o'er-head Mu-sic sweet are mak-ing;


We set forth for pas-tures new, And should good luck at- tend us, We will sing till
wood-lands ring With tra la la la la lay. With tra la la la la lay,
Tra la la la, Tra la la la la lay, With tra la la tra la la, Tra la la la,
Tra la la la la la lay.
(May be repeated as Dance.)

(*Enter* SANCHICA *excitedly, with key in her hand.*)

SANCHICA.—Oh! father, father! see what I have found.

SANCHO (*examining key carefully*).—Looks like a key. Rather a strange pattern.

CORREGIDOR.—What did I hear? Something found? It's my duty as the representative of the law to take possession of all treasure trove.

SANCHICA (*seizing key*).—Oh no! it is mine. I found it among the mountains.

CORREGIDOR.—Nonsense! Don't you know that anything that is lost belongs to the King when found *on* the land, *in* the land, or *under* the land. It's a sort of thing they call an "unearned" increment, which means something that belongs to a man because he didn't properly earn it.

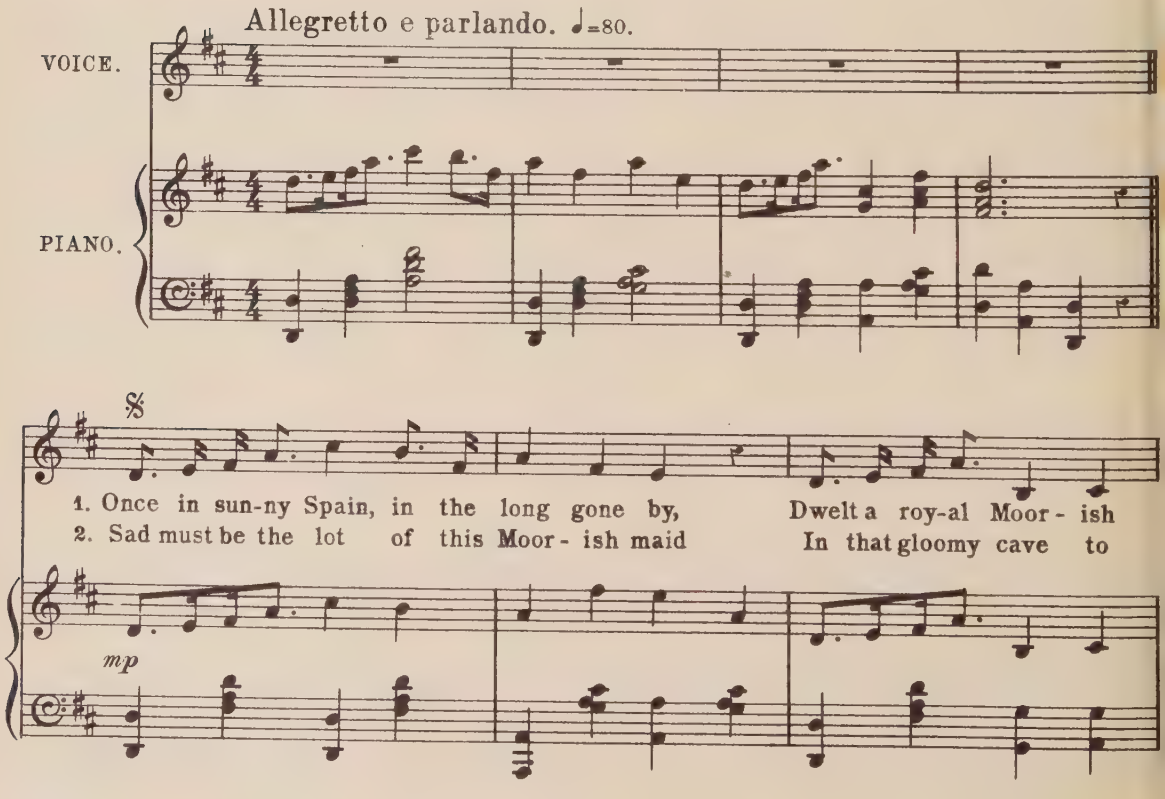
KADIGA (*to* CORREGIDOR).—Beware, rash man! Leave the key in the hands of the finder or dire disaster will befall you. I believe that it is a Magic Key mentioned in a Moorish legend. Would you like to hear this legend?

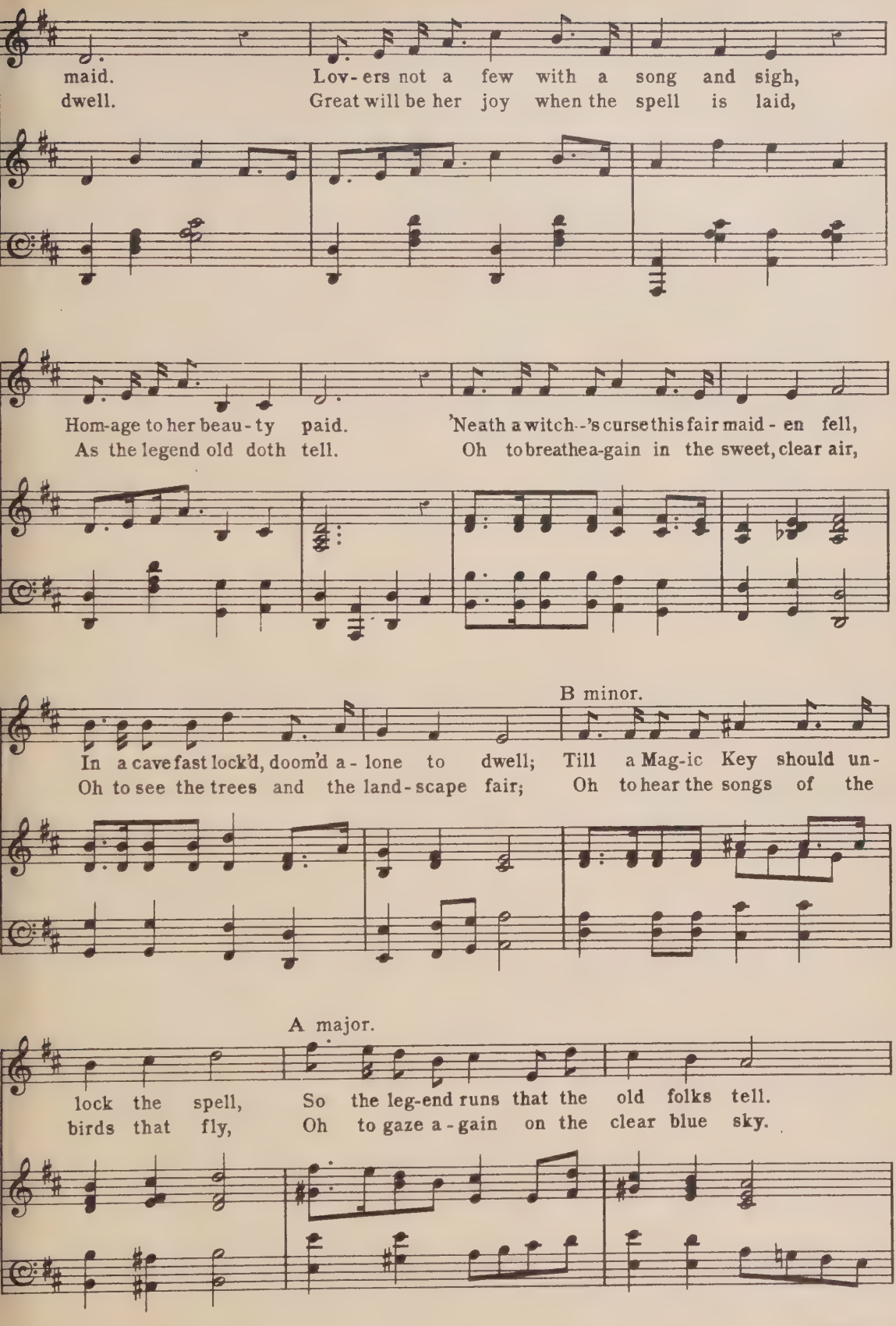
DOLORES.—Please, Mr Corregidor, what is a legend?

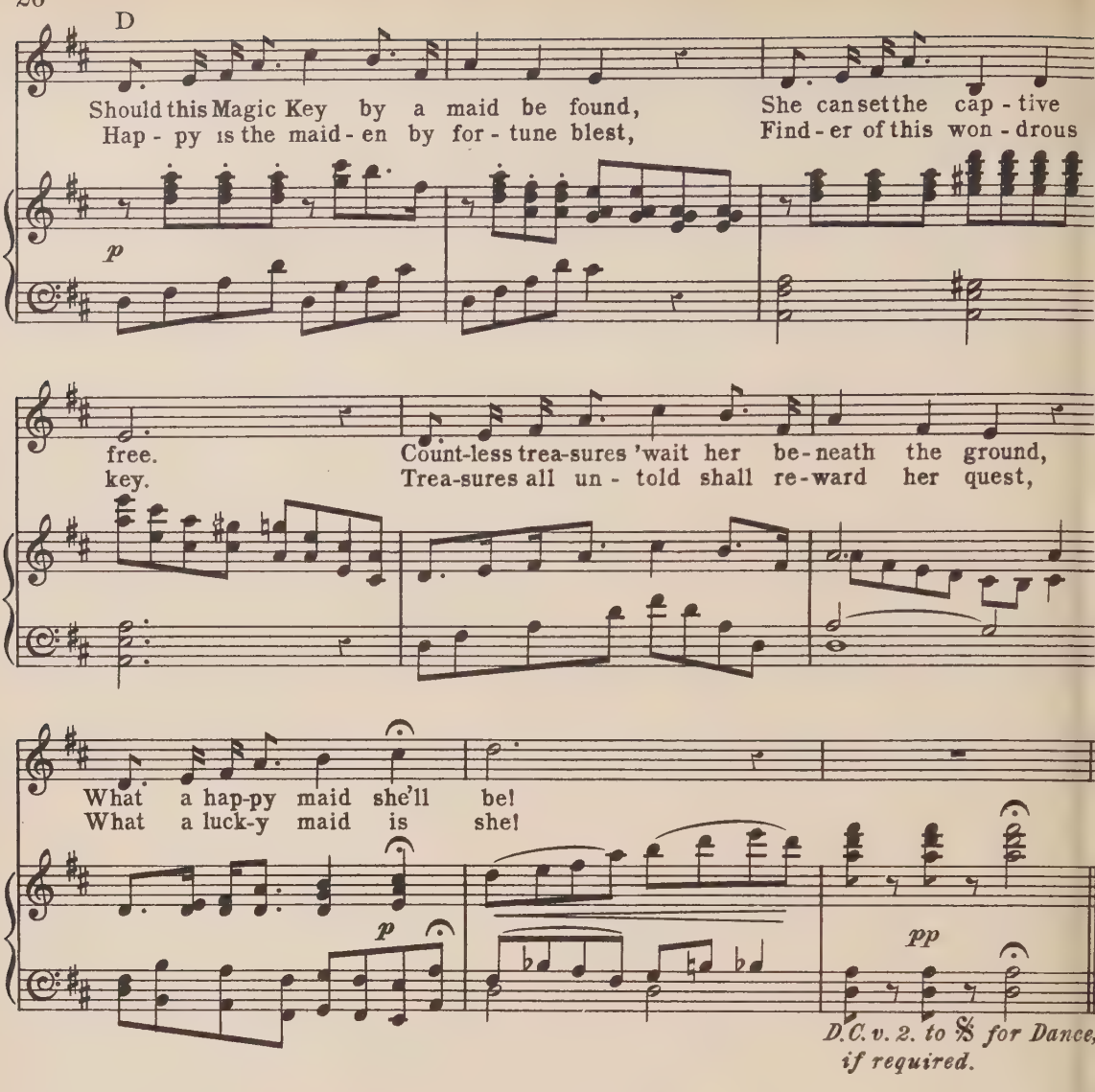
CORREGIDOR.—A legend? Well——ahem! A legend is a——well, you see a legend is a story made up about something that happened so long ago that nobody can contradict it. (*To* KADIGA) I don't approve of these unauthenticated tales, but for *once*, mind, I say distinctly just for once, I'll allow you to tell this so-called legend, though it's against my principles.

No. 6. Song. (Kadiga.)

"ONCE IN SUNNY SPAIN."


Allegretto e parlando. ♩=80.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Once in sun-ny Spain, in the long gone by, Dwelt a roy-al Moor - ish
2. Sad must be the lot of this Moor - ish maid In that gloomy cave to
mp


maid. Lov-ers not a few with a song and sigh,
dwell. Great will be her joy when the spell is laid,
Hom-age to her beau-ty paid. 'Neath a witch--'s curse this fair maid-en fell,
As the legend old doth tell. Oh to breathe a-gain in the sweet, clear air,
B minor.
In a cave fast lock'd, doom'd a-lone to dwell; Till a Mag-ic Key should un-
Oh to see the trees and the land-scape fair; Oh to hear the songs of the
A major.
lock the spell, So the leg-end runs that the old folks tell.
birds that fly, Oh to gaze a-gain on the clear blue sky.


D
Should this Magic Key by a maid be found,
Hap - py is the maid - en by for - tune blest,
She can set the cap - tive
Find - er of this won - drous
p
free.
key.
Count-less trea-sures 'wait her be-neath the ground,
Trea-sures all un - told shall re-ward her quest,
What a hap-py maid she'll be!
What a luck-y maid is she!
p
pp
D.C. v. 2. to % for Dance, if required.

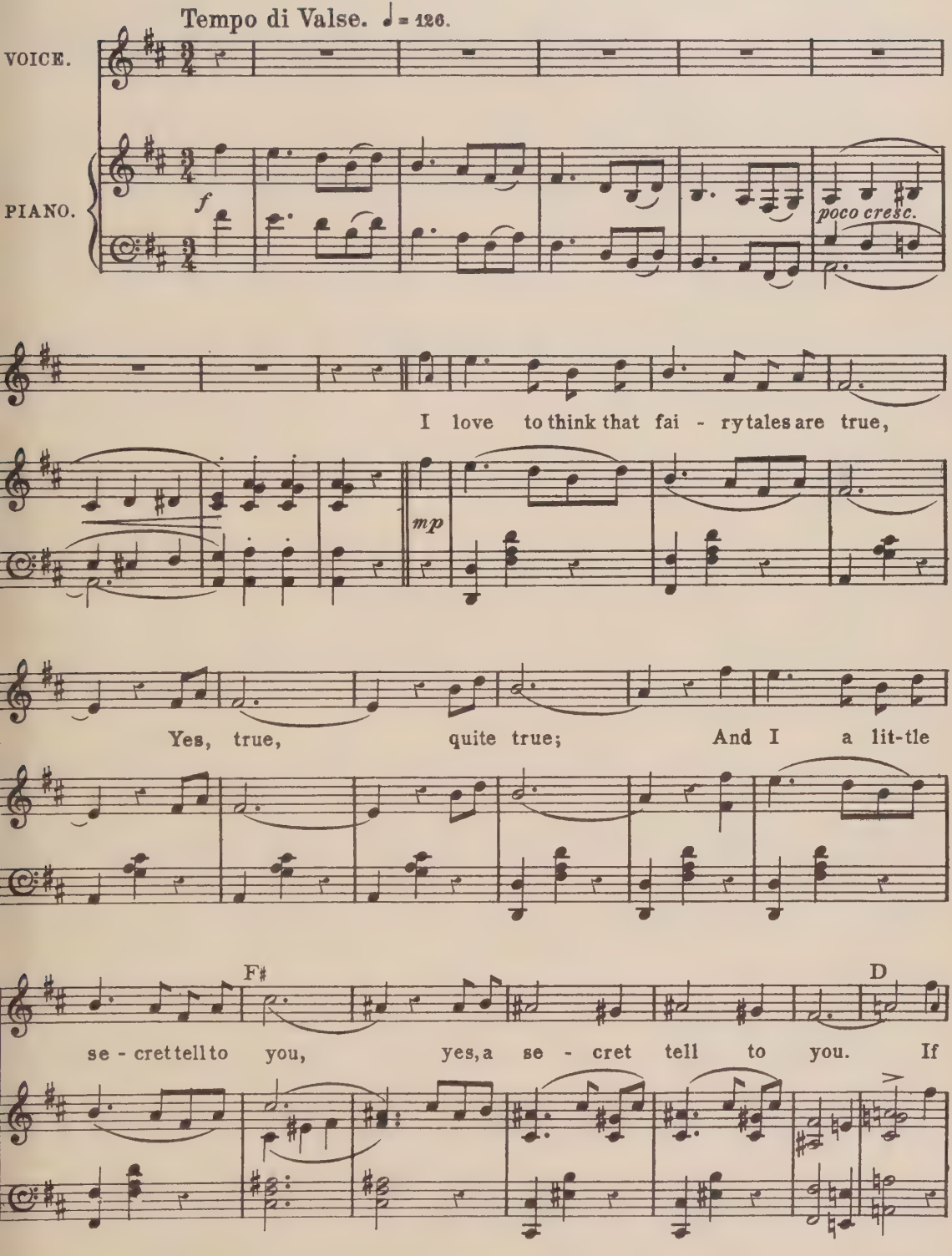
KADIGA.—The key then is no doubt the Magic Key, that will open the cave where the poor princess is imprisoned. Moreover, they say that any maiden finding the key will be rewarded by untold riches if she can discover the cave under the mountains and liberate the unfortunate princess.

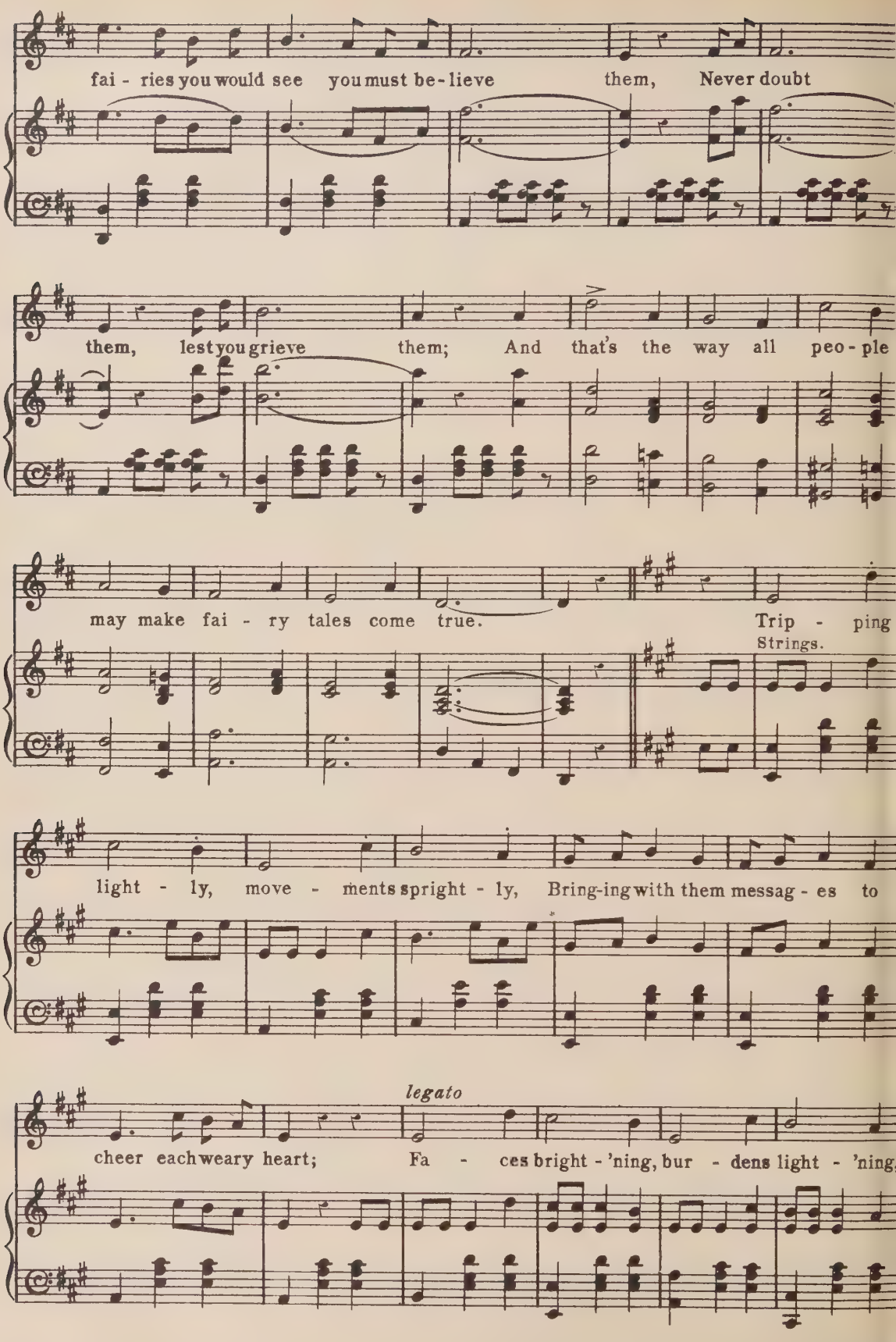
CORREGIDOR.—Bosh! I say Bosh! A most ridiculous fairy tale. If this were not Mid-summer Eve I would commit you for deception and fraud. (*To* SANCHICA) Well, keep the key. You are the only one in the village who wants such rubbish and believes in this fairy nonsense.

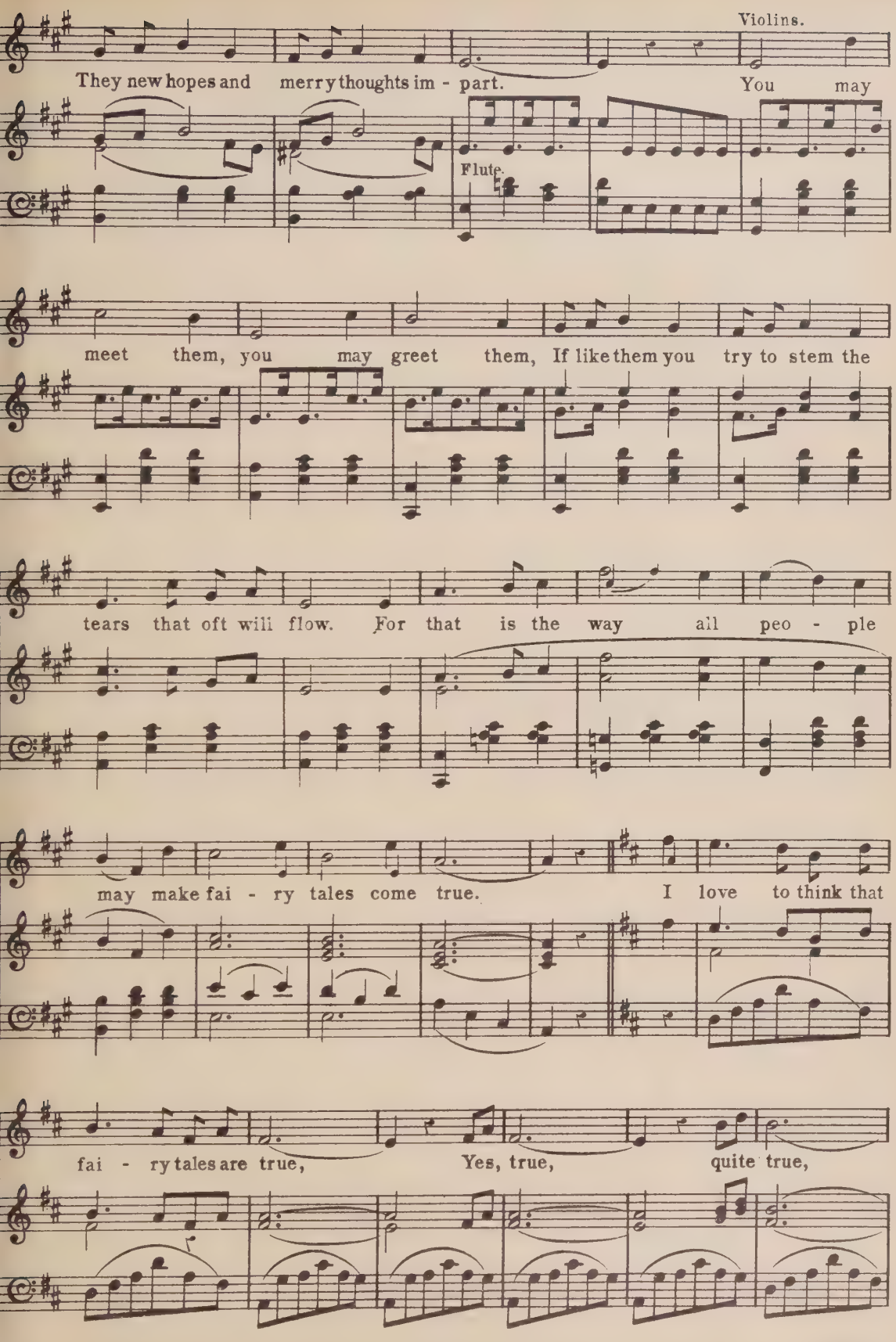
SANCHICA.—Oh, thank you, sir I know there are fairies who do wonderful things some-times, and I love to think that fairy tales are true.

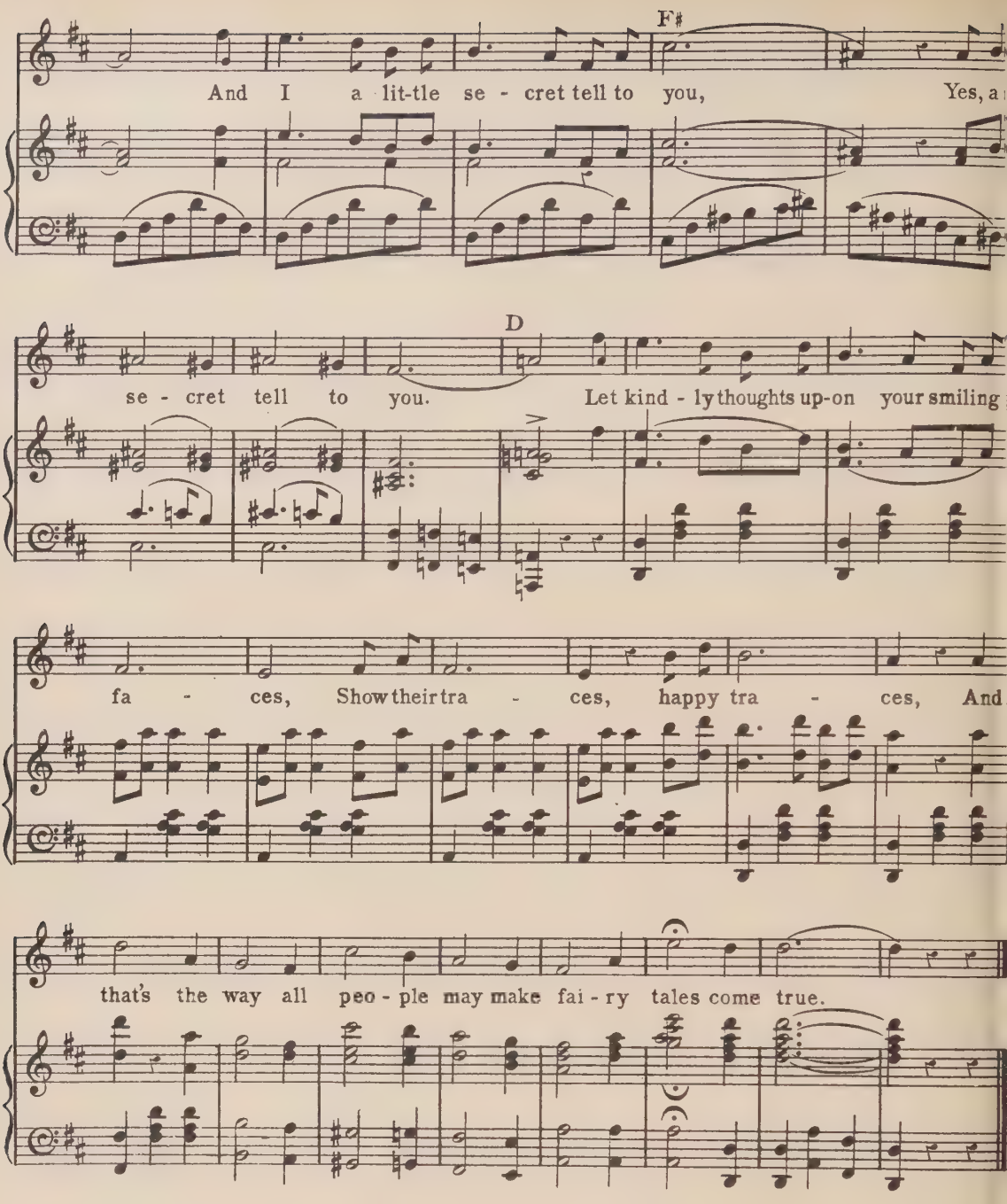
No. 7. Song. (Sanchica.)

"FAIRY TALES."


Tempo di Valse. ♩= 126.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
poco cresc.
I love to think that fai - ry tales are true,
mp
Yes, true, quite true; And I a lit-tle
F♯
D
se - cret tell to you, yes, a se - cret tell to you. If


fai - ries you would see you must be - lieve them, Never doubt
them, lest you grieve them; And that's the way all peo - ple
may make fai - ry tales come true. Trip - ping
Strings.
light - ly, move - ments spright - ly, Bring-ing with them messag - es to
legato
cheer each weary heart; Fa - ces bright - 'ning, bur - dens light - 'ning,


Violins.
They new hopes and merry thoughts im - part.
You may
Flute.
meet them, you may greet them, If like them you try to stem the
tears that oft will flow. For that is the way all peo - ple
may make fai - ry tales come true.
I love to think that
fai - ry tales are true,
Yes, true,
quite true,


F♯
And I a lit-tle se - cret tell to you, Yes, a
D
se - cret tell to you. Let kind - ly thoughts up-on your smiling
fa - ces, Show their tra - ces, happy tra - ces, And
that's the way all peo - ple may make fai - ry tales come true.

KADIGA (*aside to* SANCHICA).—Keep the key safely Go to-night to the mountains, and if you are lucky enough to meet the Gnomes from under the mountains, who once a year are allowed to breathe the upper air for a short space, they alone will be able to show you the cave. If you succeed, a casket of jewels will be your reward. (*Exit* SANCHICA.)

(*Enter the* BANDOLEROS, *headed by* JUAN.)

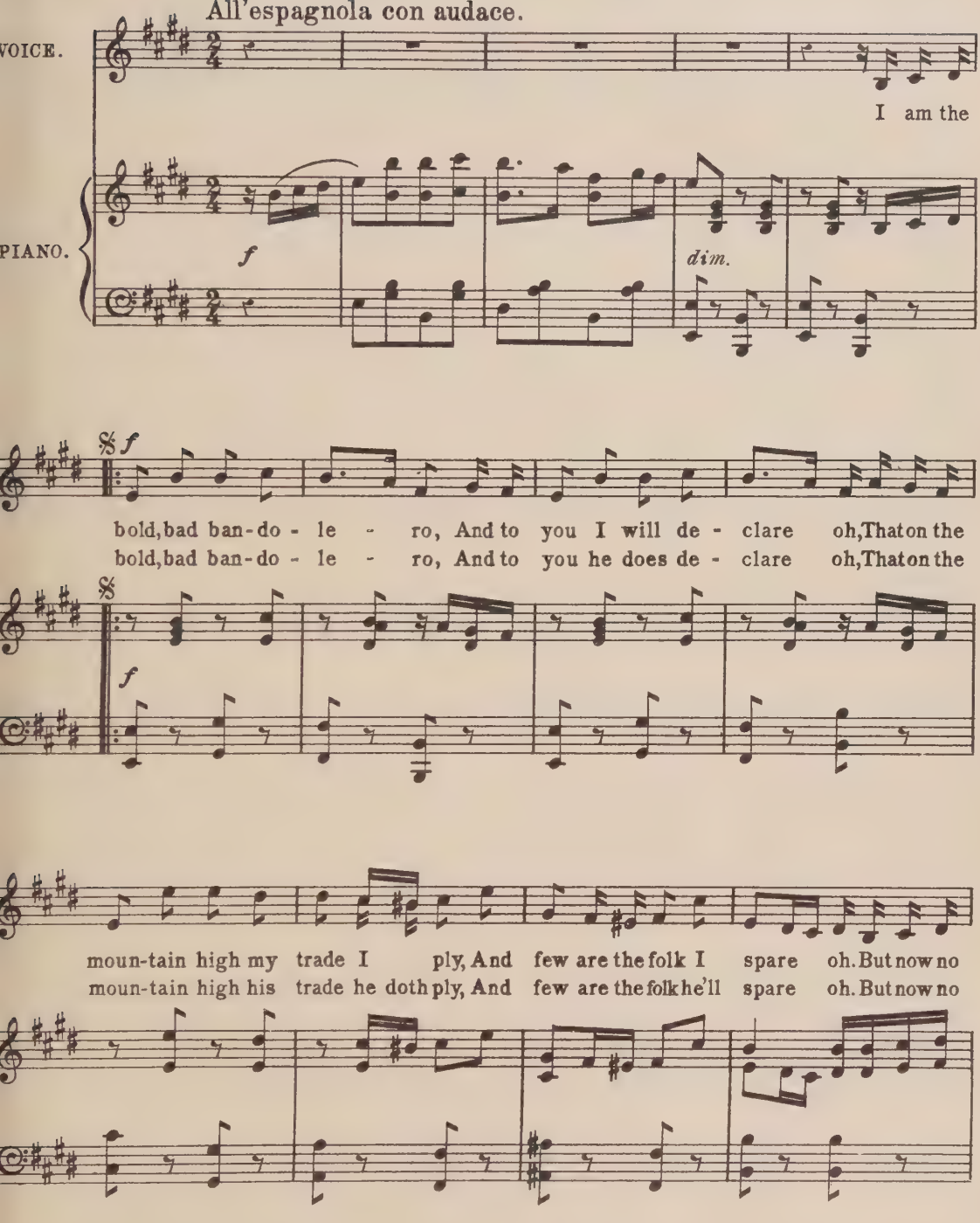
ALL.—Hurrah for the Bandoleros!

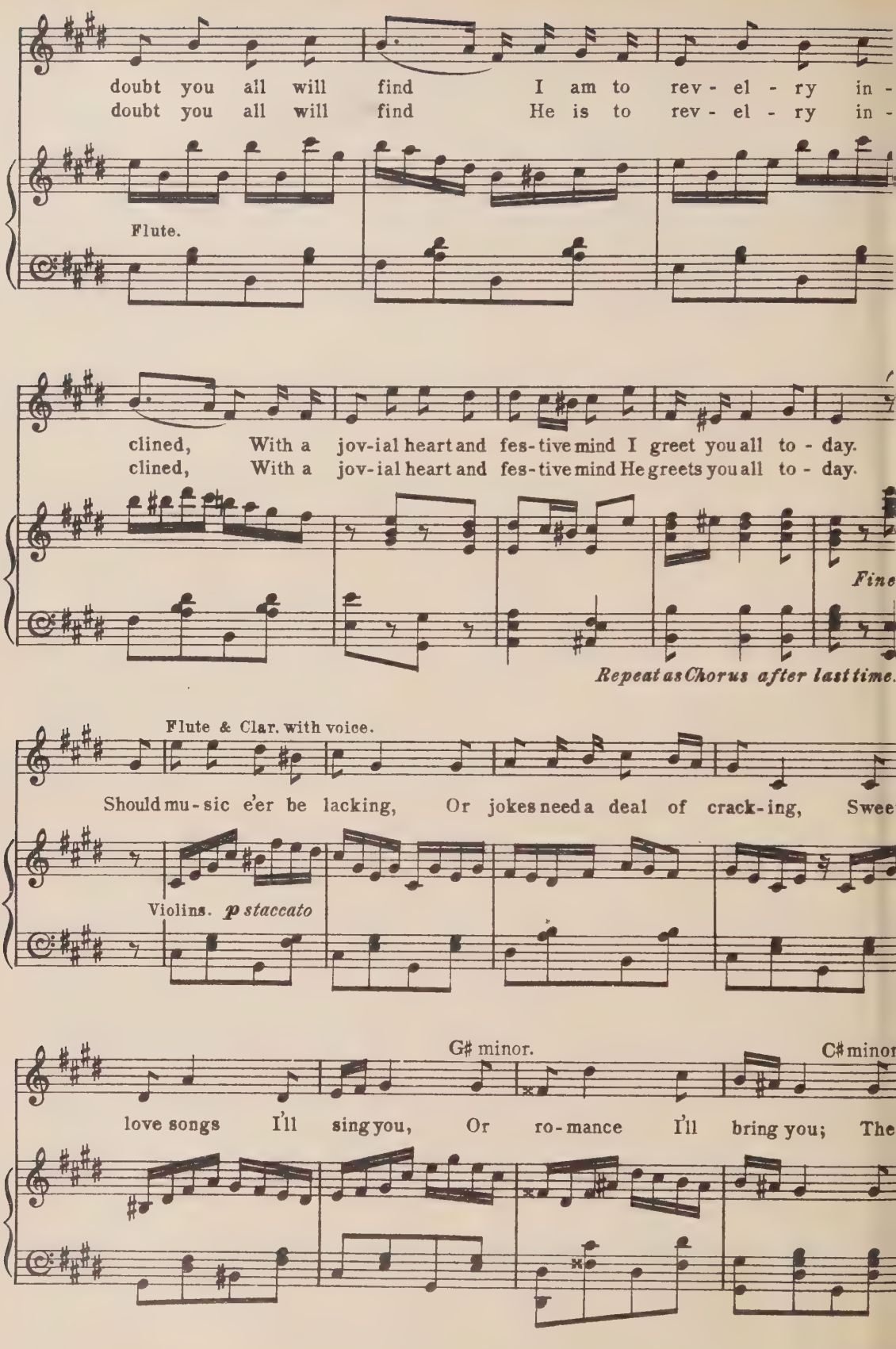
PEDRO.—What say, shall we ask them for a song?

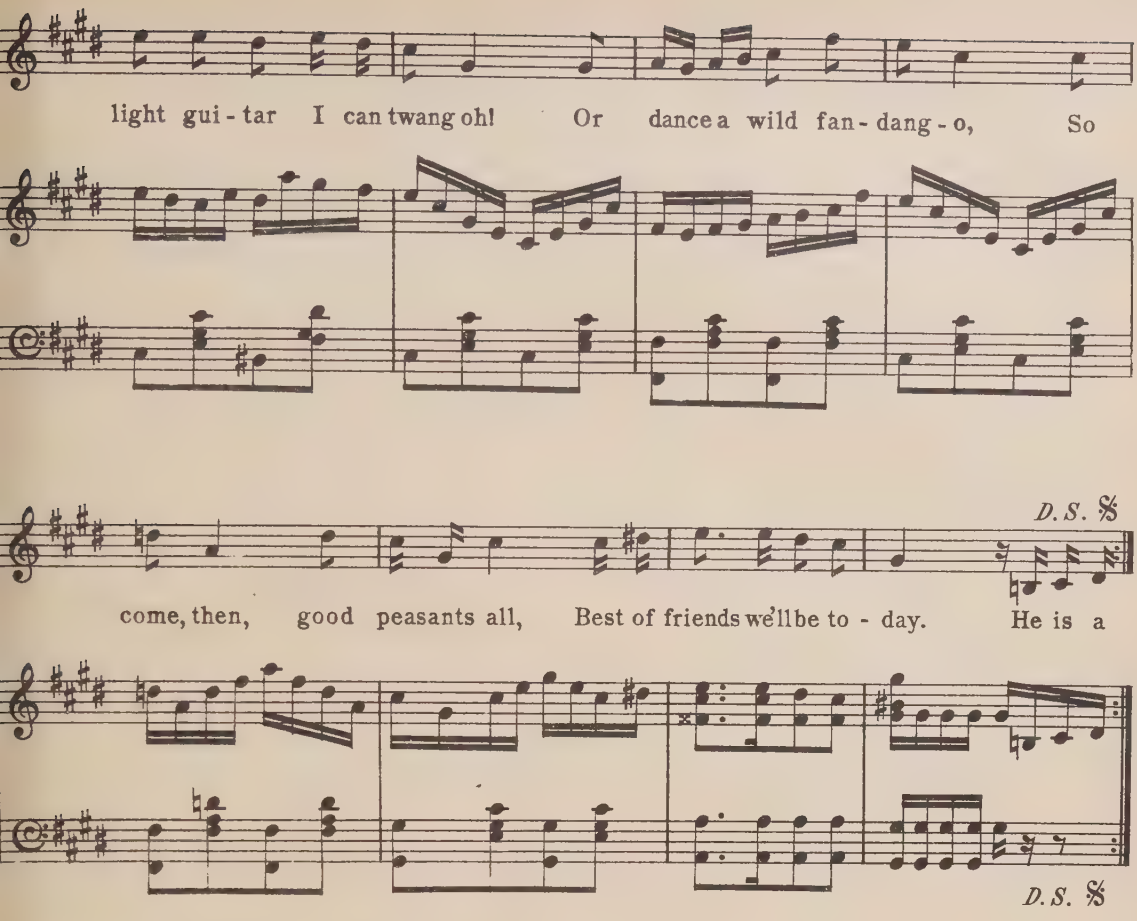
ALL.—A song! A song from Juan!

No. 8. Song. (Juan.)

"I AM THE BOLD BAD BANDOLERO."


All'espagnola con audace.
VOICE.
PIANO.
I am the
f
dim.
bold, bad ban-do - le - ro, And to you I will de - clare oh, That on the
bold, bad ban-do - le - ro, And to you he does de - clare oh, That on the
moun-tain high my trade I ply, And few are the folk I spare oh. But now no
moun-tain high his trade he doth ply, And few are the folk he'll spare oh. But now no


doubt you all will find I am to rev - el - ry in -
doubt you all will find He is to rev - el - ry in -
Flute.
clined, With a jov-ial heart and fes-tive mind I greet you all to - day.
clined, With a jov-ial heart and fes-tive mind He greets you all to - day.
Fine
Repeat as Chorus after last time.
Flute & Clar. with voice.
Should mu-sic e'er be lacking, Or jokes need a deal of crack-ing, Swee
Violins. p staccato
G♯ minor.
C♯ minor
love songs I'll sing you, Or ro-mance I'll bring you; The


light gui - tar I can twang oh! Or dance a wild fan - dang - o, So
D.S. 𝄋
come, then, good peasants all, Best of friends we'll be to - day. He is a
D.S. 𝄋

PEDRO.—Thanks; a good song and no mistake. Your company will be appreciated by us for one day in the year at any rate.

JUAN.—You may well say for one day. To-morrow my presence here would place my neck in danger I must hie me back to the mountains ere the clock strikes midnight, or my friend over there (*points to* CORREGIDOR) would be bound to arrest me as an outlaw.

PEDRO.—Never mind. Long ere midnight our festivities will have to cease, or we shall not reach the mountain top in time to light our fires and see the sun rise. Our crops might suffer if we failed to propitiate the Midsummer Sun.

JUAN.—I should have thought such a matter-of-fact people as the villagers of Barossa would have long grown out of such superstition.

PEDRO.—Superstition or not, we shall have to go as is our annual custom. Will you honour us by acting as guide? You know the mountain paths well.

JUAN.—None better, as many a traveller has reason to remember.

PAT FLANNIGAN (*entering suddenly, perspiring, and out of breath*).—Murther! Murther! Blue murther! The villains. Where's the phwat ye cahl him—the Corregidor of this village? Och! shure, and it's dead I am intoirely afther runnin' for me loife.

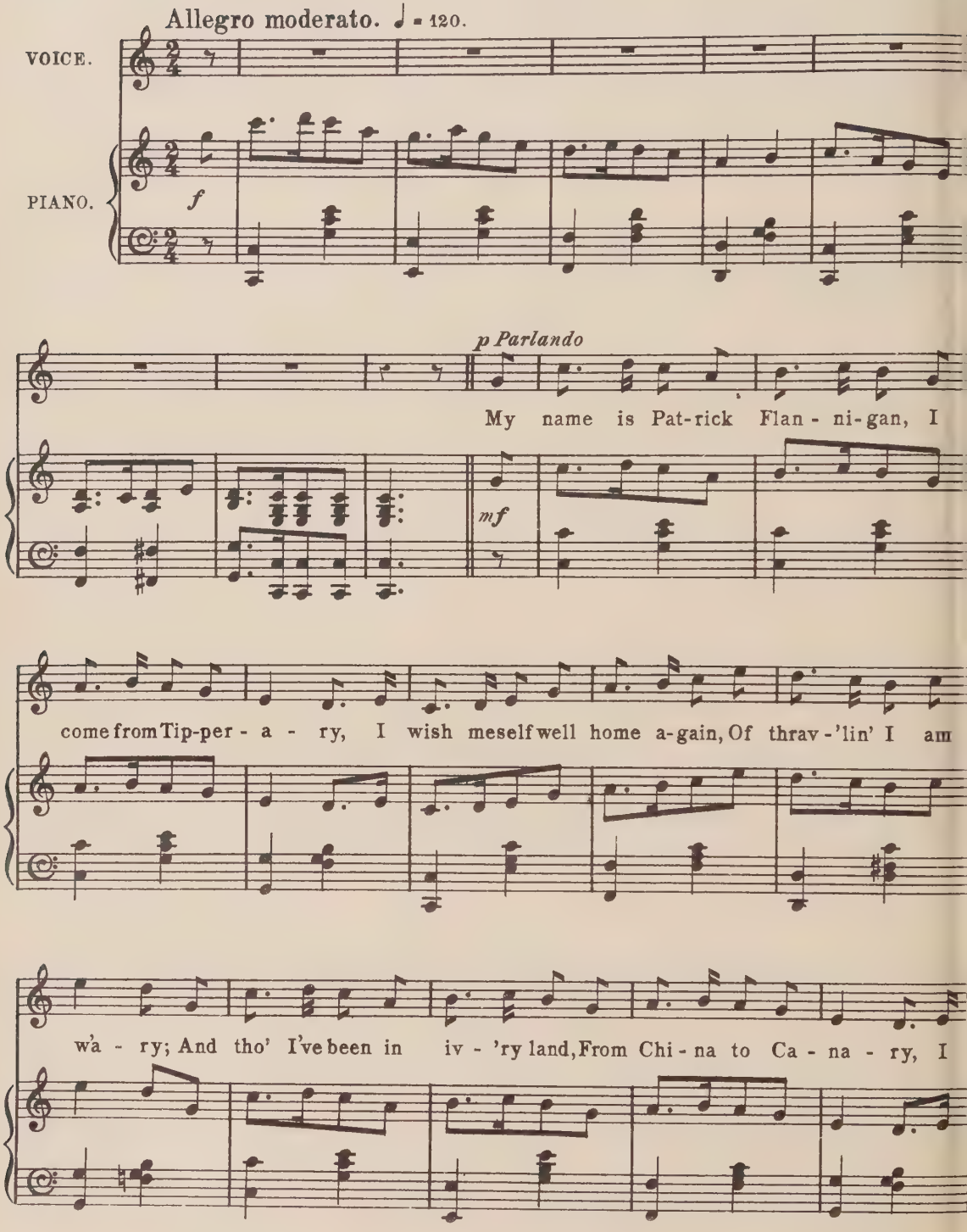
CORREGIDOR.—What's all this din about now?

FLANNIGAN.—Din! bejabers; and wouldn't you make a din if ye had been chased ahl day by a murtherin' scoundrel of a bandolero, with a villainous lookin' blunderbuster thing a pintin' at yer head ahl the toime. Phwat might *you* be doin' for yer money to stand by and let a respectable son of Ould Oireland be chased about like a rabbit in fear ot his very loife. Why don't yer do somethin', a standin' there like a sack o whate?

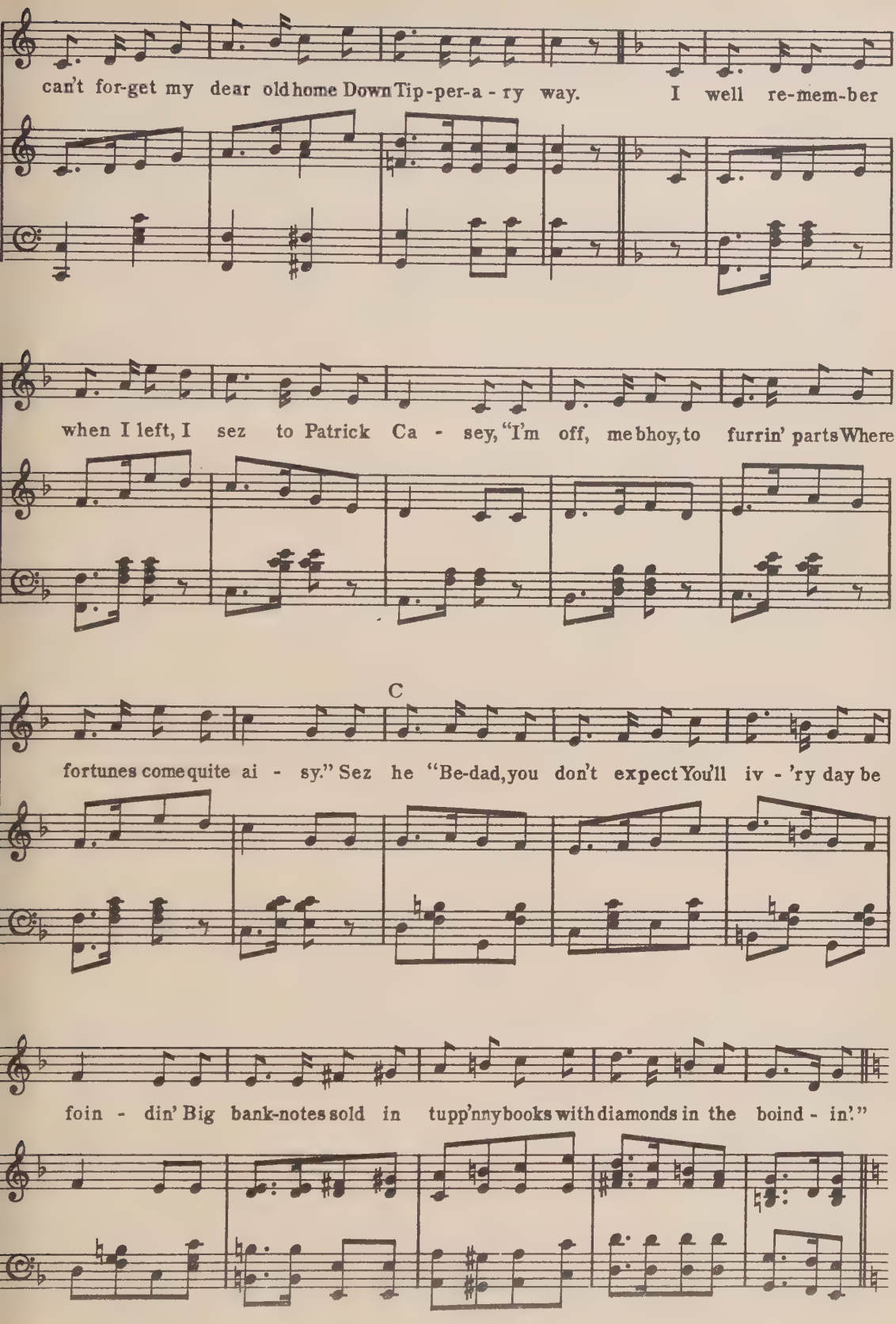
CORREGIDOR.—I should like to know who you may be who speaks in this disrespectful way?

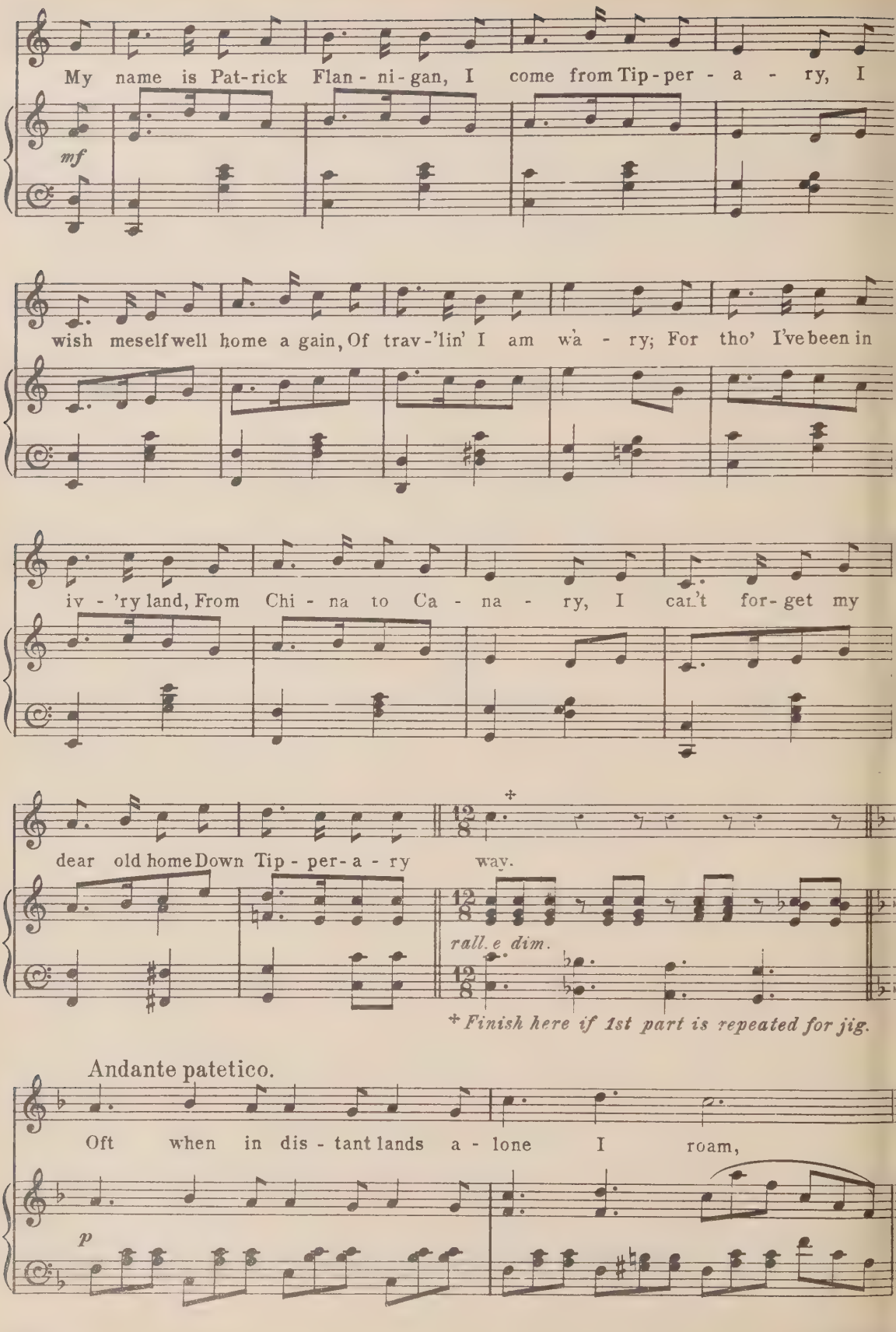
No. 9. Song. (Flannigan.)

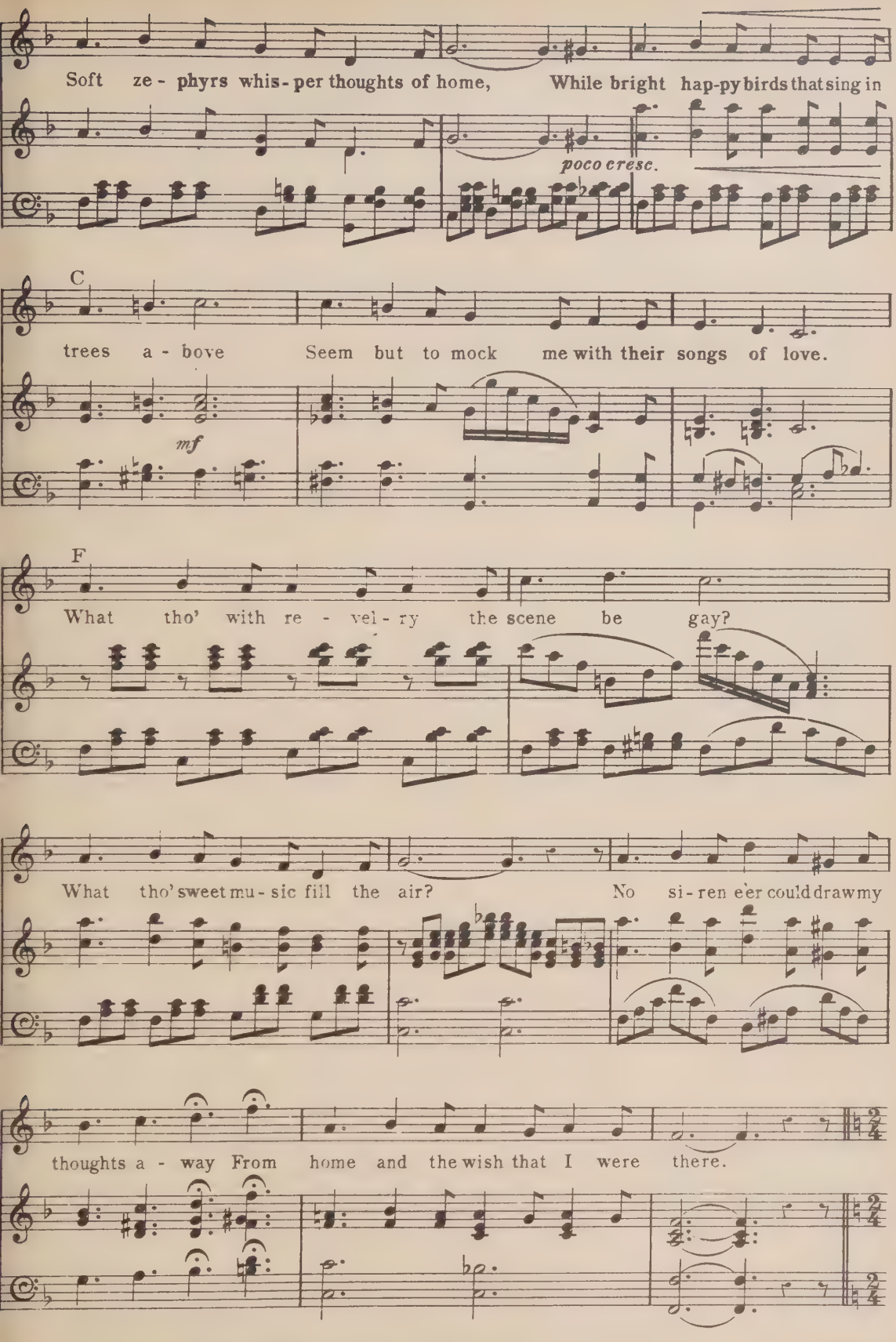
"MY NAME IS PATRICK FLANNIGAN."

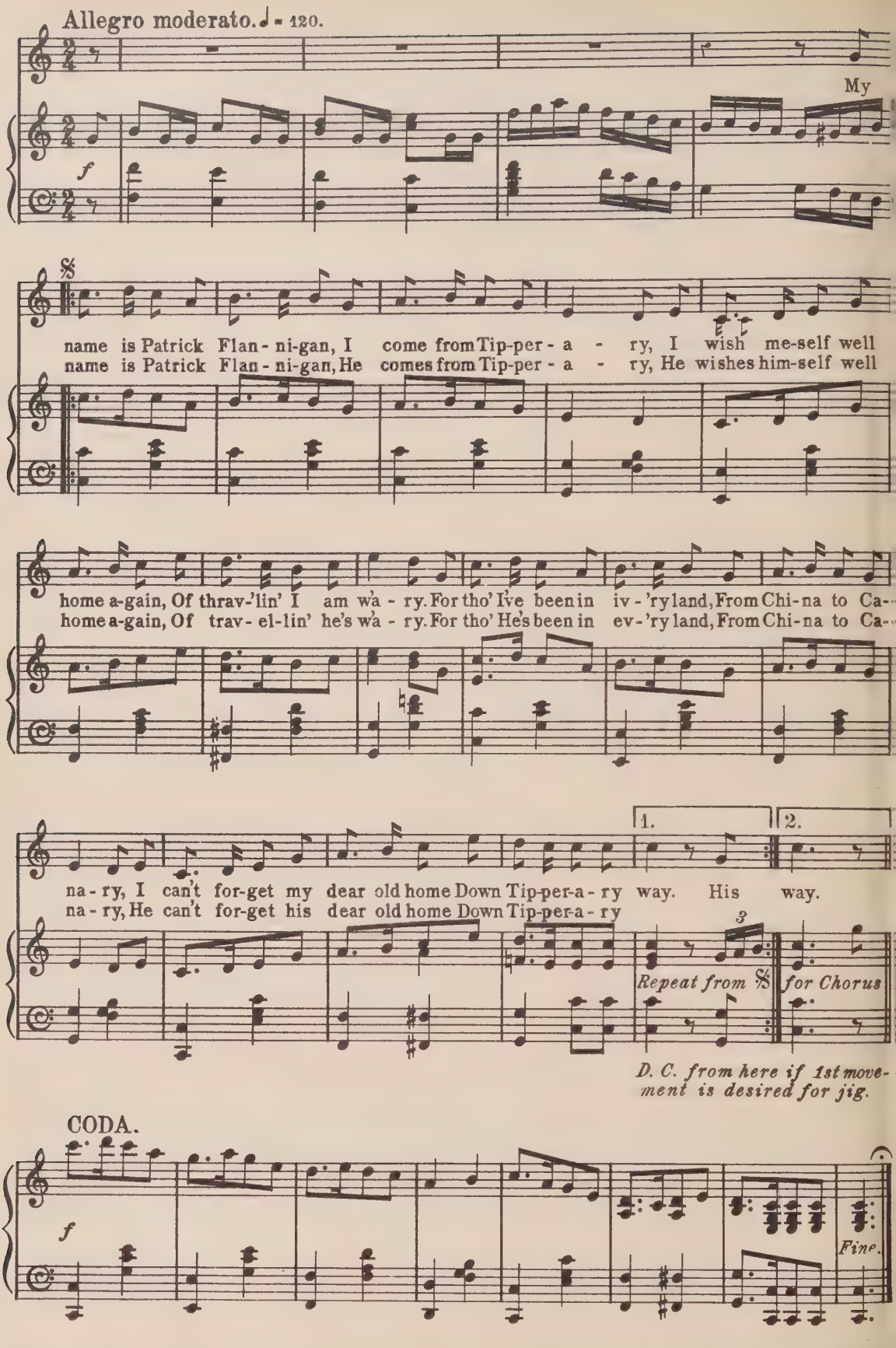

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 120.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
p Parlando
My name is Pat-rick Flan - ni-gan, I
mf
come from Tip-per - a - ry, I wish meself well home a-gain, Of thrav-'lin' I am
wa - ry; And tho' I've been in iv - 'ry land, From Chi - na to Ca - na - ry, I

CURWEN


can't for-get my dear old home Down Tip-per-a-ry way. I well re-mem-ber
when I left, I sez to Patrick Ca - sey, "I'm off, me bhoy, to furrin' parts Where
C
fortunes come quite ai - sy." Sez he "Be-dad, you don't expect You'll iv - 'ry day be
foin - din' Big bank-notes sold in tupp'nny books with diamonds in the boind - in'."


My name is Pat-rick Flan - ni-gan, I come from Tip-per - a - ry, I
mf
wish meself well home a gain, Of trav-'lin' I am wa - ry; For tho' I've been in
iv - 'ry land, From Chi - na to Ca - na - ry, I can't for-get my
dear old home Down Tip - per-a - ry way.
rall. e dim.
Finish here if 1st part is repeated for jig.
Andante patetico.
Oft when in dis - tant lands a - lone I roam,
p


Soft ze - phyrs whis - per thoughts of home, While bright hap-py birds that sing in
poco cresc.
C
trees a - bove Seem but to mock me with their songs of love.
mf
F
What tho' with re - vel - ry the scene be gay?
What tho' sweet mu - sic fill the air? No si - ren e'er could draw my
thoughts a - way From home and the wish that I were there.


Allegro moderato. ♩ = 120.
My
name is Patrick Flan - ni-gan, I come from Tip-per - a - ry, I wish me-self well
name is Patrick Flan - ni-gan, He comes from Tip-per - a - ry, He wishes him-self well
home a-gain, Of thrav-'lin' I am wa - ry. For tho' I've been in iv - 'ry land, From Chi-na to Ca-
home a-gain, Of trav - el-lin' he's wa - ry. For tho' He's been in ev - 'ry land, From Chi-na to Ca-
1.
2.
na - ry, I can't for-get my dear old home Down Tip-per-a - ry way. His way.
na - ry, He can't for-get his dear old home Down Tip-per-a - ry
3
Repeat from 𝄋 for Chorus
D. C. from here if 1st move-ment is desired for jig.
CODA.
Fine.

CORREGIDOR.—I am afraid you are a stranger in these parts, or you would know that in Spain, though the law does not allow robbery, yet permits it.

FLANNIGAN.—Shake hands. (CORREGIDOR *draws himself up.*) Then shake hands with yerself, old bigwig I was goin' to claim ye as a counthryman of mine, for shure yer spache is Oirish intoirely ; for only a Oirishman could tahk av permitten phwat he didn't allow.

CORREGIDOR.—You see, the law (that's me) in this country winks at many things.

FLANNIGAN.—Shure, and ye don't mane to say ye go winkin' about at everybody in that promiscus manner. If ye wuz to do that in Ould Oireland, shure I'm thinkin' yer head would soon be more cracked than it is at present, and that's sayin' somethin'.

CORREGIDOR.—Of course, as a stranger you would not understand that the bandoleros have a sort of hereditary right to everything that comes on to the mountains, which they regard as their land

FLANNIGAN.—Och ! Shure, Mr. Thingumbob, now yer tahkin' ; I onderstand ye perfectly We've the same sort of gintry in Ould Oireland, only we cahl thim landlords. (*Catches sight of* JUAN.) Och ! Phwat do I see? As shure as me name is Flannigan, there is wan iv thim bloodthirsty villains. (JUAN *steps out from crowd.*) How did ye conthrive to git here before me whin ye wuz behind me ahl the toime? Shure there must be a back door to thim mountains.

JUAN (*laughing*) —That's just it, we came by a short cut

PAT FLANNIGAN.—Begorra ! an' wuzn't it meself, shure, that nearly came by a long cut that murthering ornament ye carry in yer waistband?

JUAN.—Ha ! ha ! (*laughing*) You need have no fear of us to-day, as this is Midsummer Eve, when we are at peace with all the world

FLANNIGAN.—I see, phwat they call nowaday an "*armed* paice," which is as like war as makes no difference.

JUAN.—Never mind. This is a festival to-day, so forget the little episode of this morning, and give me your hand.

FLANNIGAN (*seizing the hand and giving a hearty shake*).—Bedad, it's a raal gintleman that ye are, afther ahl, and there is nothin' an Oirishman injoys so much as paice makin'—unless it's a good foight. So, whiniver ye may be in Ould Oireland a-visitin' yer profissional frinds, I hope you'll come round Tipperary way and find me out, bekaus "out" is just where I shall be if I am not at home, and shure, ye shill have a free noight's lodgin' in the front parlour, plaize the pig!

PEDRO.—Plaize the pig ! What a strange expression. Explain yourself, stranger.

FLANNIGAN.—Well, ye see, it's this way. He moightn't loike it

PEDRO.—He ? Who's he ?

FLANNIGAN.—Shure, and didn't I say the pig?

PEDRO.—Most extraordinary man this. What is he talking about, I wonder?

FLANNIGAN.—I mane to say that in Oireland the pig always occupies the front parlour, shure.

PEDRO.—Dear me ! Why don't they turn him out?

FLANNIGAN.—Turn him out, do ye say? Shurely ye wouldn't turn out the gintleman as pays the rint, wud ye?

PEDRO.—Most extraordinary ! With the pig in possession of the front parlour no wonder there is always unrest in Ireland. (*Enter* SANCHO.)

SANCHO (*bowing low to* PAT).—As your honour is a new arrival, may I be favoured with your honour's patronage?

FLANNIGAN.—Pat's me name, if that's phwhat ye're drivin' at

SANCHO.—I mean, would your honour like a close shave after your journey?

FLANNIGAN.—Close shave, did ye say? And didn't I have a close shave this very mornin' when that murtherin' villain—I mane, that frindly gintleman over there—was pinting that spakin'-thrumpet of his at me head? (*Points to blunderbuss*)

JUAN.—Come, come, you take things too seriously.

FLANNIGAN.—Bedad ! It's me that's thinkin' you take things too lightly and too often, and what's more, forget to return them to their rightful owners !

JUAN.—Ah ! well, we haven't all got such wonderful memories as his worship here (*points to* CORREGIDOR).

CORREGIDOR (*to* JUAN) —Now, now, no flattery, no flattery, or I shall have to commit you for contempt of court.

FLANNIGAN.—While ye are doin' that little committin' business I'll be afther retirin' to the establishment of this gintleman. (*Exeunt* PAT *and* SANCHO.)

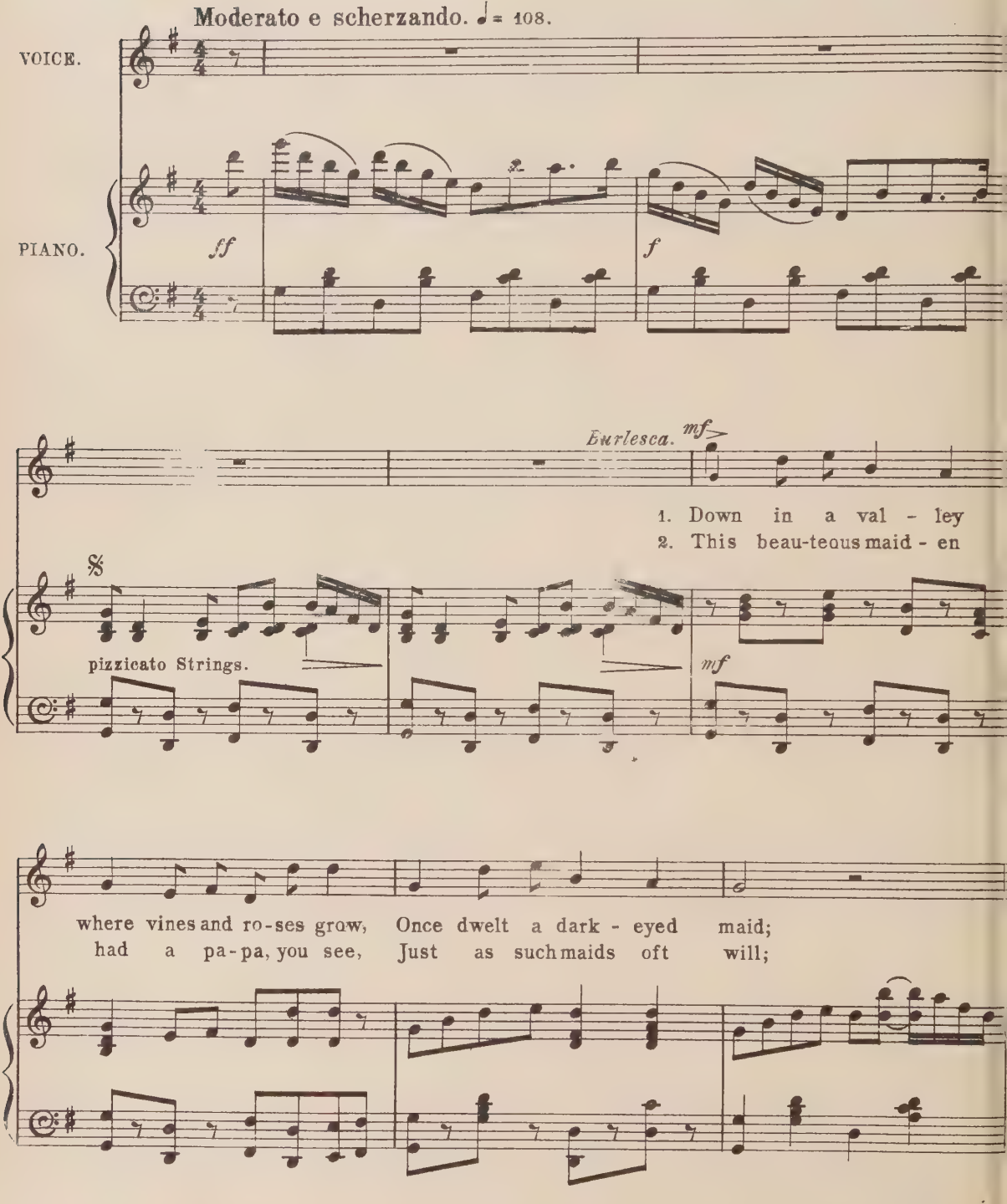
CORREGIDOR.—There seems a slight hitch in the festivities, I see.

PEDRO.—Your worship is right, we are all "itching" to hear the Toreador's song

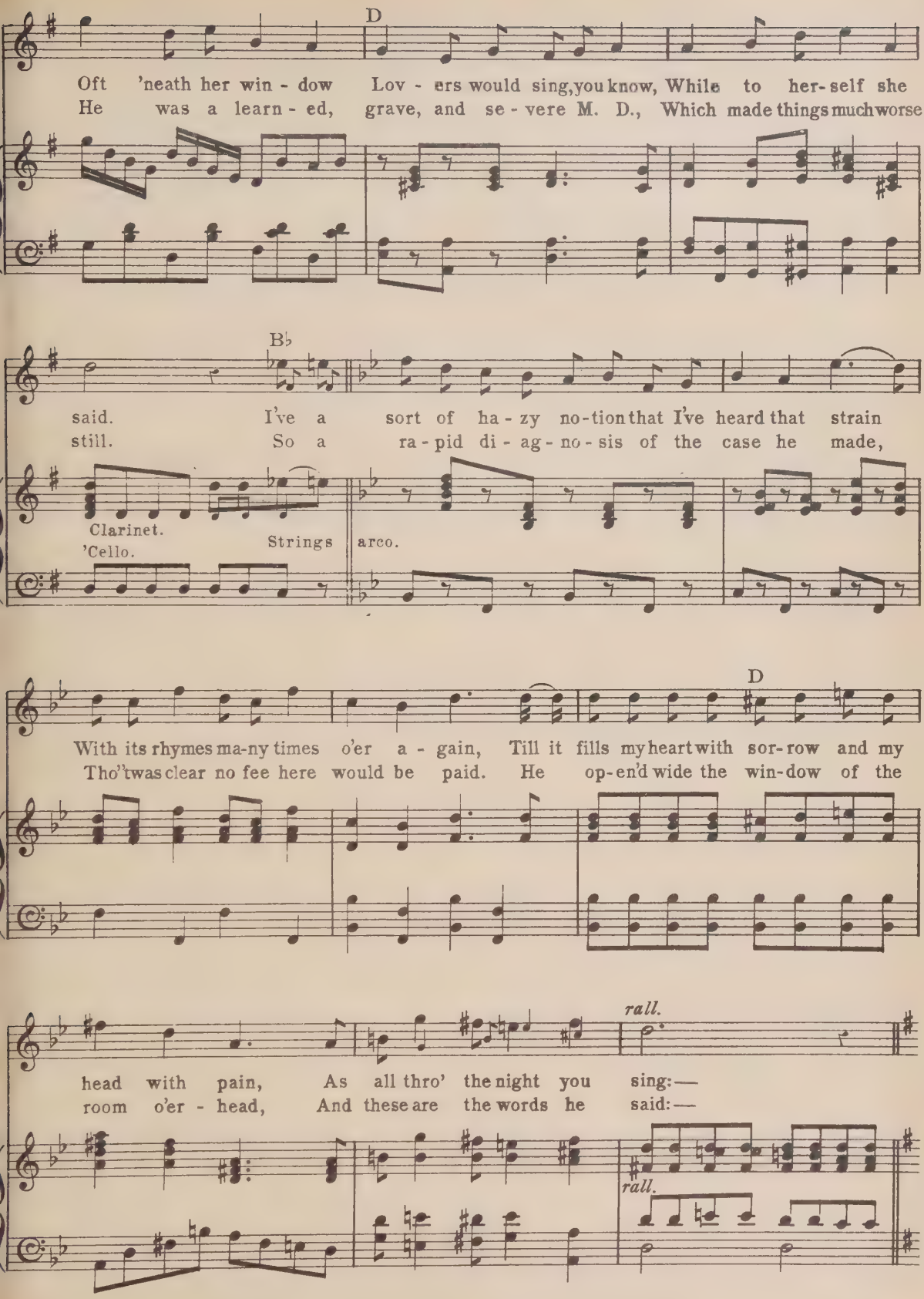
CORREGIDOR.—Ah ! I had forgotten about that. Let them proceed (TOREADORS *advance*).

No. 10. Song. (A Toreador and Chorus of Toreadors with Guitars.)

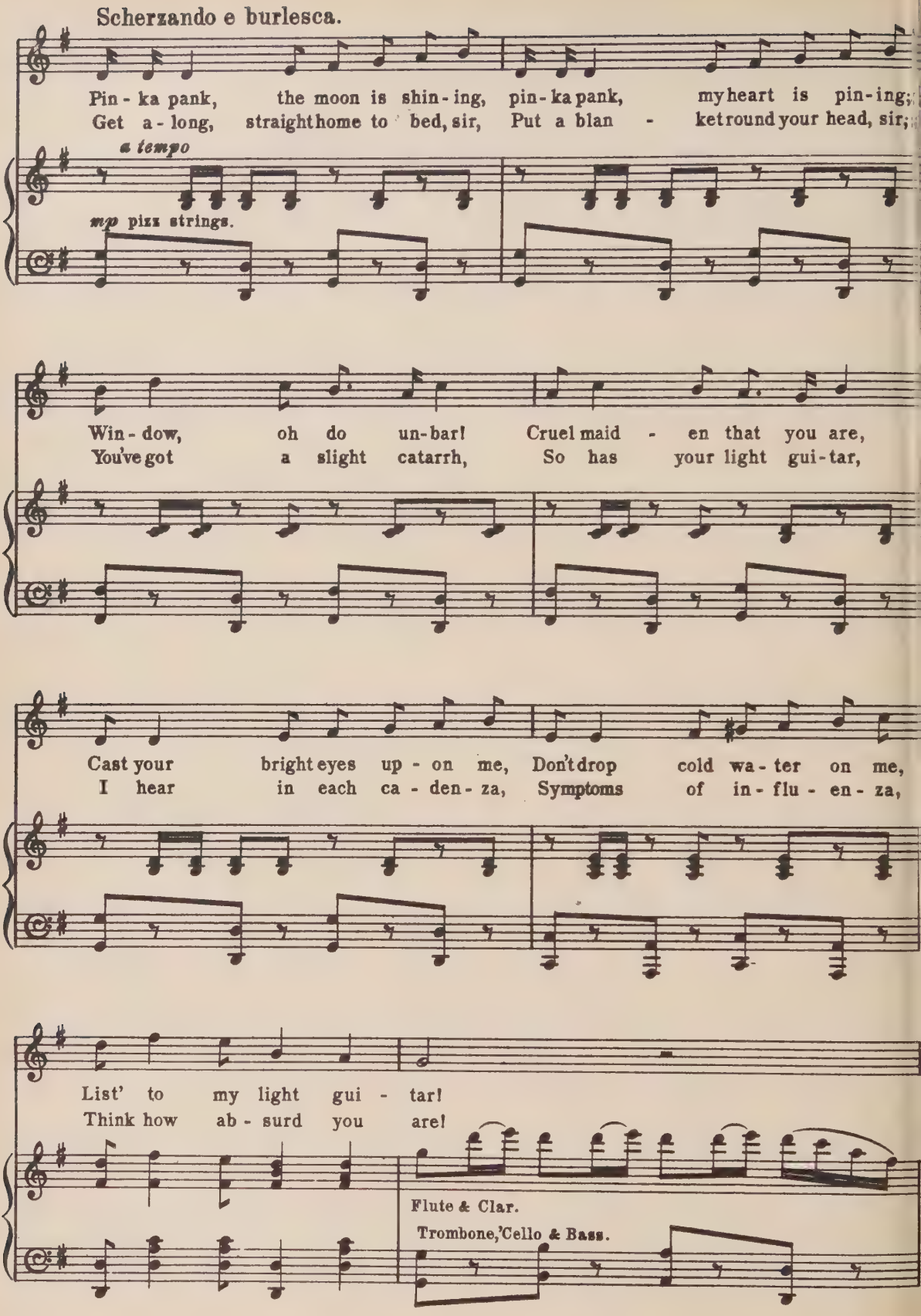
"THE LIGHT GUITAR."

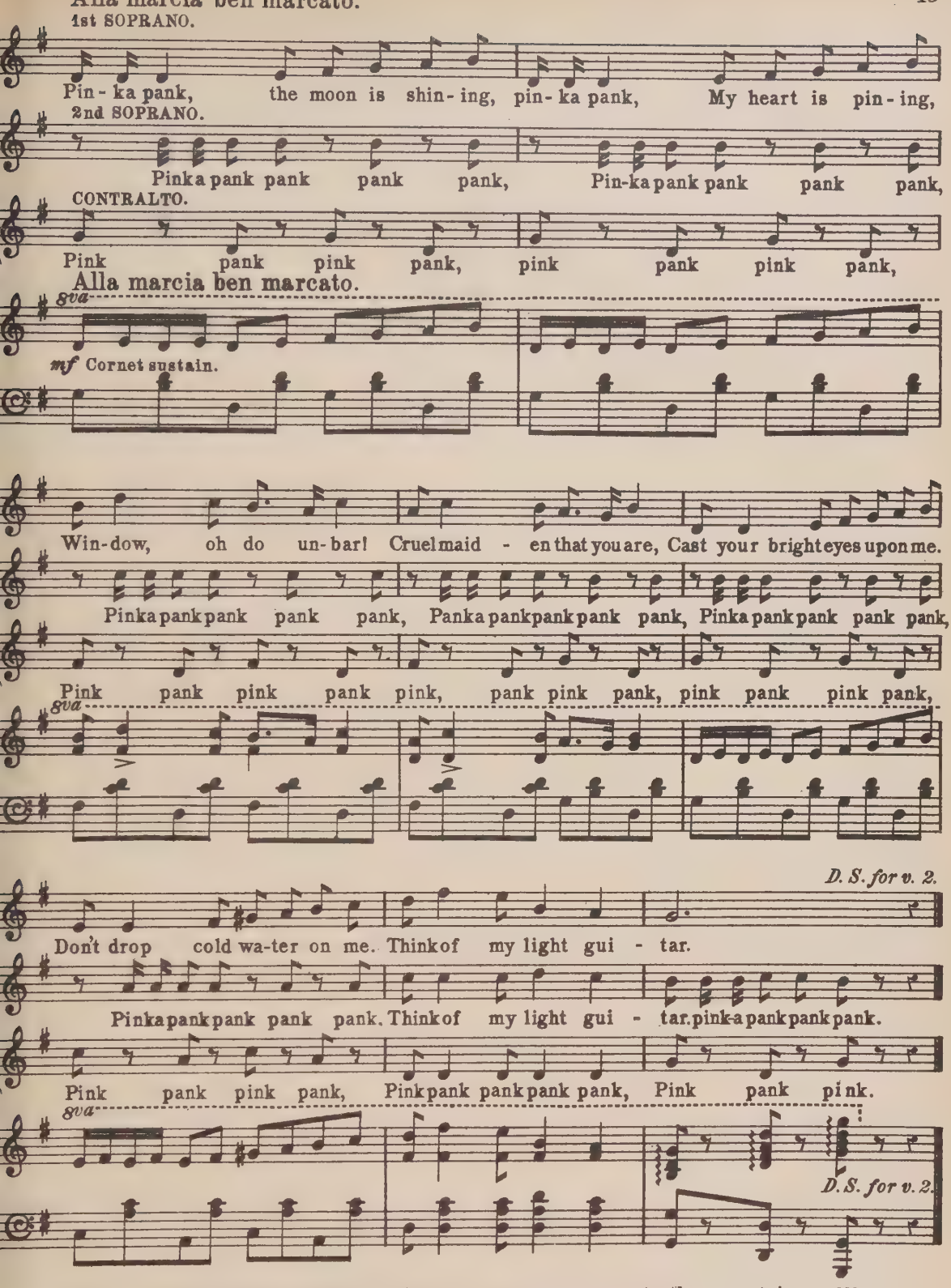


CURWEN


D
Oft 'neath her win - dow Lov - ers would sing, you know, While to her-self she
He was a learn - ed, grave, and se - vere M. D., Which made things much worse
B♭
said. I've a sort of ha - zy no-tion that I've heard that strain
still. So a ra - pid di - ag - no - sis of the case he made,
Clarinet.
'Cello.
Strings
arco.
D
With its rhymes ma-ny times o'er a - gain, Till it fills my heart with sor-row and my
Tho' 'twas clear no fee here would be paid. He op-en'd wide the win-dow of the
rall.
head with pain, As all thro' the night you sing:—
room o'er - head, And these are the words he said:—
rall.

CURWEN


Scherzando e burlesca.
Pin - ka pank, the moon is shin - ing, pin - ka pank, my heart is pin - ing;
Get a - long, straight home to bed, sir, Put a blan - ket round your head, sir;
a tempo
mp pizz strings.
Win - dow, oh do un - bar! Cruel maid - en that you are,
You've got a slight catarrh, So has your light gui - tar,
Cast your bright eyes up - on me, Don't drop cold wa - ter on me,
I hear in each ca - den - za, Symptoms of in - flu - en - za,
List' to my light gui - tar!
Think how ab - surd you are!
Flute & Clar.
Trombone, 'Cello & Bass.

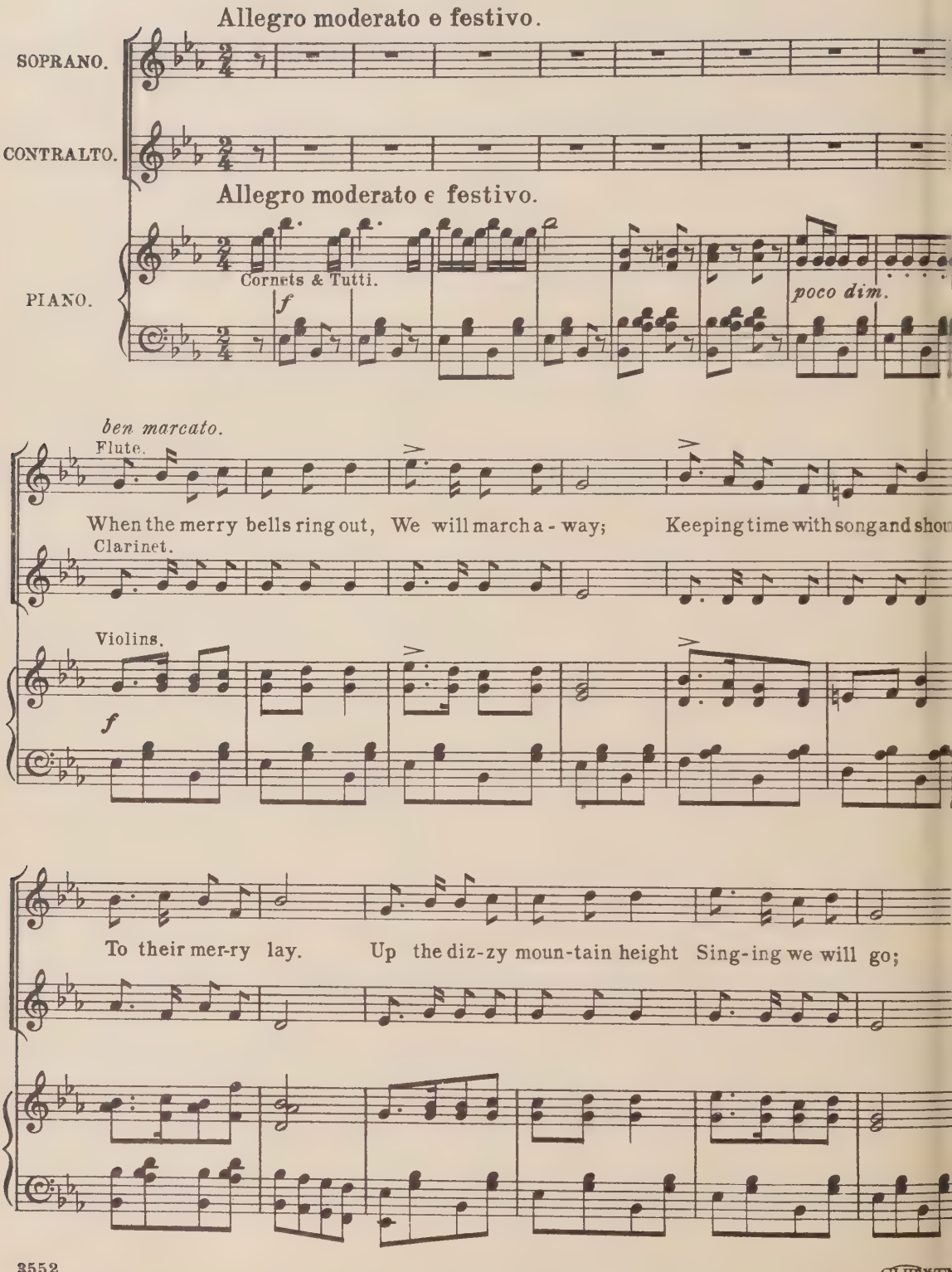

Alla marcia ben marcato.
1st SOPRANO.
Pin-ka pank, the moon is shin-ing, pin-ka pank, My heart is pin-ing,
2nd SOPRANO.
Pinka pank pank pank pank, Pin-ka pank pank pank pank,
CONTRALTO.
Pink pank pink pank, pink pank pink pank,
Alla marcia ben marcato.
8va
mf Cornet sustain.
Win-dow, oh do un-bar! Cruel maid - en that you are, Cast your bright eyes upon me.
Pinka pank pank pank pank, Panka pank pank pank pank, Pinka pank pank pank pank,
Pink pank pink pank pink, pank pink pank, pink pank pink pank,
8va
D. S. for v. 2.
Don't drop cold wa-ter on me. Think of my light gui - tar.
Pinka pank pank pank pank. Think of my light gui - tar. pinka pank pank pank.
Pink pank pink pank, Pink pank pank pank pank, Pink pank pink.
8va
D. S. for v. 2.

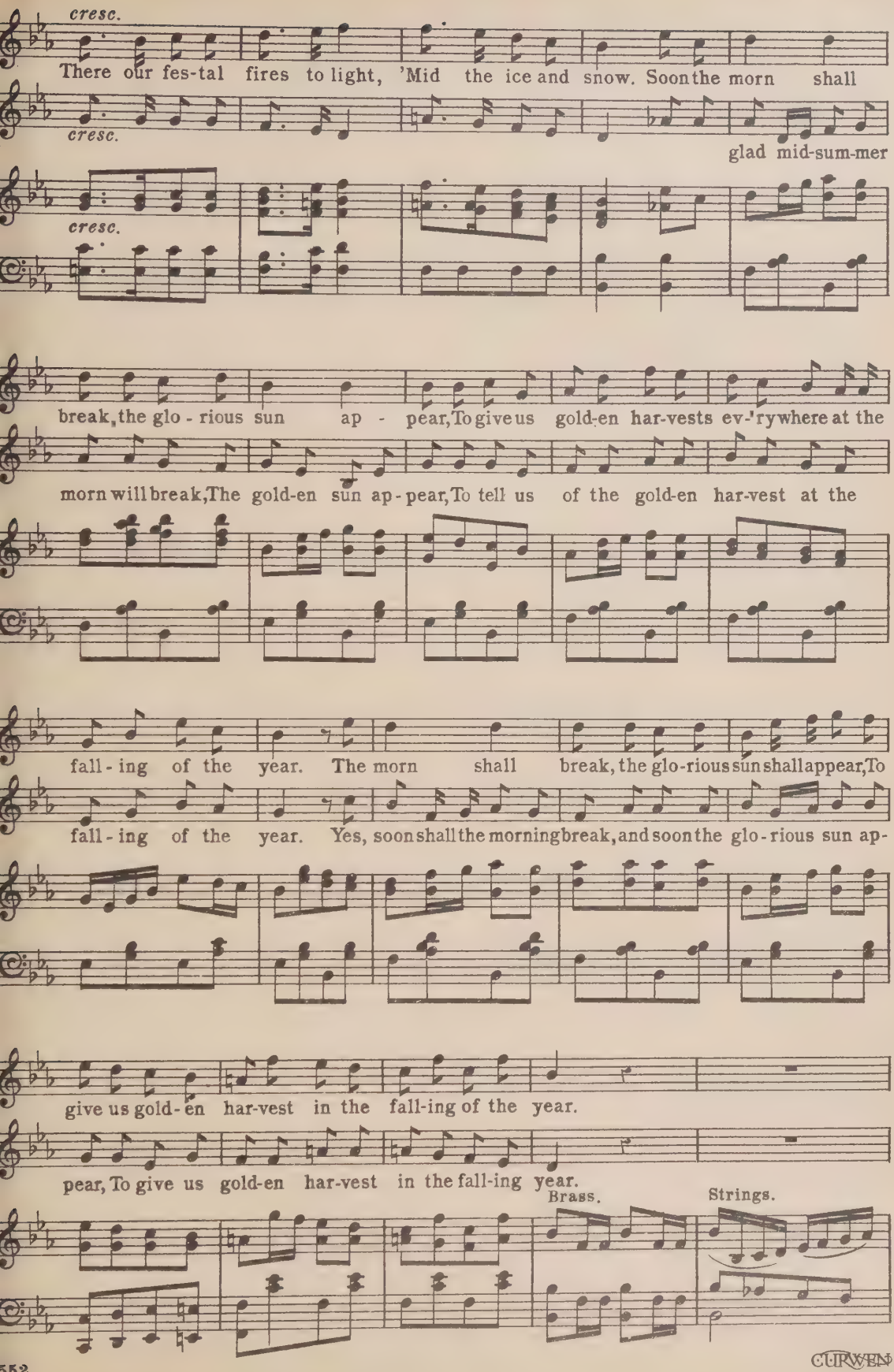
PEDRO —Now, lads and lasses, it's time we were on our way to the mountains. We must not fail to get our fires on the highest peaks well alight before sunrise. We have a long journey before us. When you hear the bells ring out lose no time in setting forth, or our good luck will desert us this year at harvest time. (*Exeunt omnes singing—*)

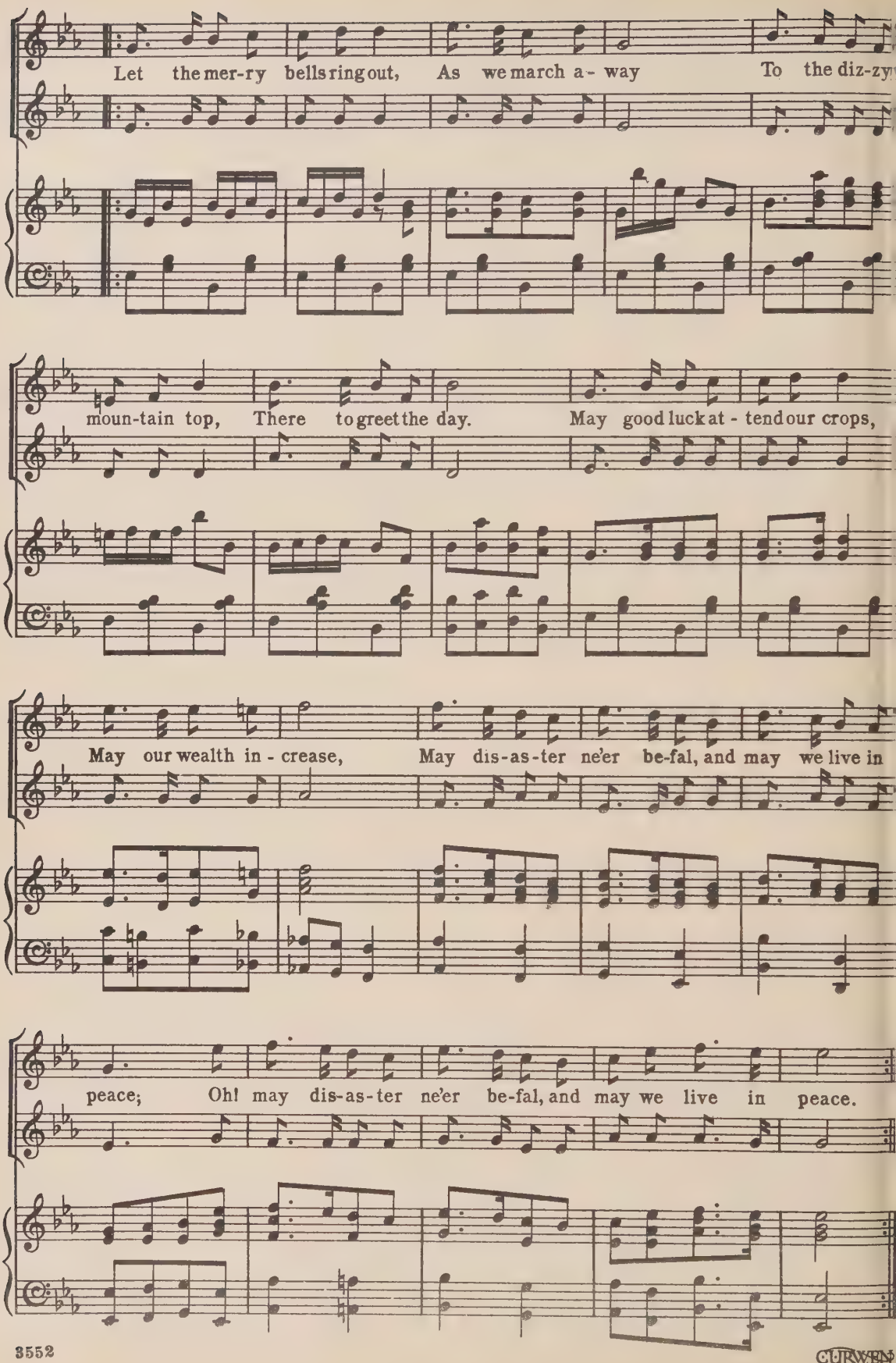
CURWEN

No. 11. Chorus.

"WHEN THE MERRY BELLS."




cresc.
There our fes-tal fires to light, 'Mid the ice and snow. Soon the morn shall
cresc.
glad mid-sum-mer
cresc.
break, the glo - rious sun ap - pear, To give us gold-en har-vests ev-'ry where at the
morn will break, The gold-en sun ap-pear, To tell us of the gold-en har-vest at the
fall-ing of the year. The morn shall break, the glo-rious sun shall appear, To
fall-ing of the year. Yes, soon shall the morning break, and soon the glo-rious sun ap-
give us gold-en har-vest in the fall-ing of the year.
pear, To give us gold-en har-vest in the fall-ing year.
Brass.
Strings.


Let the mer-ry bells ring out, As we march a- way To the diz-zy
moun-tain top, There to greet the day. May good luck at - tend our crops,
May our wealth in - crease, May dis-as-ter ne'er be-fal, and may we live in
peace; Oh! may dis-as-ter ne'er be-fal, and may we live in peace.

CURWEN

CORREGIDOR.—Now all the common herd are gone I think I'll have a quiet shave, barber.

SANCHO (*excitedly*).—Delighted to be at your worship's service as your worship's official perruquier, etc. I shall be delighted, de-lighted, de—(*trips out to get a chair*).

CORREGIDOR (*aside*).—I said I should like a quiet shave, but with a man like that—but there—all barbers will talk. (*Enter* SANCHO.)

SANCHO.—Be seated, your worship, be seated, allow me (*moves chair*), a little this way. Ah! that's a good light (*business*). Don't your worship think it's chilly for the time of year? (*Shakes cloth vigorously, making draught.* CORREGIDOR *starts up holding his ears.*)

CORREGIDOR.—A little, perhaps.

SANCHO.—Nobody seems to know the cause of it either. Some think it's that Peary nailing things to the "Pole," causing the earth to shudder, and a cold chill, so to speak, to run through the earth's marrow.

CORREGIDOR.—Bosh!

SANCHO.—Not at all, your worship, not at all. Suppose some one drove nails into your worship's poll (SANCHO *touches* CORREGIDOR'S *poll. He jumps up*). I only said *suppose*, your worship. Wouldn't a cold chill run down your worship's august spinal column?

CORREGIDOR.—I don't see the connection.

SANCHO.—Not at present, your worship, not at present. Your worship is not by nature constructed so as to see anything connected with your worship's own poll.

CORREGIDOR.—Get along with your work; I said I wanted a quiet shave.

SANCHO.—Certainly, your worship. I am doing my utmost to please your worship. To return to the weather. Some say the abnormal state of weather is due to the Government They say the Land Tax has upset the earth's equilibrium.

CORREGIDOR.—Bosh!

SANCHO.—Your worship has a most happy way of hitting off the situation. At any rate, they say the tax presses very heavy on the land, and what's more likely to cause the earth to wobble, seeing how unevenly the land is distributed.

FLANNIGAN (*entering unobserved*).—Unavenly disthributed, did ye say? Bedad, it's meself as is thinkin' it hasn't been disthributed at all, at all, for niver a bit has most of us got.

SANCHO (*aside to* PAT).—Hush! you mustn't talk politics. His worship mightn't like it (*To* CORREGIDOR) Would your worship like a shampoo?

CORREGIDOR.—No. Can't afford it. Have to cut down expenses. I'm going home to bed to save candles. Besides, it's time all respectable citizens were there too. Good night!

SANCHO.—Good night, your worship.

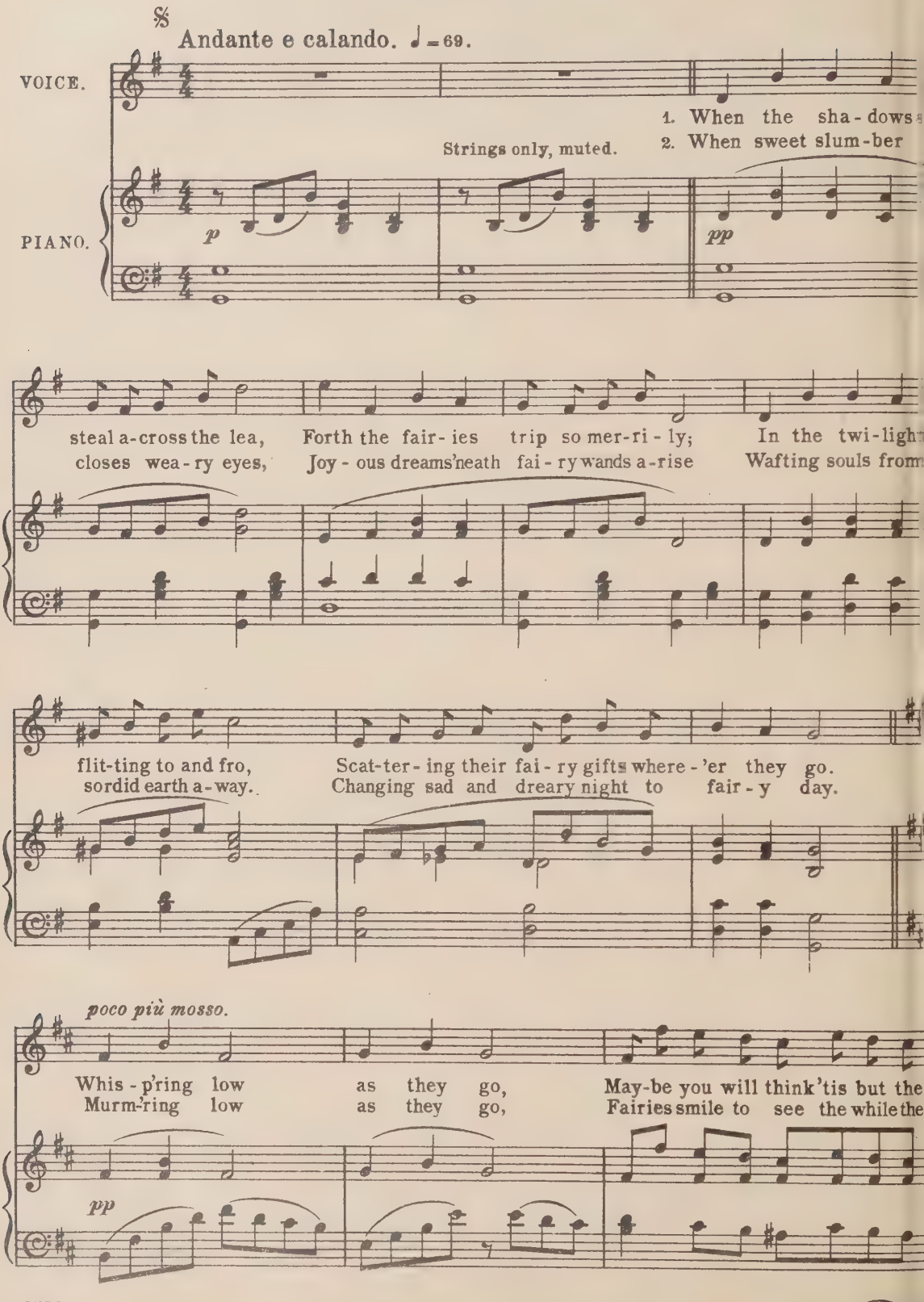
FLANNIGAN.—And pleasant drames to ye. (*Lights gradually lowered.*)

SANCHO.—Come along. We'll take his worship's advice and to bed, it's getting quite dark. (*Exeunt* SANCHO *and* FLANNIGAN.)

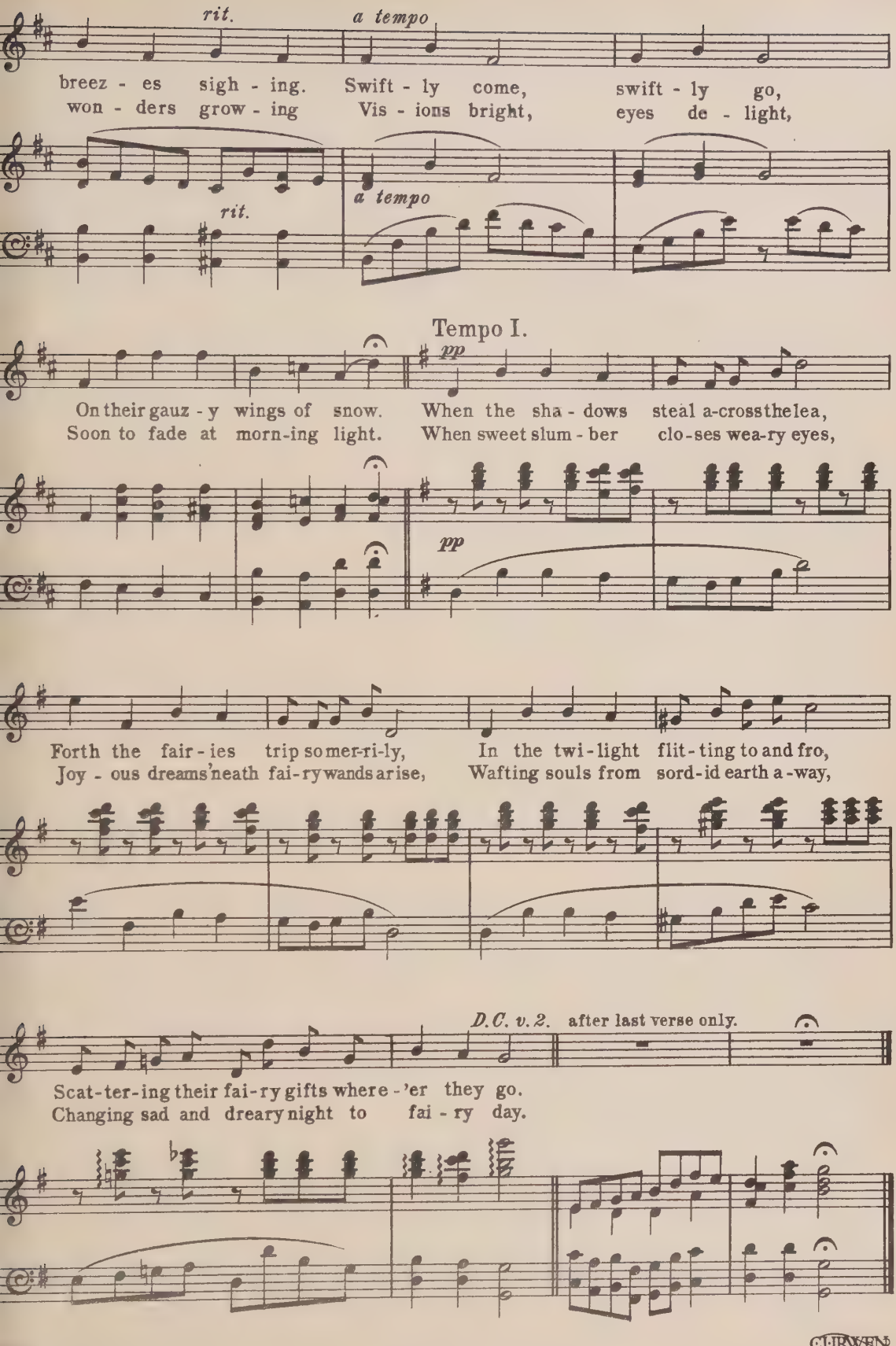
(*Enter* SANCHICA, *and while singing her song, the Fairies come and dance around her.*)

No. 12. Song. (Sanchica.)

"WHEN THE SHADOWS."


Andante e calando. ♩ = 69.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. When the sha - dows
2. When sweet slum - ber
Strings only, muted.
p
pp
steal a - cross the lea,
closes wea - ry eyes,
Forth the fair - ies trip so mer - ri - ly;
Joy - ous dreams 'neath fai - ry wands a - rise
In the twi - ligh
Wafting souls from
flit - ting to and fro,
sordid earth a - way.
Scat - ter - ing their fai - ry gifts where - 'er they go.
Changing sad and dreary night to fair - y day.
poco più mosso.
Whis - p'ring low as they go,
Murm - 'ring low as they go,
May - be you will think 'tis but the
Fairies smile to see the while the
pp

CURWE


rit.
a tempo
breez - es sigh - ing. Swift - ly come, swift - ly go,
won - ders grow - ing Vis - ions bright, eyes de - light,
rit.
a tempo
Tempo I.
pp
On their gauz - y wings of snow. When the sha - dows steal a-cross the lea,
Soon to fade at morn-ing light. When sweet slum - ber clo-ses wea-ry eyes,
pp
Forth the fair - ies trip so mer-ri-ly, In the twi-light flit - ting to and fro,
Joy - ous dreams 'neath fai-ry wands arise, Wafting souls from sord-id earth a-way,
D.C. v. 2. after last verse only.
Scat-ter-ing their fai-ry gifts where - 'er they go.
Changing sad and dreary night to fai - ry day.

SANCHICA.—And now I must be going, or I may be too late to liberate the poor princess. (*Exeunt* SANCHICA *and* Fairies *to soft music. Reprise of No.* 12.)

(*Enter* SANCHO *and* FLANNIGAN *greatly excited. Both in turn calling "Sanchica." Business, etc.*)

SANCHO.—I wonder which way she can have gone?

FLANNIGAN.—Shure, and I'm at me wit's ends entoirely to know which way to go in the dark. Let's go for the Corregidor, he'll know what's best to do in these thryin' circumstances.

CORREGIDOR (*entering in haste*).—I've just come round to tell you that I have received information that your fairy loving daughter contemplates slipping away to the mountains in consequence of some gipsy story Kadiga was overheard advising her to go, so I am informed. Keep watch to-night or there is no knowing what your daughter may do.

FLANNIGAN.—Phwat she *will* do we don't know, but phwat she *has* done we know too well.

CORREGIDOR.—What's that ?

FLANNIGAN.—Shure and it's gone that she is.

SANCHO.—Yes, and what's worse, we don't seem to know which way to pursue.

CORREGIDOR.—I'll show you the way. Follow me.

(*When the* CORREGIDOR *says "Follow me,"* Fairies *enter to soft music as before, then join hands and circle round them, confusing them and causing them to go round in circles also, while believing themselves going forward. They attribute their trouble to the darkness, and finally give up the pursuit to rest. Under the wands of the* Fairies *they go to sleep, and when all are snoring,* Fairies *dance round them and form tableau as the curtain falls.*

FLANNIGAN.—All two uv ye kape close to me, and I'll kape ye on the track. But, begorra, these mountains want some climbing. Iv'ry stip ye take ye slip back two. I'm gittin' quite toired out wid this climbin' Besides it's so dark we shall niver make any progress Let's have a little breathin' toime. (*All sit down, the* Fairies *with their wands over them till they fall asleep.*)

SANCHO.—We shall have to wait till the morning, I fear, and whatever will become of Sanchica?

CORREGIDOR.—Really, I can't say. This all comes of those stupid fairy tales. I've a good mind—a good—— (*Falls asleep on* SANCHO'S *shoulder. Both start snoring vigorously.*)

FLANNIGAN (*yawning*).—I'm thinkin'—it's slapy—I'm gettin'. Oi belave—I should shlape roight off—if that Corregidor chap hadn't such a "snorous" voice. Listen to the both uv thim. What musical voices they have; I belave it's Tschoikowsky's—I mane Tchai-pig-sky's "Moonlight Sonata" they are givin' us (*yawns*) Quare place Spain is to be shure. All the people seem Spaniards. Now in Ould England, half the natives are furriners (*yawns*), and the other half (*yawns*) Germans. (*Falls asleep across the others.* Fairies *close round and form tableau with wands stretched over sleepers.*)

Curtain

ACT II.

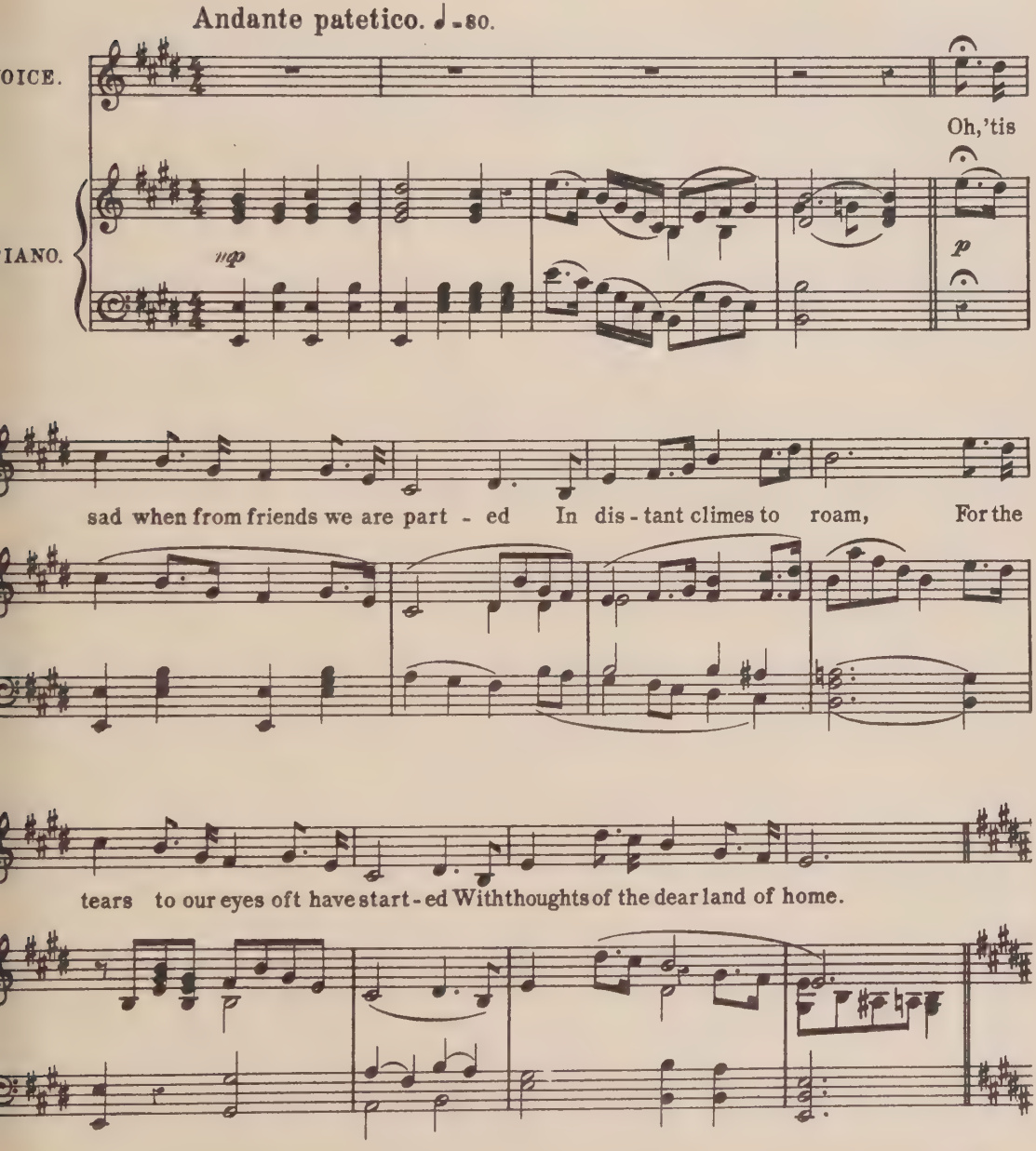
SCENE.—The Gnomes' Hollow.

(*Enter* SANCHICA.)

SANCHICA.—I wonder whether this is the "Gnomes' Hollow." I am beginning to fear the psies' tale may not be true after all. Perhaps there is no cave that this Key will open. Maybe, o, this is a place unknown to the Fairies, and I may be left here alone so far from home and iends. Oh! how dark it is I am beginning to feel quite sad.

No. 13. Song. (Sanchica.)

"OH 'TIS SAD."


Andante patetico. ♩=80.
OICE.
Oh,'tis
IANO.
mp
p
sad when from friends we are part - ed In dis - tant climes to roam, For the
tears to our eyes oft have start - ed With thoughts of the dear land of home.

Piu mosso. ♩= 108.

B

For tho' scenes be gay thro' the live - long day And the joy - bells gai - ly may

Flute & Clar.

ring, Still a wist-ful sigh is our hearts re-ply To the joy-ous song they

Violins pizz.

Allegretto. 𝅗𝅥= 66.

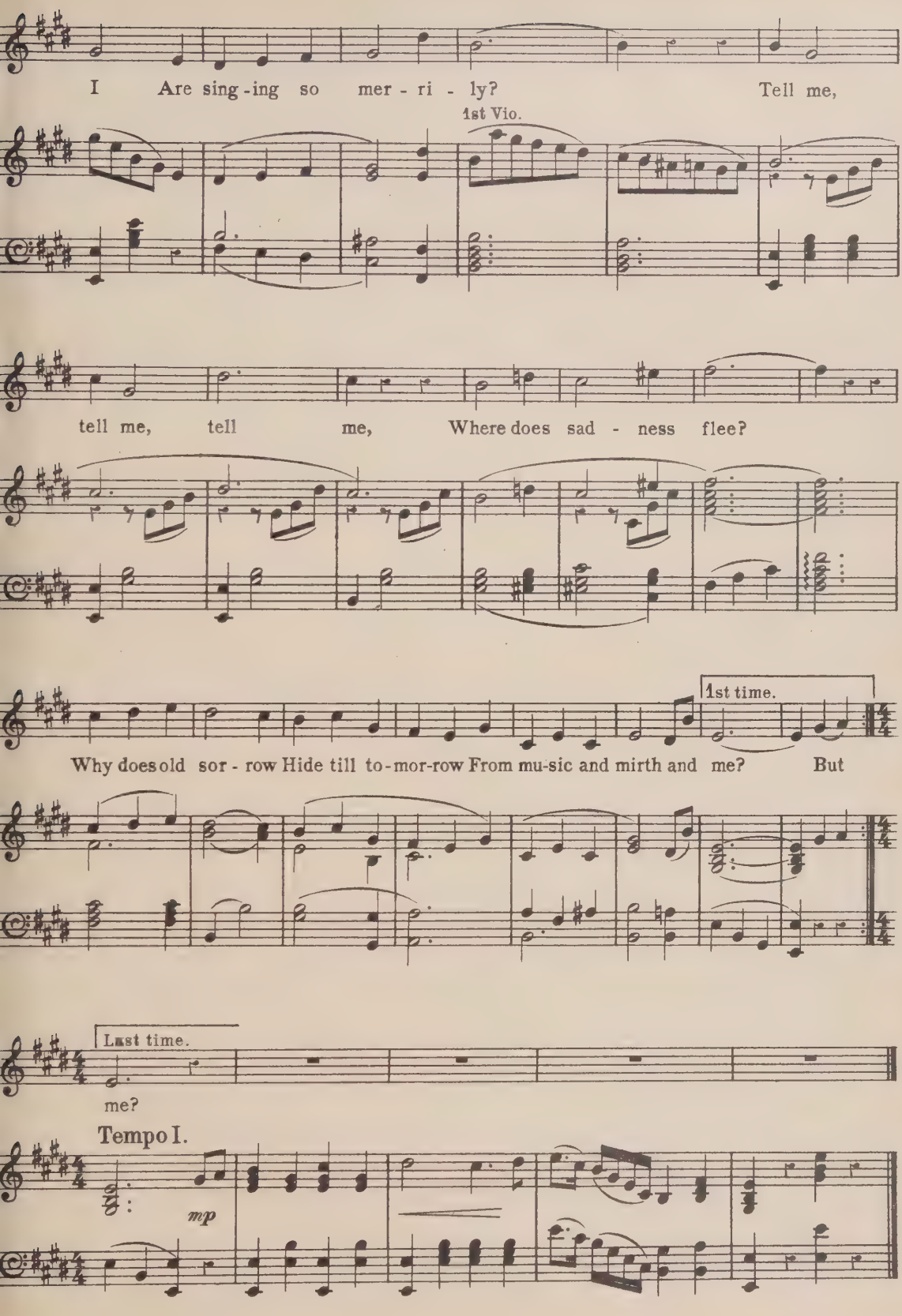
sing. But tell me, tell me, tell me,

mp

Violins

Where does sor - row flee When mu-sic is nigh, and you an

CURWEN


I Are sing-ing so mer - ri - ly? Tell me,
1st Vio.
tell me, tell me, Where does sad - ness flee?
1st time.
Why does old sor - row Hide till to-mor-row From mu-sic and mirth and me? But
Last time.
me?
Tempo I.
mp

SANCHICA.—Oh, I do wish someone would come this way I wonder what the Gnomes are like? I am told they are not a bit like my friends, the Fairies. Suppose they should be frightful or cruel Hark! (*Sounds of music are heard in the distance.*) What is that? I believe some one is coming this way Suppose it should be the villagers. (*Music gets nearer.*) They must not find me here. I'll hide (*disappears; music gets nearer, and the* GNOMES *and* NYMPHS *enter marching and singing They may also repeat the march as a solemn and grotesque dance.*)

(*Here follows No.* 14)

CHIEF GNOME.—Well, brothers and sisters, time is short Let us make the best of our brief yearly holiday above the ground. Old Father Time used to stand still for us, but now he seems to move doubly fast. We shall soon be getting quite old as mortals do if he is so unkind. Look at our beards (*all stroke beards*). They are getting quite grey.

ALL GNOMES.—Oh dear! Oh dear! We shall never get back to Fairyland in time to keep young. (*To the* NYMPHS) How is it that you sisters keep so young?

CHIEF NYMPH.—Ah! since we have been on earth we have noticed that among the mortals, the ladies, when once grown up, don't get any older for years and years and years. *We* have learned their secret!

THE GNOMES (*coming round*).—What secret? Oh, do tell us.

CHIEF NYMPH.—Oh, no! it is a secret, you know, and besides, if we told you, you would never, never believe us any more.

CHIEF GNOME (*solemnly*).—Brothers! it seems that at last ladies have learned to keep a secret. Has the moon fallen? (*All solemnly survey the sky.*)

A GNOME.—I fear it has. There is none to be seen, and it is getting very dark. (*Enter* SANCHICA *suddenly.*)

SANCHICA.—Oh, tell me, good Gnomes (GNOMES *and* NYMPHS *run away in fright*). Oh, do not leave me thus, or all my labour in searching for you will be in vain. (*They gradually return.*) Do tell me, good fairy folk, where is the cave?

GNOMES.—Cave? What cave? What cave?

SANCHICA.—The one in which the beautiful princess is so cruelly imprisoned under a spell. Surely *you* know all the caves in these mountains?

CHIEF GNOME.—There is no such cave!

SANCHICA.—But see! here is the Key!

GNOMES *and* NYMPHS (*falling on their knees*).—That is our key—the Magic Key Oh! do give us back our Magic Key.

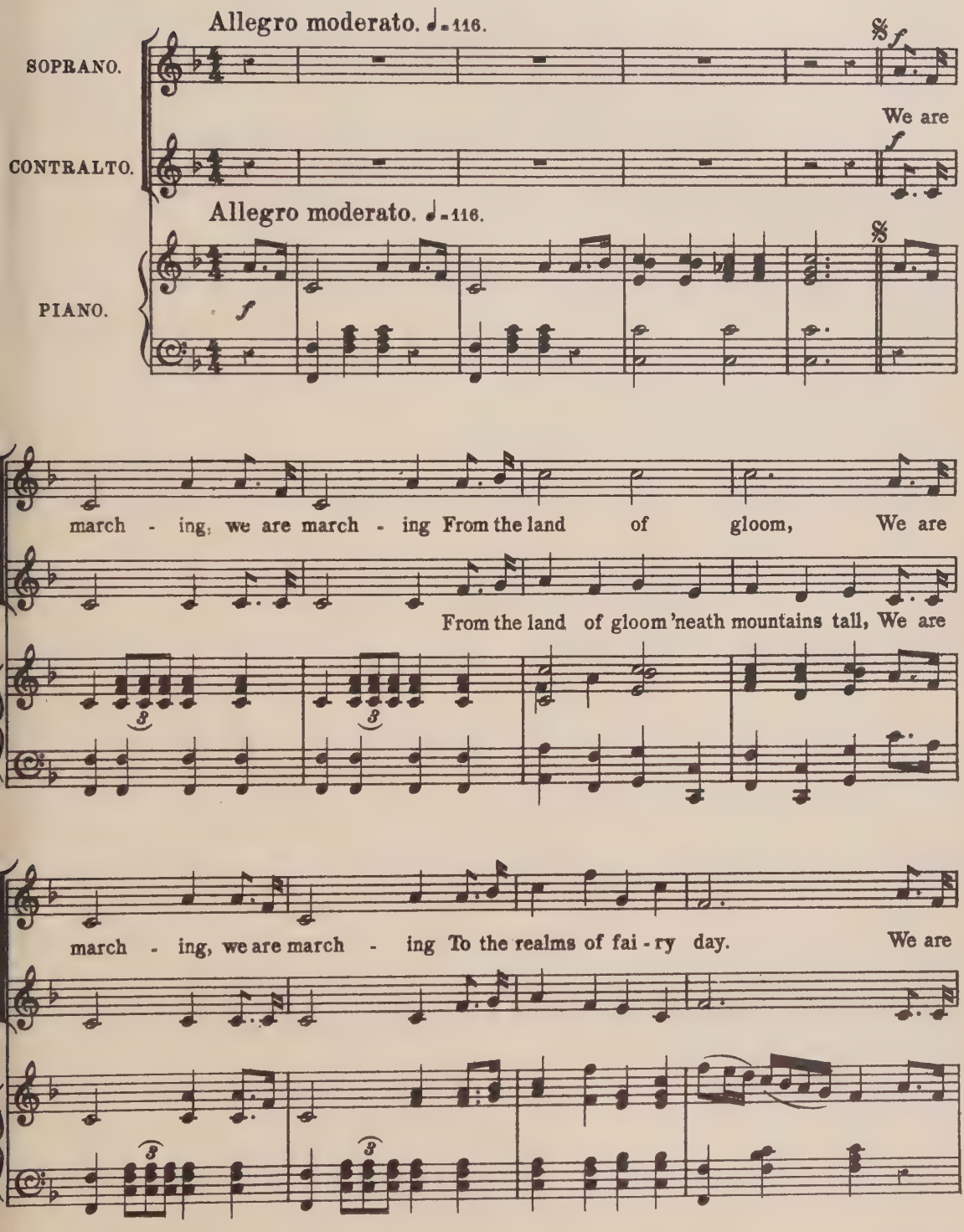
SANCHICA.—I do not understand you. Please arise and tell me your meaning If the Key is really yours, it shall be returned to you

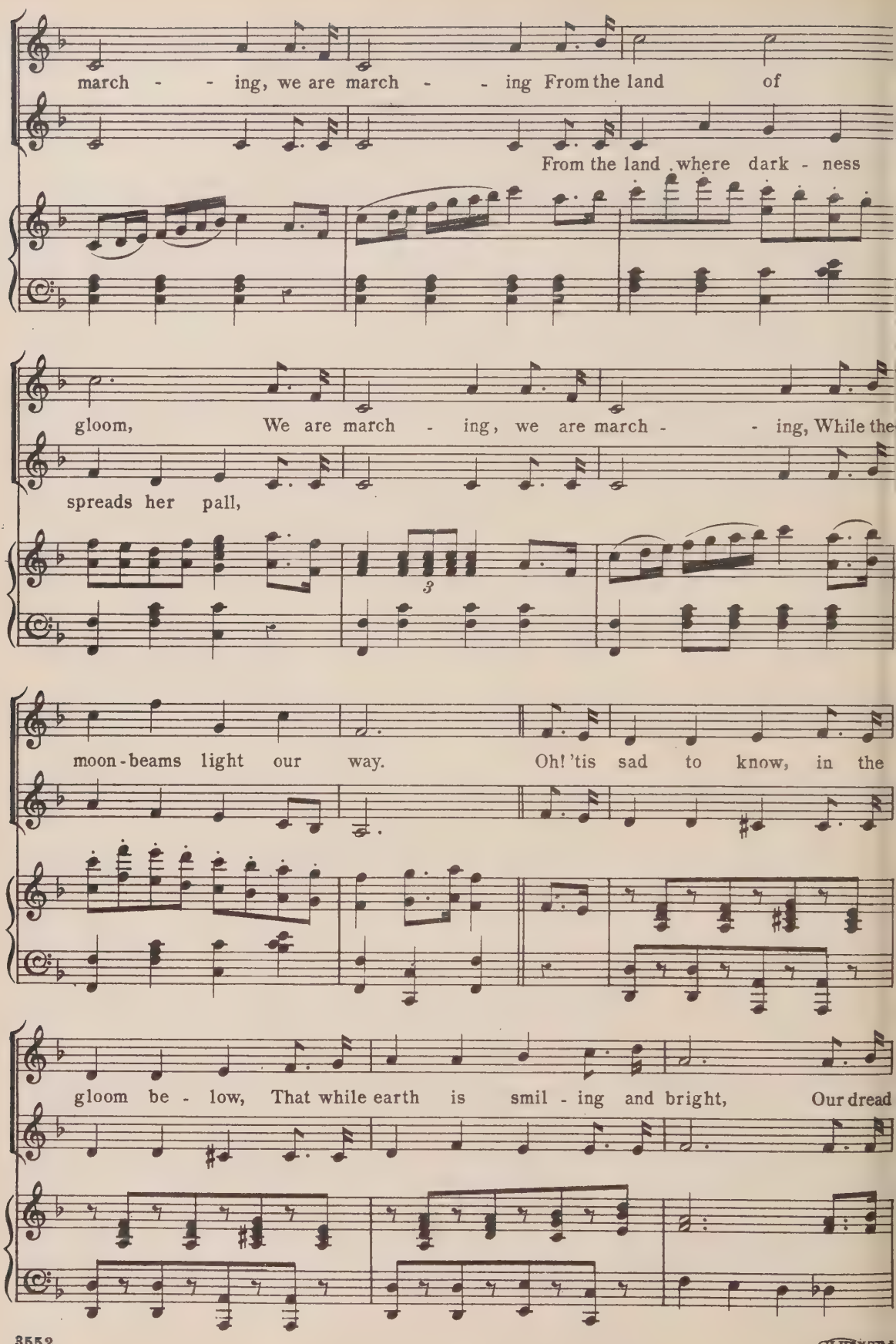
CHIEF NYMPH.—Listen! and I will tell you the history of the loss of the Key of the Human Heart. Then you will understand.

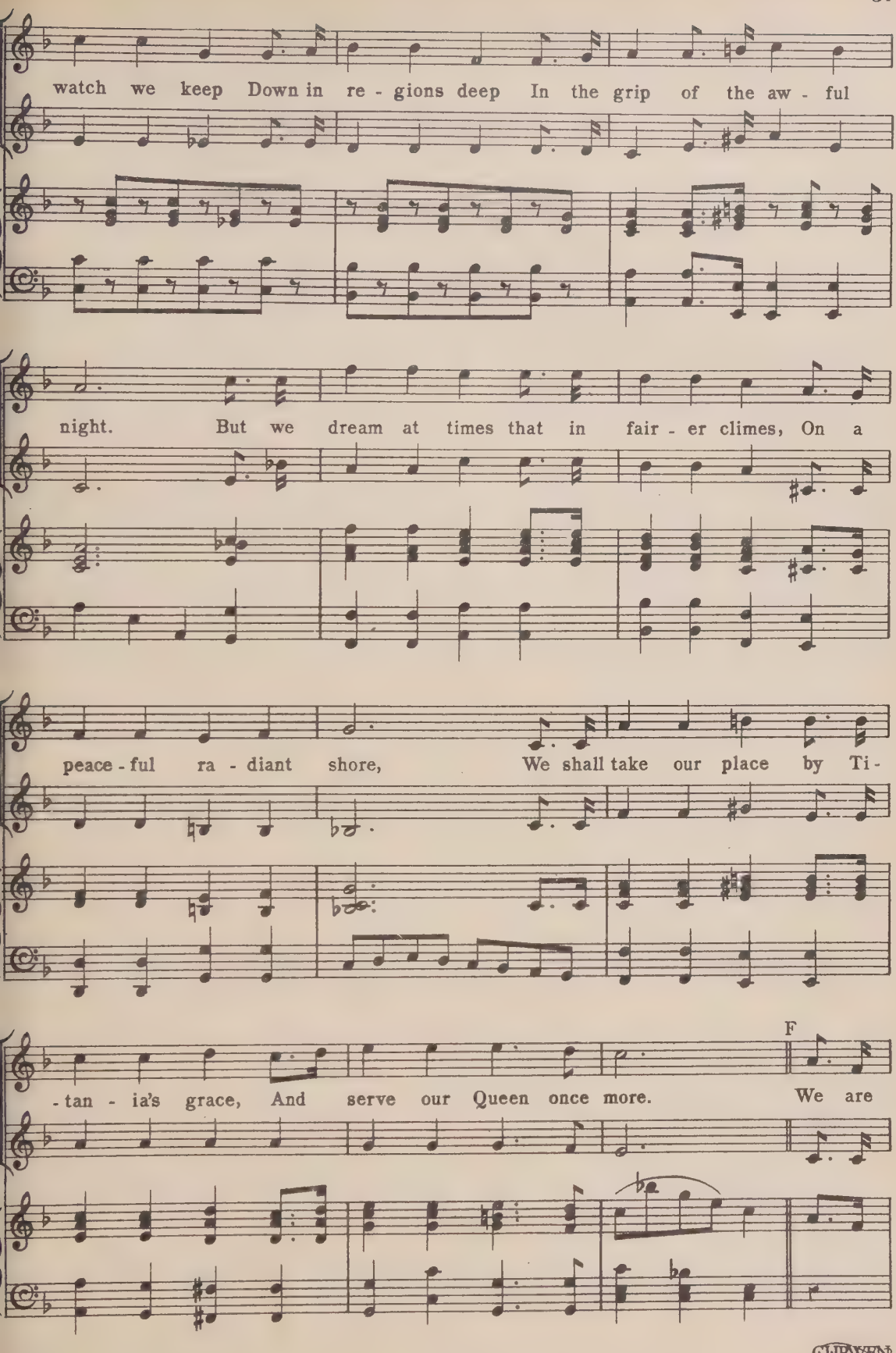
(*Here follows No.* 15.)

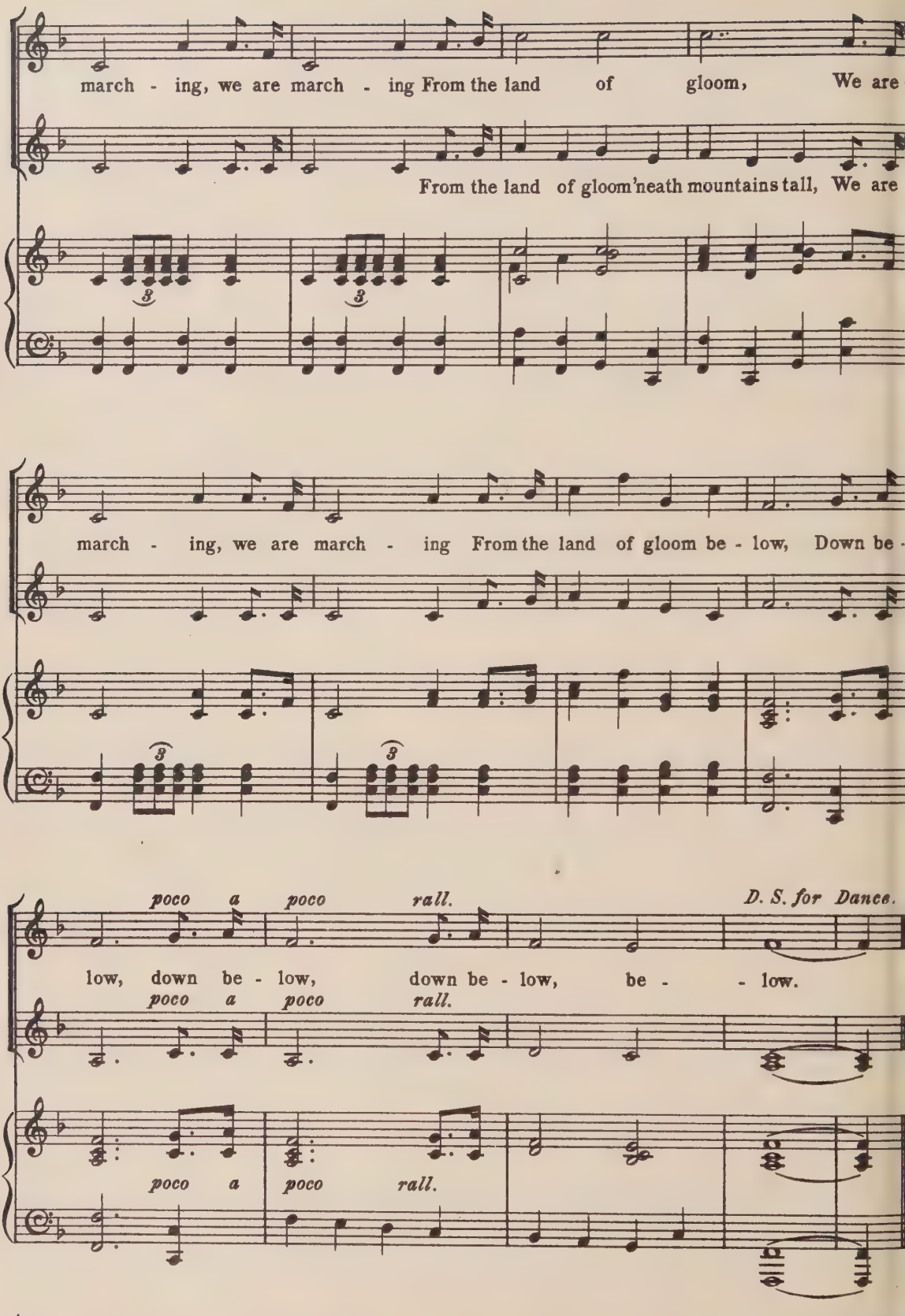
No 14. Vocal march. (The Gnomes.)

"WE ARE MARCHING."


Allegro moderato. ♩=116.
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
PIANO.
We are
Allegro moderato. ♩=116.
march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of gloom, We are
From the land of gloom 'neath mountains tall, We are
march - ing, we are march - ing To the realms of fai - ry day. We are

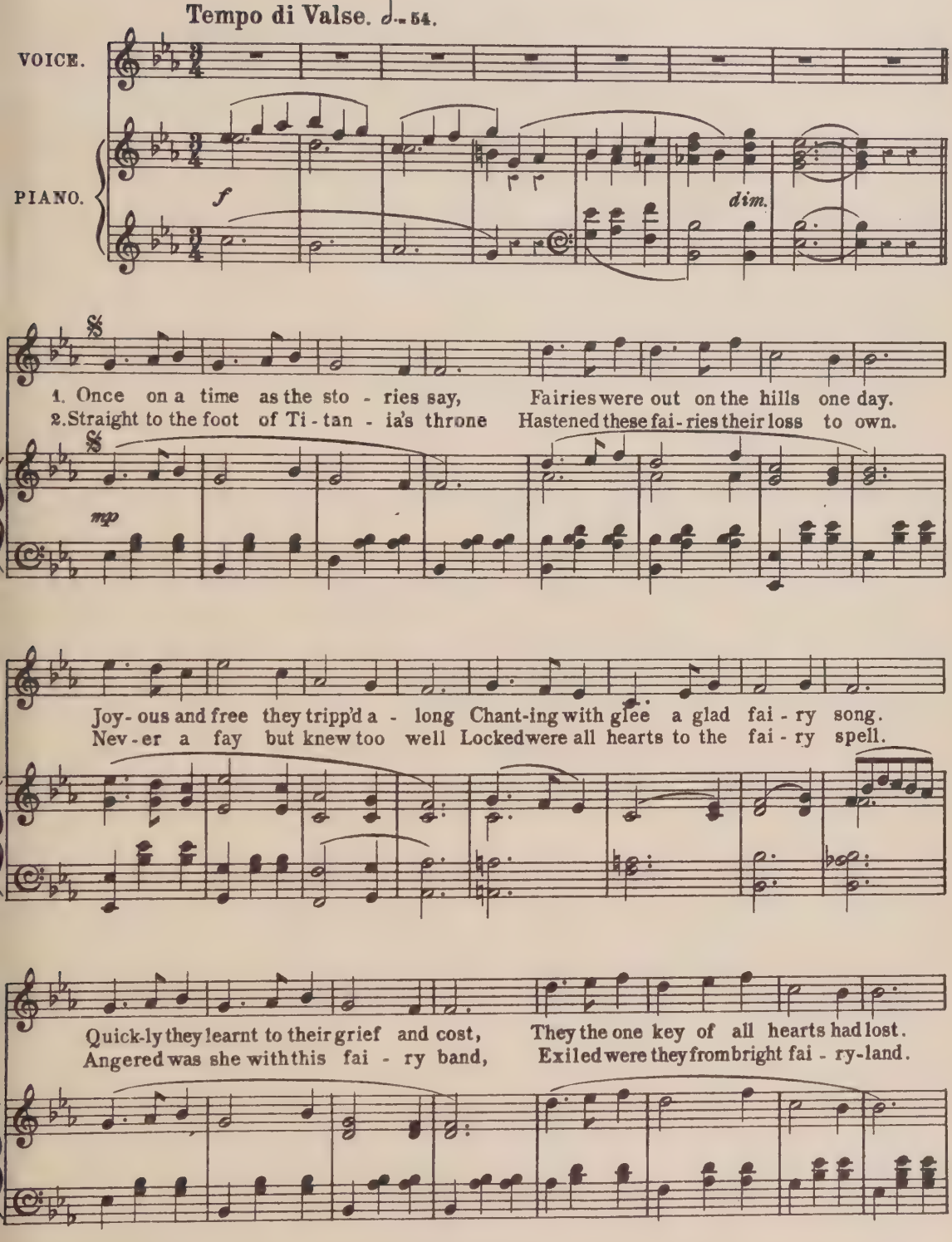

march - - ing, we are march - - ing From the land of
From the land where dark - ness
gloom, We are march - ing, we are march - - ing, While the
spreads her pall,
moon-beams light our way. Oh! 'tis sad to know, in the
gloom be - low, That while earth is smil - ing and bright, Our dread

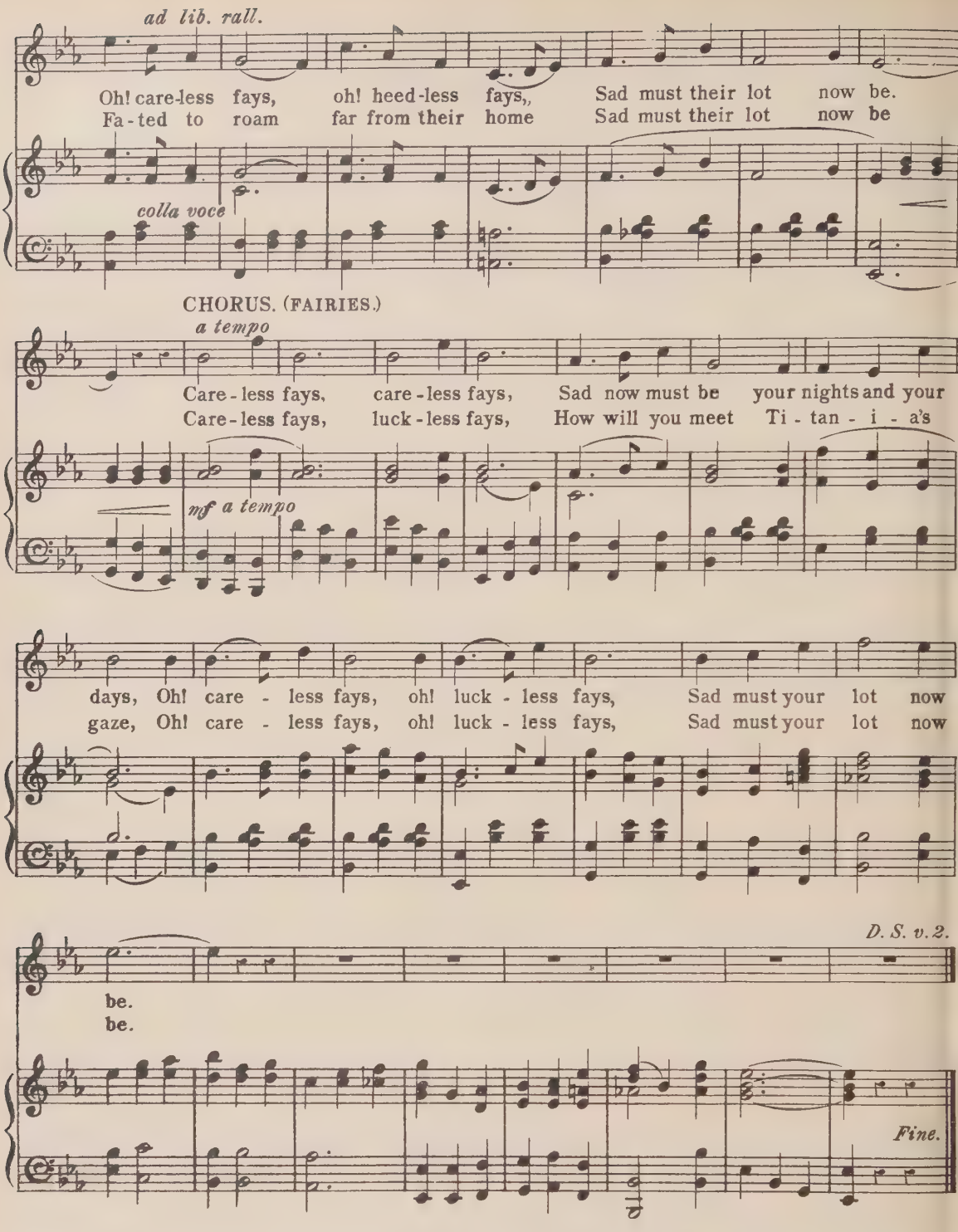

watch we keep Down in re - gions deep In the grip of the aw - ful
night. But we dream at times that in fair - er climes, On a
peace - ful ra - diant shore, We shall take our place by Ti -
- tan - ia's grace, And serve our Queen once more. We are
F


march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of gloom, We are
From the land of gloom'neath mountains tall, We are
march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of gloom be - low, Down be -
poco a poco rall.
D. S. for Dance.
low, down be - low, down be - low, be - low.
poco a poco rall.
poco a poco rall.

No. 15. Song. (Chief Gnome.)

"THE CARELESS FAYS."


Tempo di Valse. ♩.= 54.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
dim.
1. Once on a time as the sto - ries say, Fairies were out on the hills one day.
2. Straight to the foot of Ti - tan - ia's throne Hastened these fai - ries their loss to own.
mp
Joy - ous and free they tripp'd a - long Chant-ing with glee a glad fai - ry song.
Nev - er a fay but knew too well Locked were all hearts to the fai - ry spell.
Quick-ly they learnt to their grief and cost, They the one key of all hearts had lost.
Angered was she with this fai - ry band, Exiled were they from bright fai - ry-land.


ad lib. rall.
Oh! care-less fays, oh! heed-less fays,, Sad must their lot now be.
Fa-ted to roam far from their home Sad must their lot now be
colla voce
CHORUS. (FAIRIES.)
a tempo
Care-less fays, care-less fays, Sad now must be your nights and your
Care-less fays, luck-less fays, How will you meet Ti-tan-i-a's
mf a tempo
days, Oh! care-less fays, oh! luck-less fays, Sad must your lot now
gaze, Oh! care-less fays, oh! luck-less fays, Sad must your lot now
D. S. v. 2.
be.
be.
Fine.

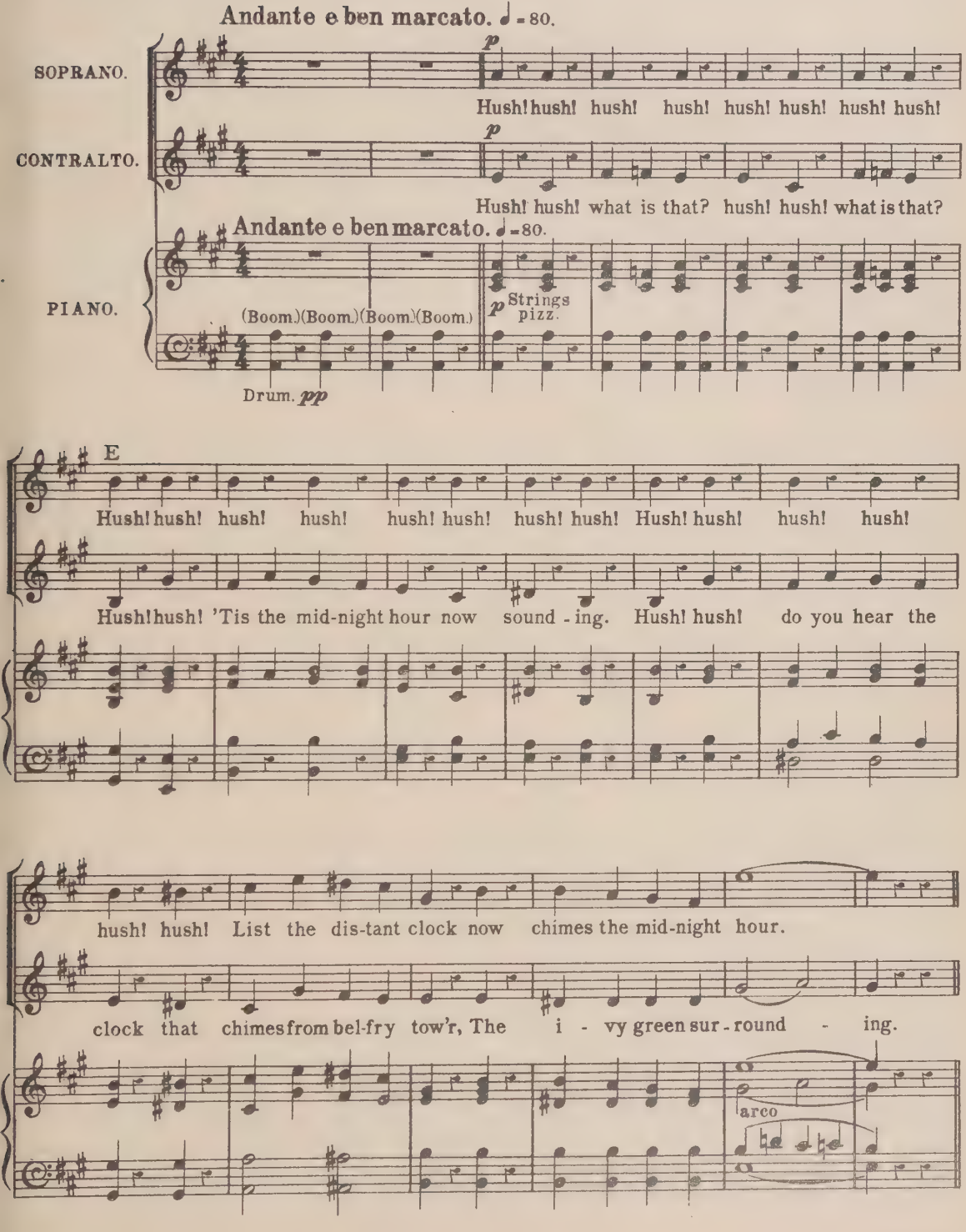
SANCHICA.—Oh, thank you, good Fairy, for your wonderful story. Now I know the cause of all our misfortunes, why the world no longer believes in the beautiful fairies. I gladly restore to you the precious Key (*hands it to the* FAIRY) and hope it will not only restore the love of fairies to all good people's hearts, but will also open the gates of Fairyland to yourselves.

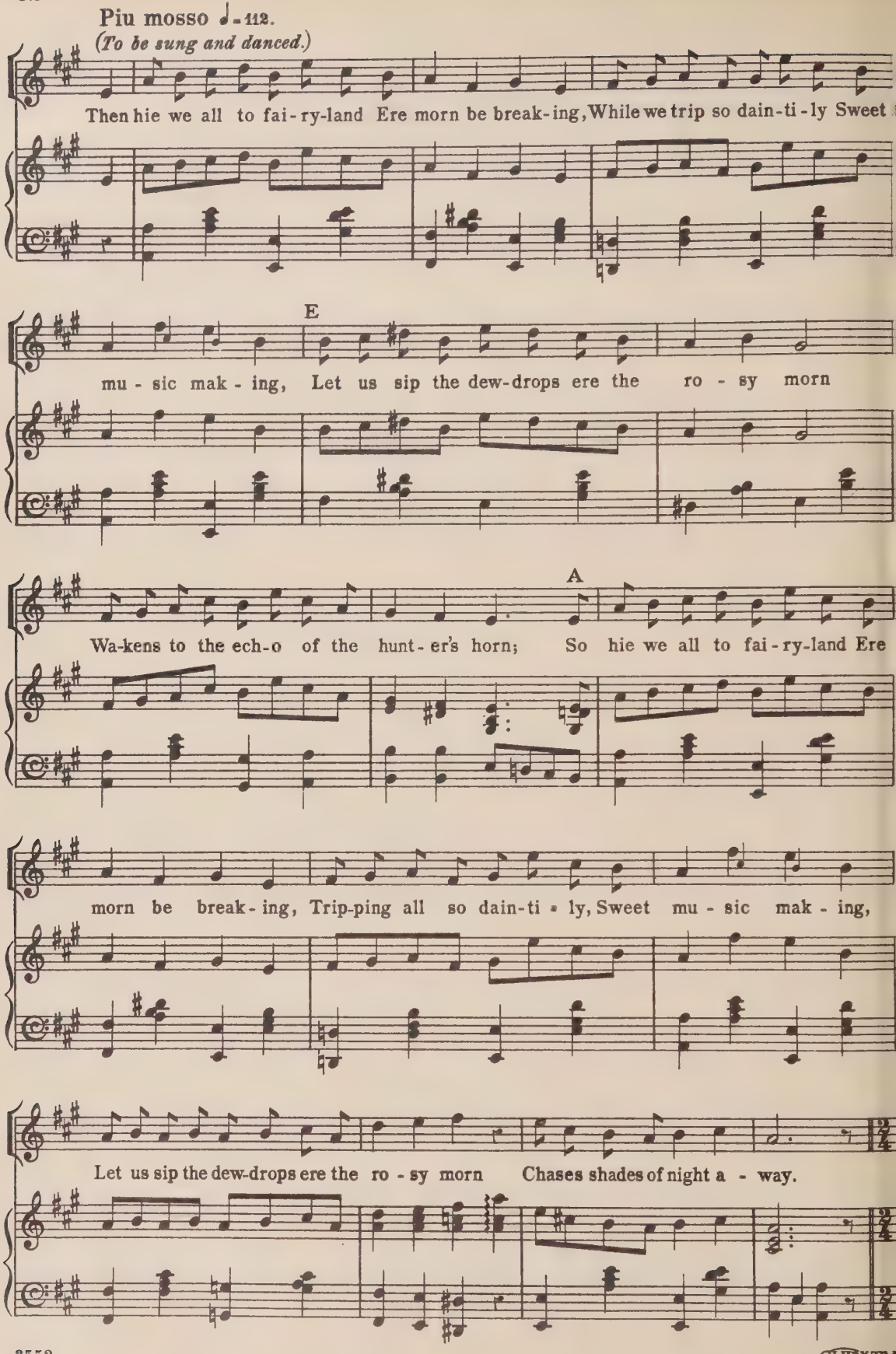
ALL.—Ten thousand thanks, oh, good and gracious mortal! may all fairy blessings henceforth be yours.

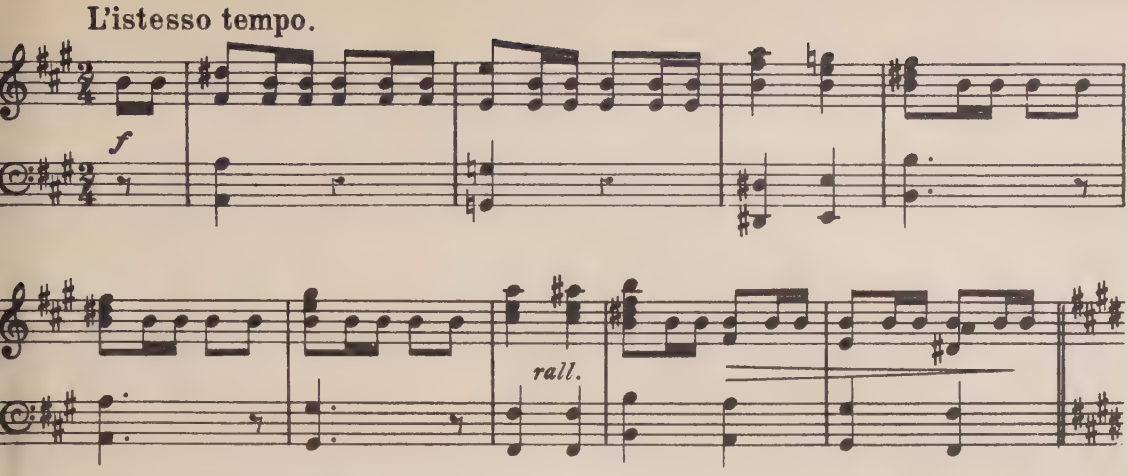
CHIEF GNOME.—Listen! Methinks I hear the distant clock chiming the hour of midnight.

No. 16. Chorus. (The Mountain Nymphs.)

"TICK, TOCK, LISTEN TO THE CLOCK."

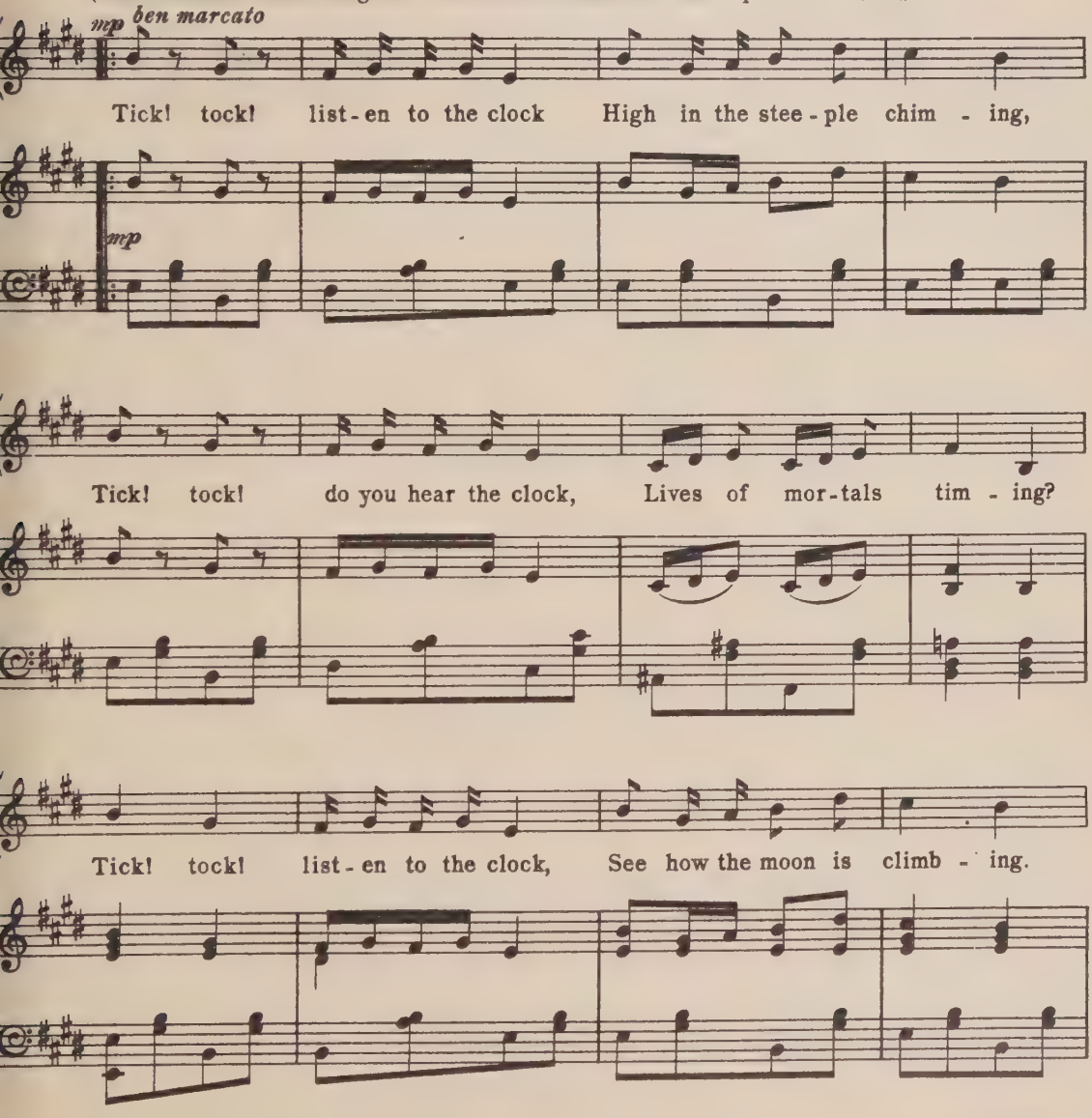

Andante e ben marcato. ♩ = 80.
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
PIANO.
p
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!
Hush! hush! what is that? hush! hush! what is that?
Andante e ben marcato. ♩ = 80.
(Boom.) (Boom.) (Boom.) (Boom.)
Drum. pp
Strings pizz.
E
Hush! hush! 'Tis the mid-night hour now sound - ing. Hush! hush! do you hear the
hush! hush! List the dis-tant clock now chimes the mid-night hour.
clock that chimes from bel-fry tow'r, The i - vy green sur - round - ing.
arco

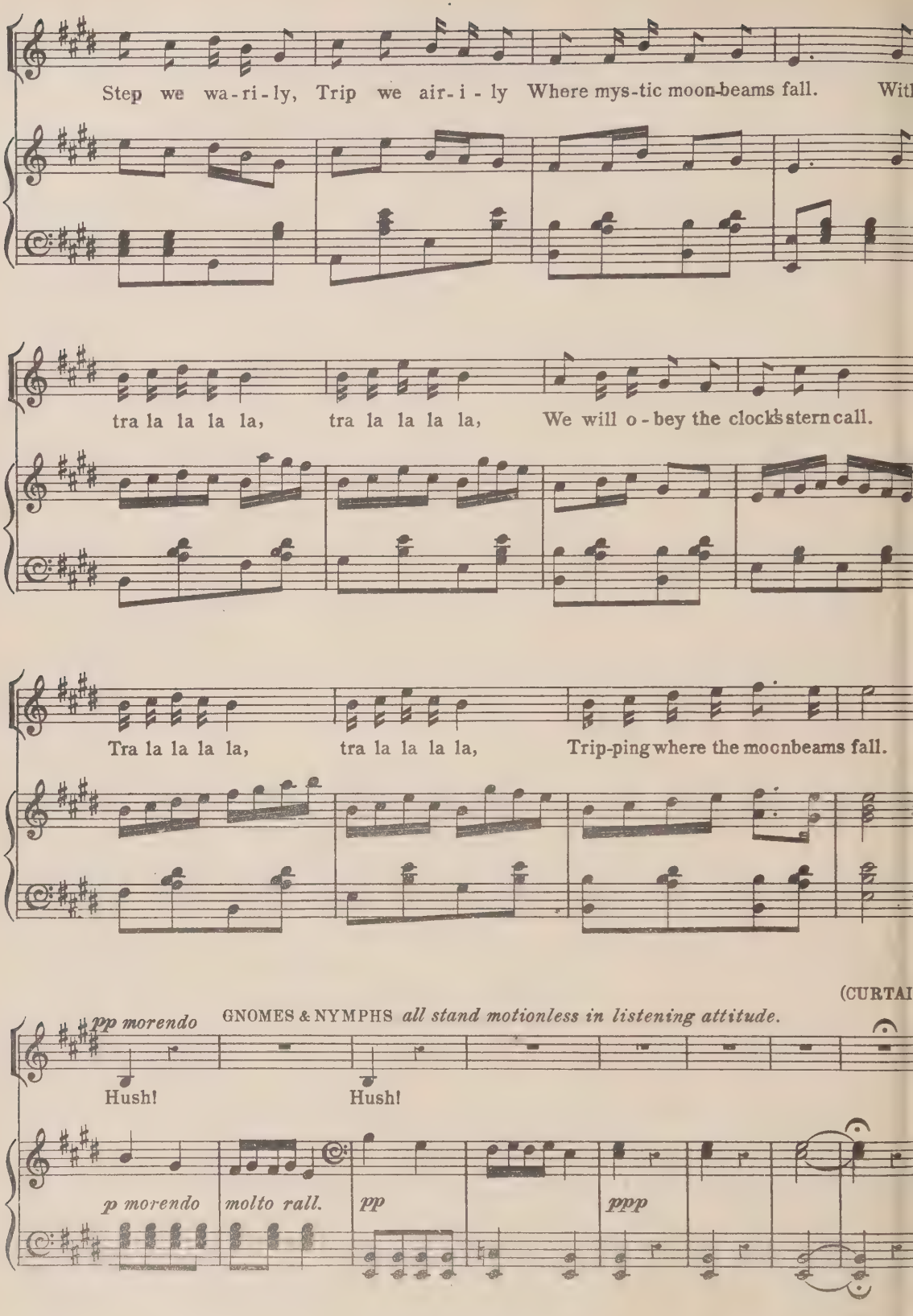

Piu mosso ♩= 112.
(To be sung and danced.)
Then hie we all to fai-ry-land Ere morn be break-ing, While we trip so dain-ti-ly Sweet
E
mu-sic mak-ing, Let us sip the dew-drops ere the ro-sy morn
A
Wa-kens to the ech-o of the hunt-er's horn; So hie we all to fai-ry-land Ere
morn be break-ing, Trip-ping all so dain-ti-ly, Sweet mu-sic mak-ing,
Let us sip the dew-drops ere the ro-sy morn Chases shades of night a-way.



Four beats in a bar ♩ = 126.

(This movement can be suug first to suitable actions and then repeated as dance.)


mp ben marcato
Tick! tock! list - en to the clock High in the stee - ple chim - ing,
mp
Tick! tock! do you hear the clock, Lives of mor - tals tim - ing?
Tick! tock! list - en to the clock, See how the moon is climb - ing.


Step we wa-ri-ly, Trip we air-i-ly Where mys-tic moon-beams fall. With
tra la la la la, tra la la la la, We will o-bey the clock's stern call.
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, Trip-ping where the moonbeams fall.
(CURTAI
pp morendo
GNOMES & NYMPHS all stand motionless in listening attitude.
Hush!
Hush!
p morendo
molto rall.
pp
ppp

End of Act II.

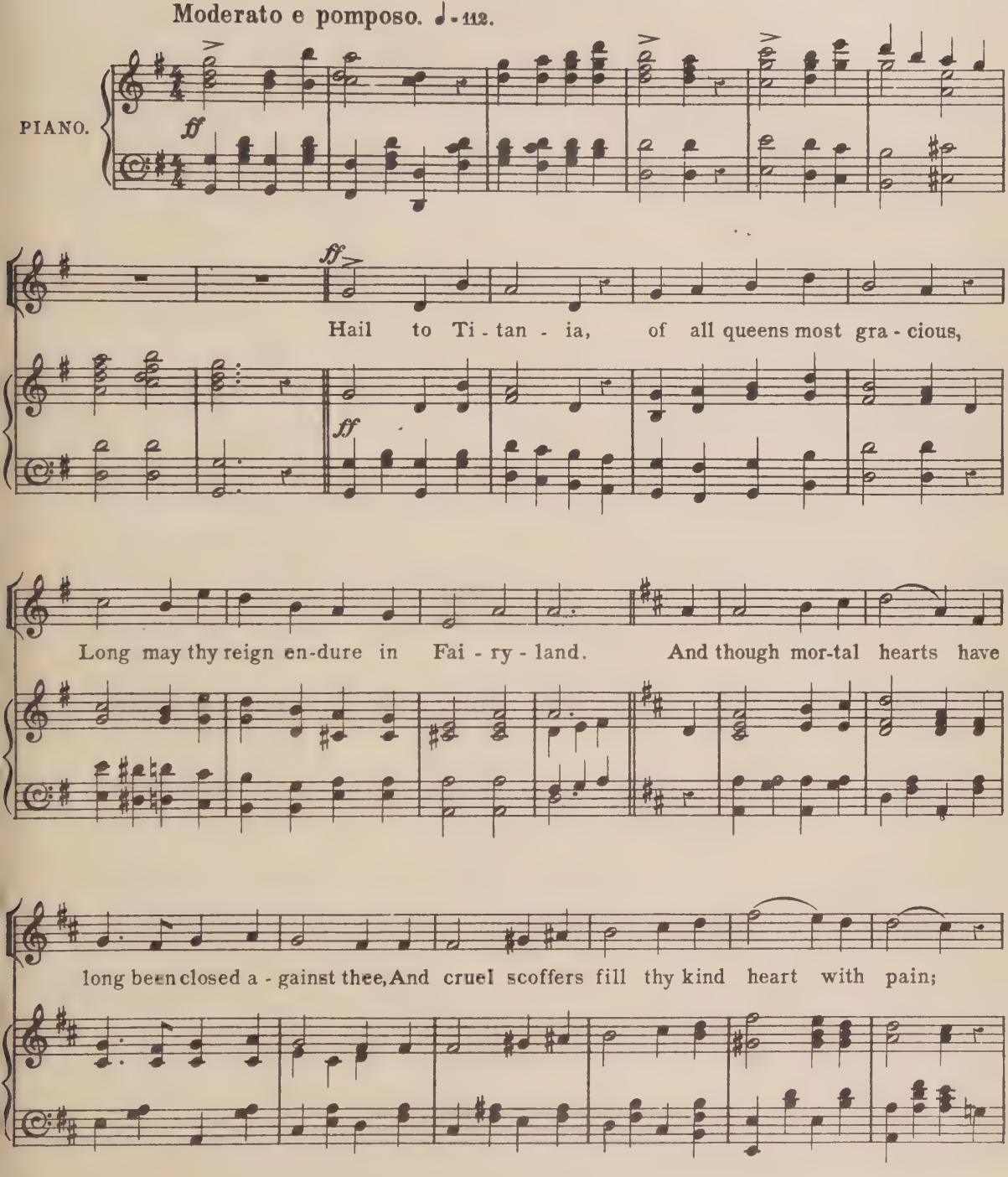
ACT III.

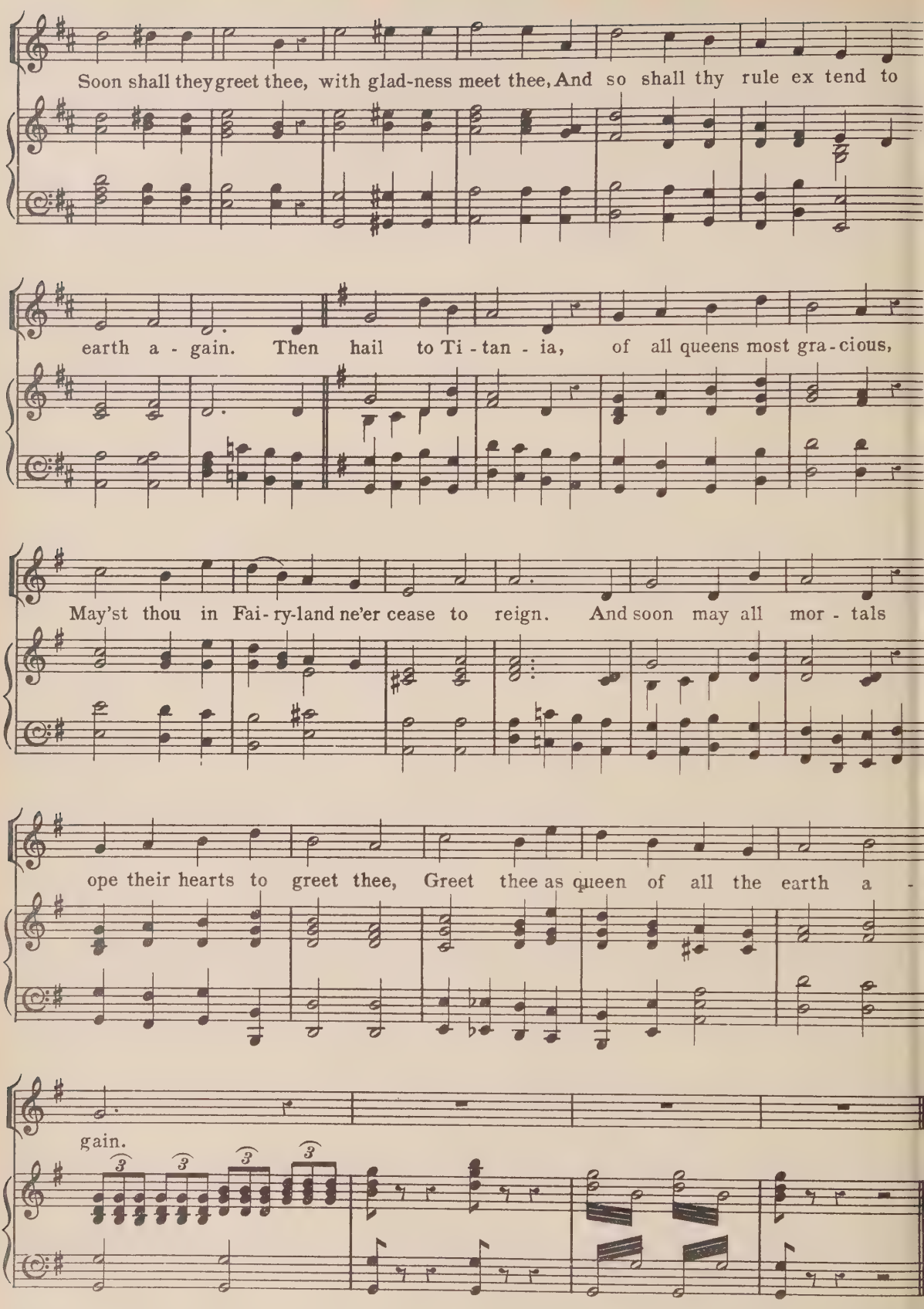
SCENE.— The Court of Queen Titania.

TITANIA *on throne surrounded by Fairy attendants.*

No. 17. Chorus. (Court Fairies.)

"HAIL TO TITANIA!"


Moderato e pomposo. ♩ = 112.
PIANO.
ff
ff
Hail to Ti - tan - ia, of all queens most gra - cious,
ff
Long may thy reign en-dure in Fai - ry - land. And though mor-tal hearts have
long been closed a - gainst thee, And cruel scoffers fill thy kind heart with pain;


Soon shall they greet thee, with glad-ness meet thee, And so shall thy rule ex tend to
earth a - gain. Then hail to Ti - tan - ia, of all queens most gra - cious,
May'st thou in Fai - ry-land ne'er cease to reign. And soon may all mor - tals
ope their hearts to greet thee, Greet thee as queen of all the earth a -
gain.

CURWEN

TITANIA.—Is there any news of the Magic Key to report?

FAIRY VIOLA.—We regret to say none whatever, your Majesty.

TITANIA.—This loss of the Key of the Human Heart is indeed a grievous one for us To think of all the good we could do if we could only obtain once more access to the hearts of mortals. Were there *no* hearts at all left unlocked by accident the time the Magic Key was lost?

VIOLA.—There is *one*, your Majesty, that of a little girl called Sanchica, who dwells in the village of Barossa Her faith in us is undiminished, but her lot is made hard by the scoffing of every other person in the village.

TITANIA.—It is, at least, some consolation to us to know that at least one human heart still remains open to us See to it that this mortal is ever your especial care Never let her heart want for beautiful and happy thoughts, and see that good luck attends her henceforth.

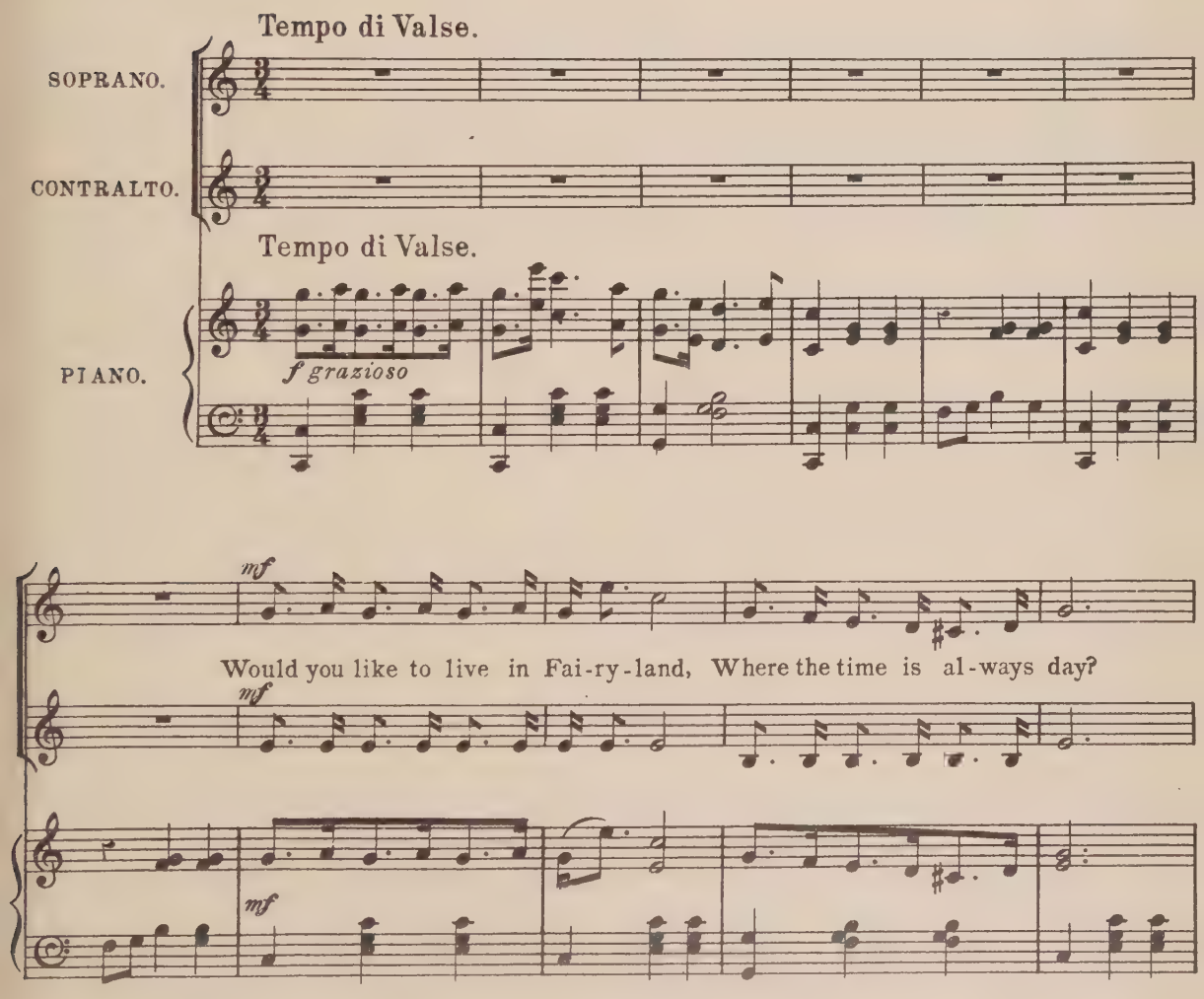
VIOLA.—Your Majesty's behests are ever our greatest pleasure

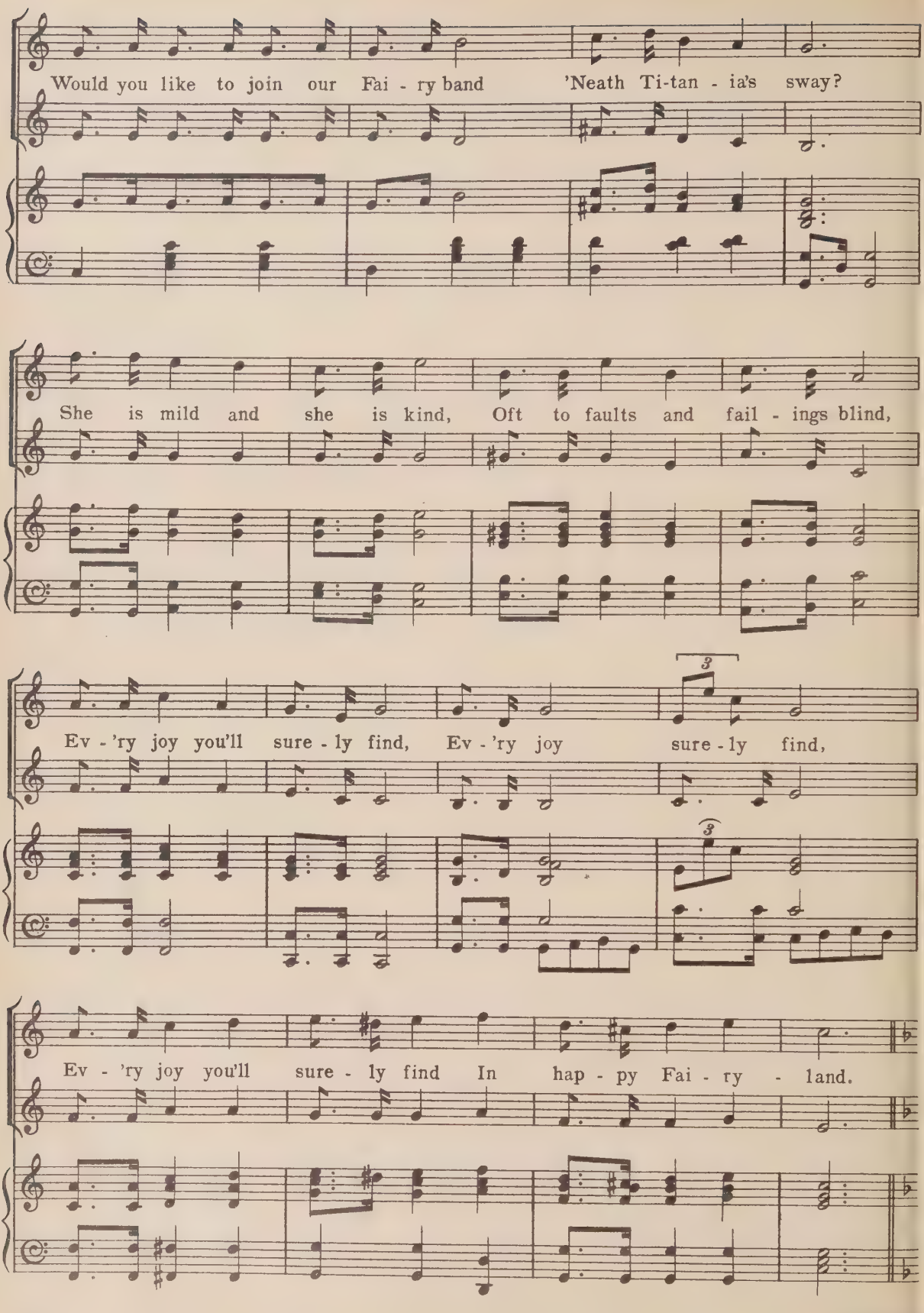
TITANIA.—Further, take measures to bring her to Fairyland at the earliest opportunity.

(VIOLA *bows.*)

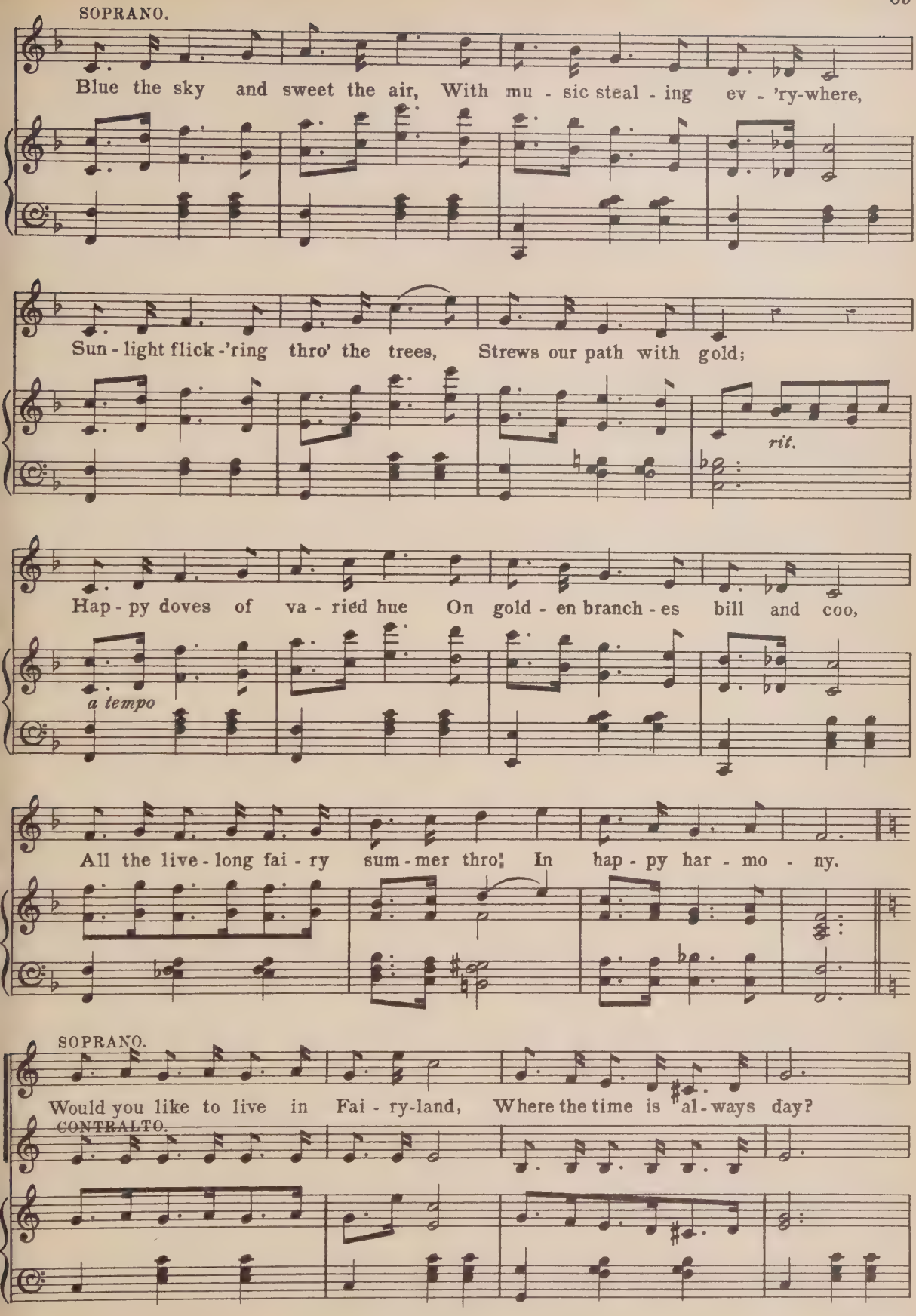
No. 18. Chorus.

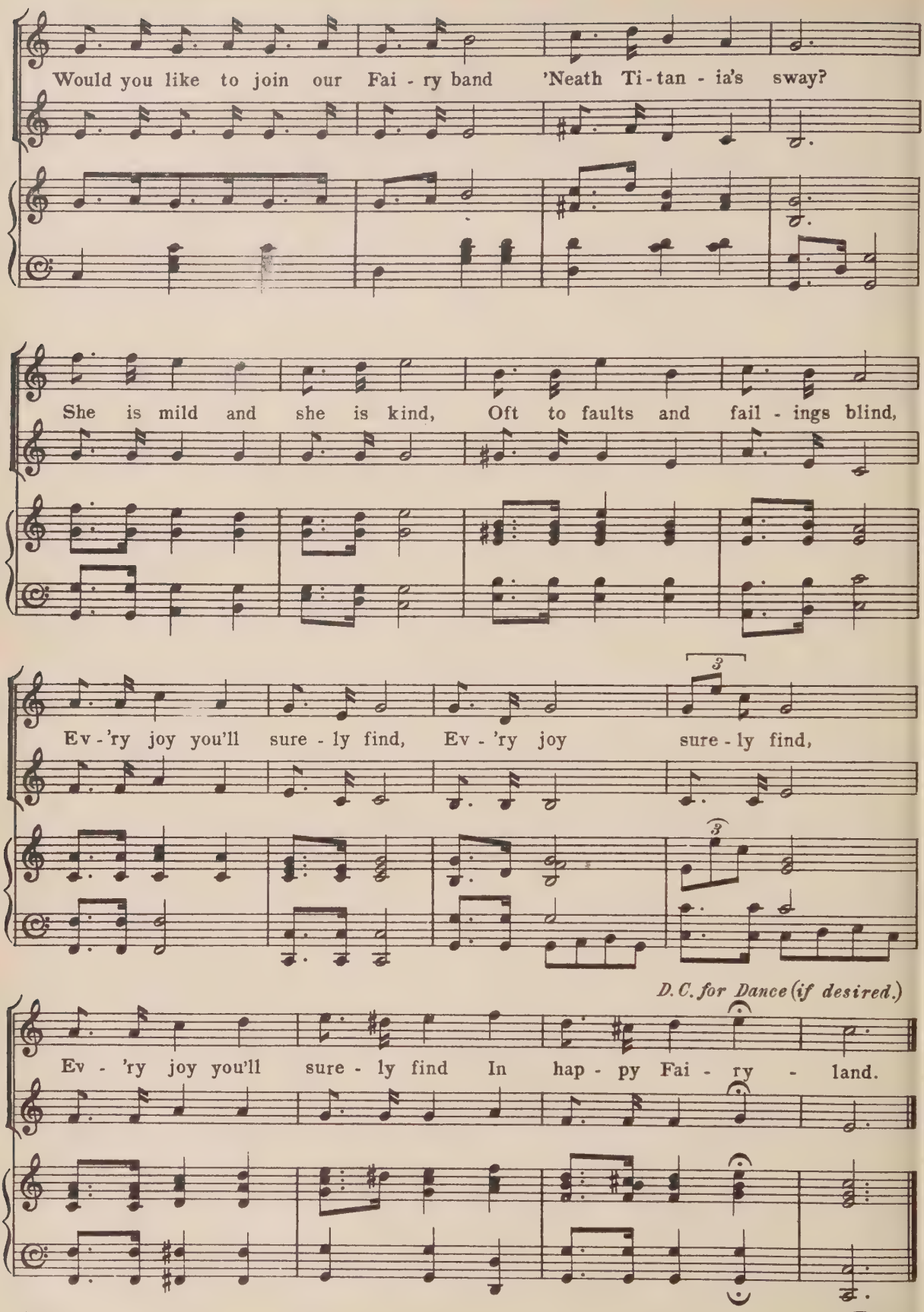
"WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE."




Would you like to join our Fai - ry band 'Neath Ti-tan - ia's sway?
She is mild and she is kind, Oft to faults and fail - ings blind,
Ev - 'ry joy you'll sure - ly find, Ev - 'ry joy sure - ly find,
Ev - 'ry joy you'll sure - ly find In hap - py Fai - ry - land.

CURWEN


SOPRANO.
Blue the sky and sweet the air, With mu - sic steal - ing ev - 'ry-where,
Sun - light flick - 'ring thro' the trees, Strews our path with gold;
rit.
Hap - py doves of va - ried hue On gold - en branch - es bill and coo,
a tempo
All the live - long fai - ry sum - mer thro', In hap - py har - mo - ny.
SOPRANO.
Would you like to live in Fai - ry-land, Where the time is al - ways day?
CONTRALTO.


Would you like to join our Fai - ry band 'Neath Ti - tan - ia's sway?
She is mild and she is kind, Oft to faults and fail - ings blind,
Ev - 'ry joy you'll sure - ly find, Ev - 'ry joy sure - ly find,
3
3
D. C. for Dance (if desired.)
Ev - 'ry joy you'll sure - ly find In hap - py Fai - ry - land.

TITANIA.—I have one more command. Let my faithful servant and friend, Father Time, be called. (*Exit* MESSENGER *Enter* FATHER TIME.)

FATHER TIME (*standing stiffly and absolutely still*).—Your Majesty desires my presence, I believe.

TITANIA.—That is so, good Father Time. But why this ceremonious attitude, I pray you?

FATHER TIME.—Because in Fairyland—and there alone—*Time stands still.*

TITANIA.—Good! though so old, I see you still have a ready wit. But to business. I hear that in the village of Barossa there dwells a maiden who still believes in us. See that she never grows old. Whenever you meet her, preserve towards her *your present* attitude.

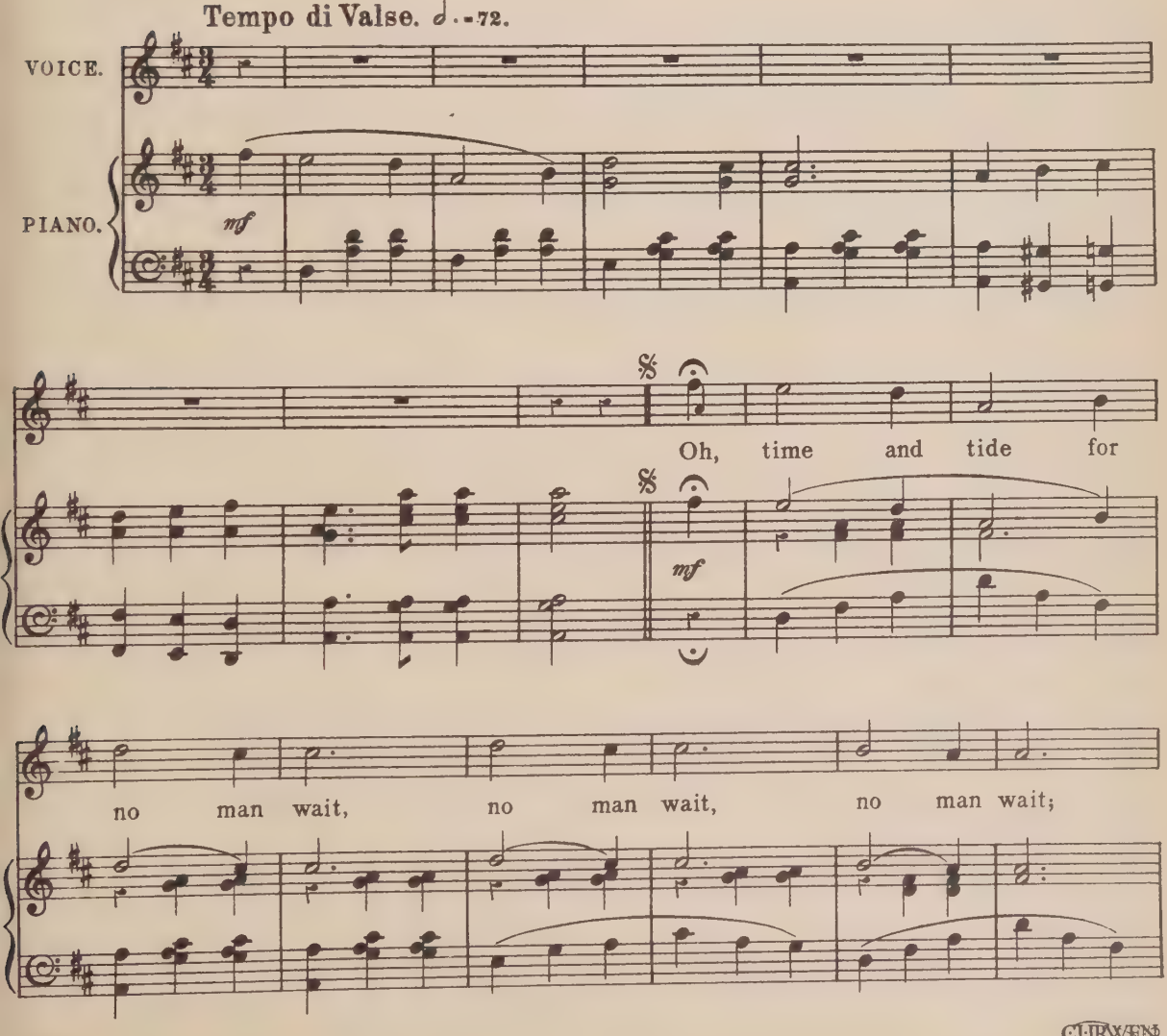
FATHER TIME.—Your Majesty has but to command and I obey. Time and tide wait for none but your Majesty.

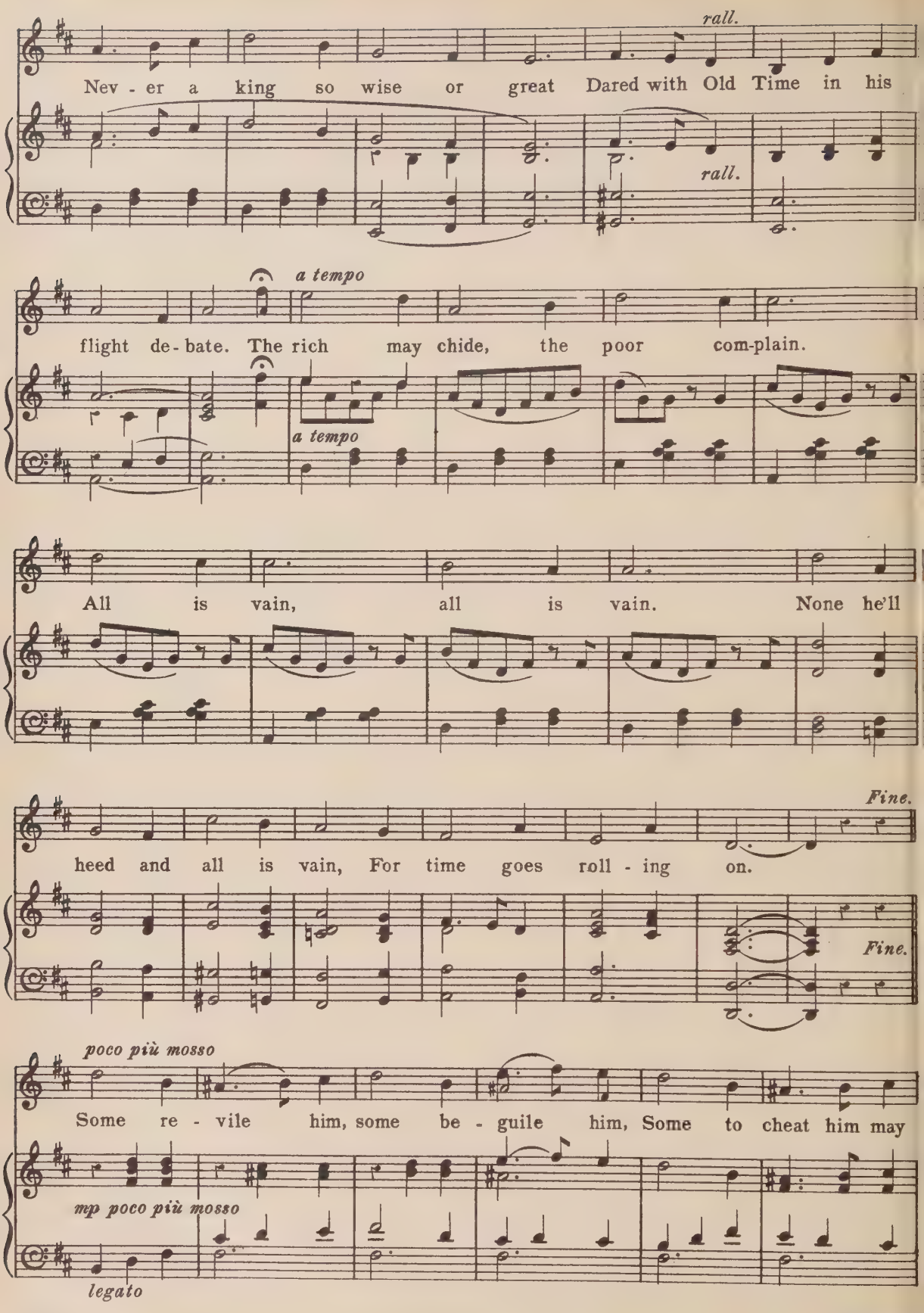
ARIEL (*bowing to* QUEEN).—May it please your Majesty, while journeying to and fro I have often heard a saying strangely like that. It runs, "Time and tide wait for no man."

TITANIA.—It seems that though they have ceased to believe in us, they have still some little intelligence left. We would gladly hear more of this saying.

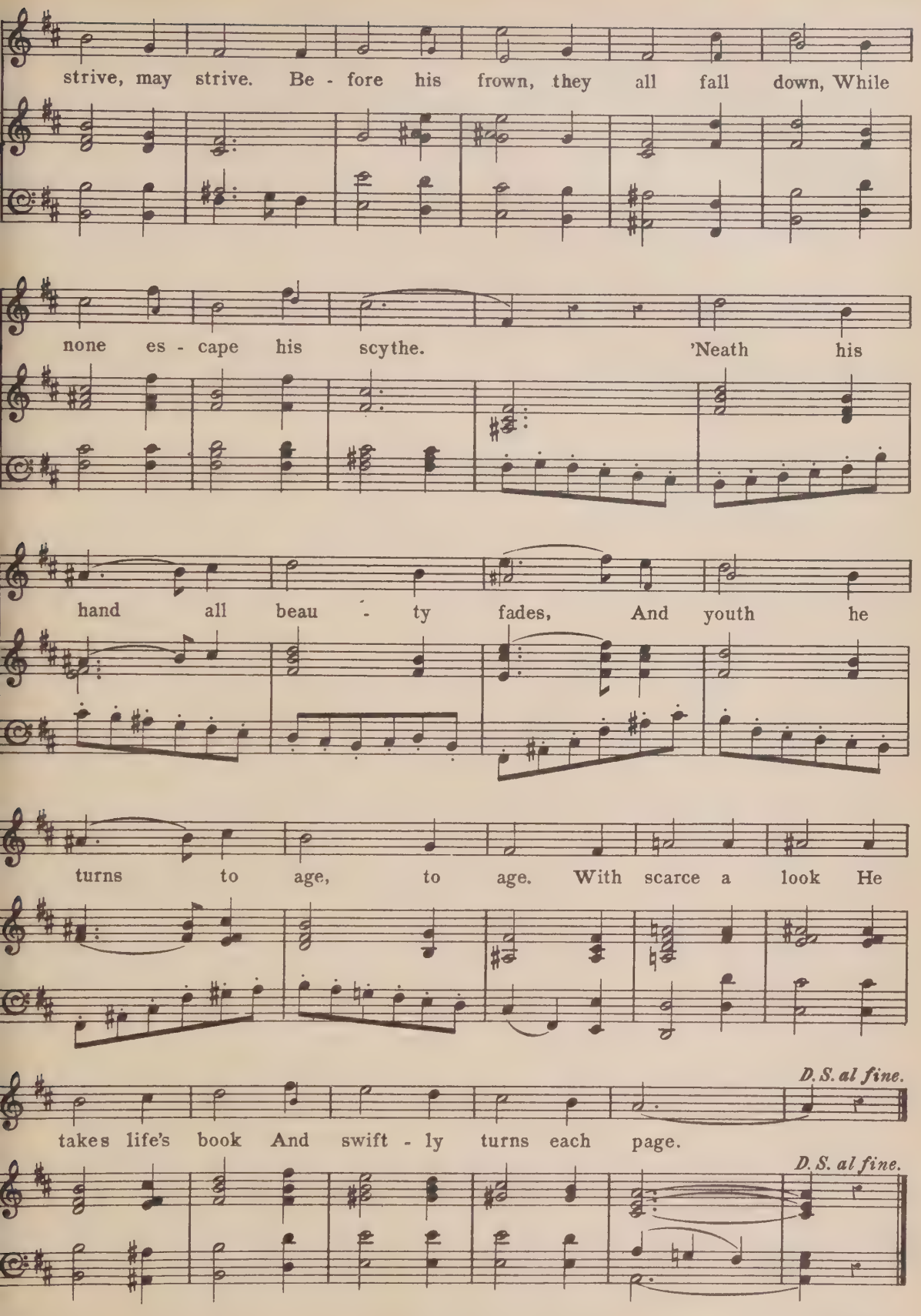
No. 19. Song. (Titania.)

"TIME AND TIDE."




rall.
Nev - er a king so wise or great Dared with Old Time in his
rall.
a tempo
flight de - bate. The rich may chide, the poor com-plain.
a tempo
All is vain, all is vain. None he'll
Fine.
heed and all is vain, For time goes roll - ing on.
Fine.
poco più mosso
Some re - vile him, some be - guile him, Some to cheat him may
mp poco più mosso
legato

CURWEN


strive, may strive. Be - fore his frown, they all fall down, While
none es - cape his scythe. 'Neath his
hand all beau - ty fades, And youth he
turns to age, to age. With scarce a look He
D.S. al fine.
takes life's book And swift - ly turns each page.
D.S. al fine.

TITANIA.—Is there still no news of the Magic Key?

FAIRY IRIS.—Nothing definite, your majesty, but there may be shortly, as your majesty's messenger, swift-winged Fugita, has been seen flying towards Fairyland in hot haste.

TITANIA.—Let her be ushered into our presence immediately on her arrival.

IRIS.—There is no need, your majesty, as she is even now here. (*Enter* FUGITA, *who falls at the foot of throne.*)

TITANIA.—What news, good Fugita?

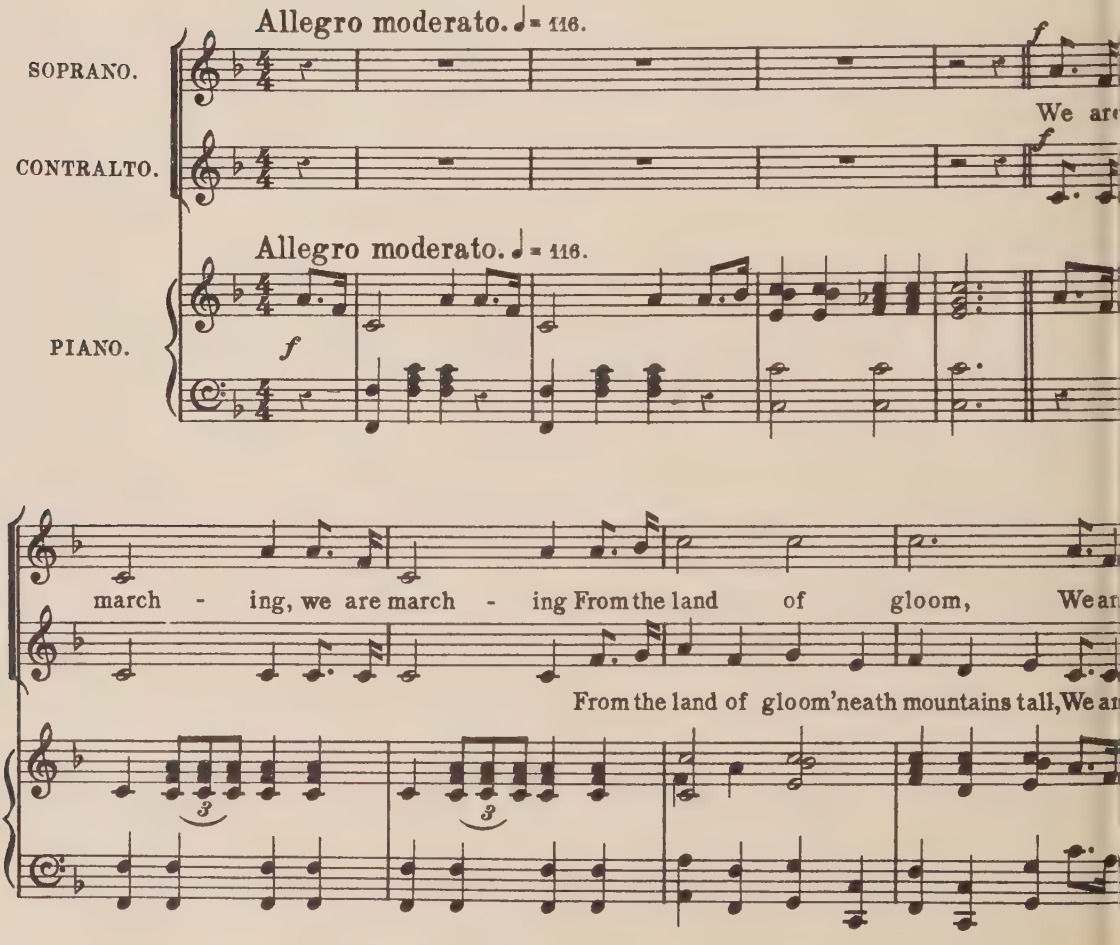
FUGITA.—May it please your majesty, there are rumours of strange doings on earth. They say there dwells in the village of Barossa a maiden who still believes in us, and who has found a key of strange appearance. Some say it is the key of a certain cave in which a beautiful princess is kept spell-bound. Others affirm that the Gnomes and Nymphs have recognised it as the Key of the Human Heart, for the loss of which they were banished to the "under-earth."

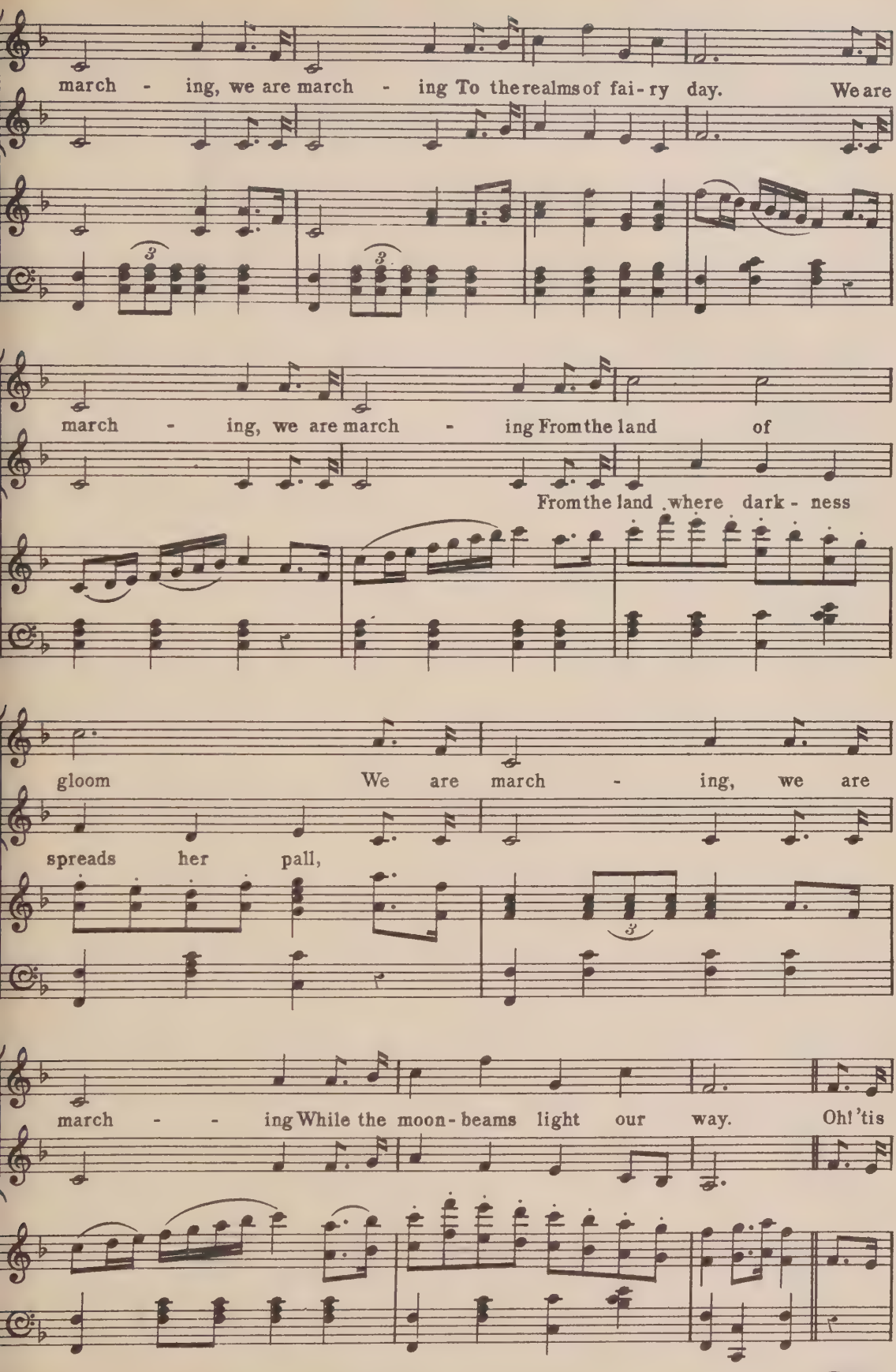
TITANIA.—And, pray, what may be the name of this fortunate maiden?

FUGITA.—I regret to say rumour has not been so precise on that point.

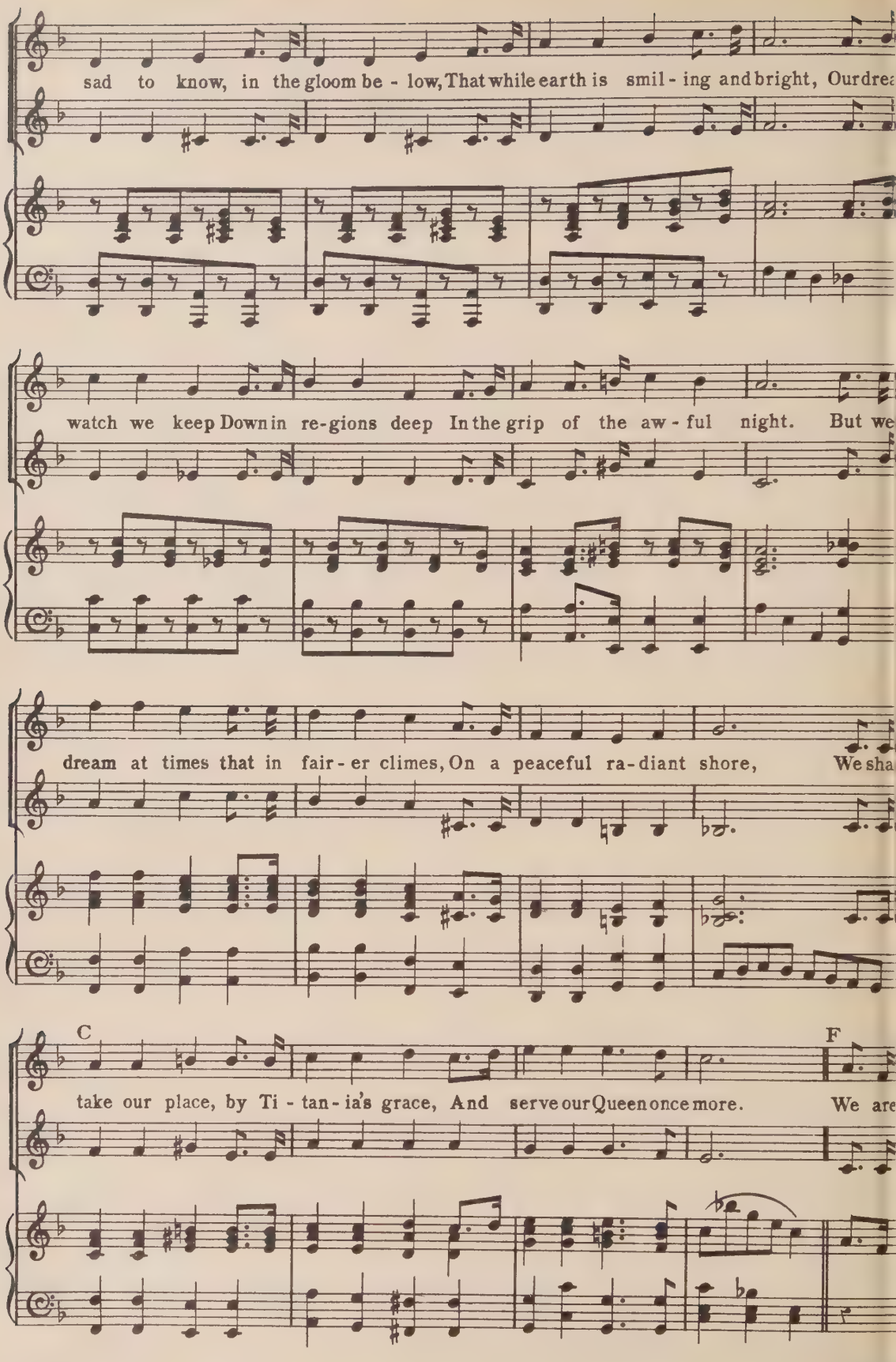
TITANIA.—It is doubtless Sanchica, of whom I have heard from other sources. But if the Gnomes and Nymphs have really found the key they will certainly hasten hither with all speed and claim the pardon which I long so to grant them. Hark! what sounds are those?

No. 20. Vocal March. (The Gnomes.)

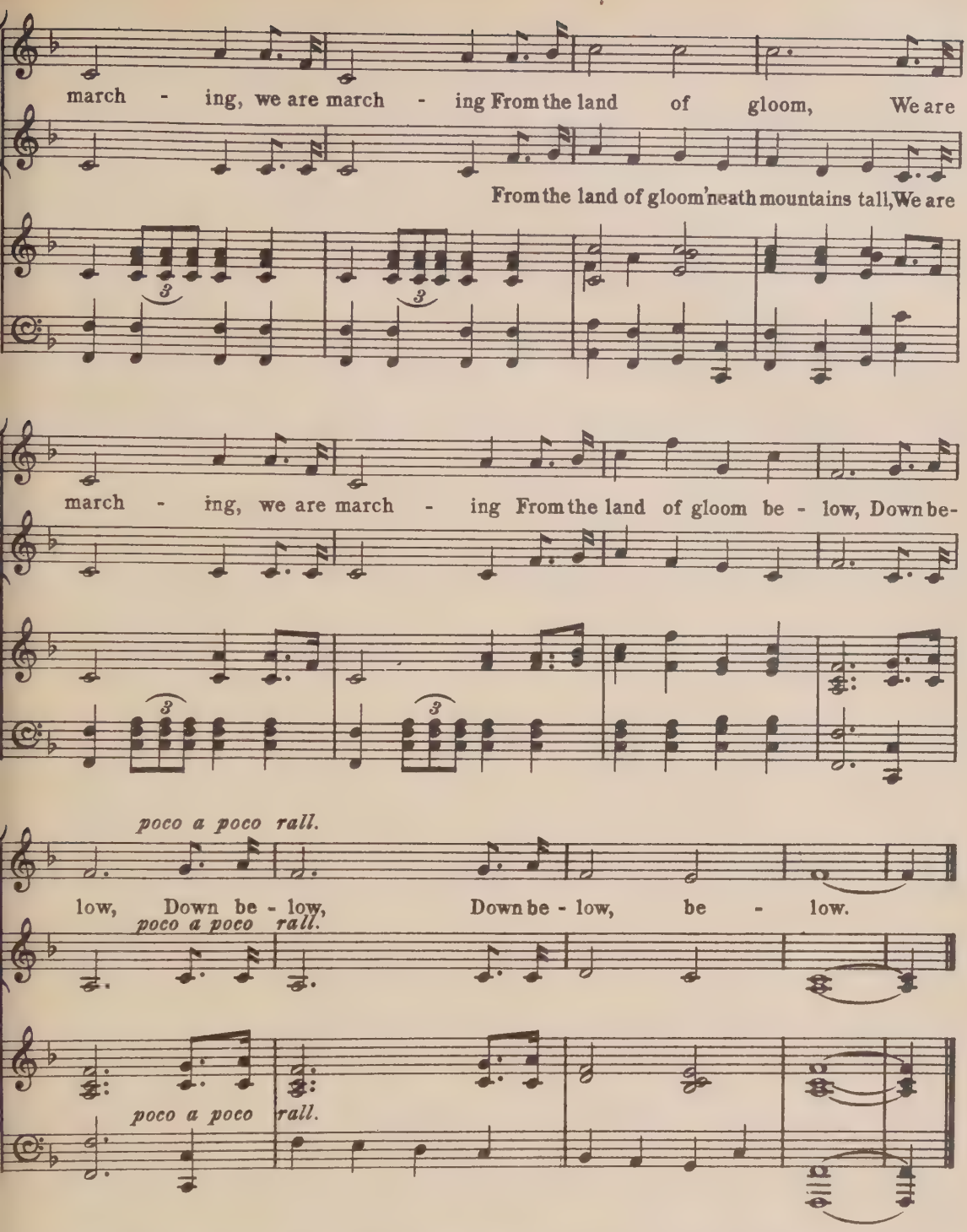
"WE ARE MARCHING."

CURWEN


march - ing, we are march - ing To the realms of fai-ry day. We are
march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of
From the land where dark - ness
gloom We are march - ing, we are
spreads her pall,
march - - ing While the moon-beams light our way. Oh! 'tis

CURWEN


sad to know, in the gloom be - low, That while earth is smil - ing and bright, Our drea
watch we keep Down in re-gions deep In the grip of the aw - ful night. But we
dream at times that in fair - er climes, On a peaceful ra-diant shore, We sha
C
take our place, by Ti - tan - ia's grace, And serve our Queen once more.
F
We are

CURWEN


march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of gloom, We are
From the land of gloom'neath mountains tall, We are
march - ing, we are march - ing From the land of gloom be - low, Down be-
poco a poco rall.
low, Down be - low, Down be - low, be - low.
poco a poco rall.
poco a poco rall.

CHIEF GNOME (*prostrating himself before the throne*).—Your gracious Majesty, we have at last found the Key, and lay it at your feet, hoping for your Majesty's most gracious pardon.

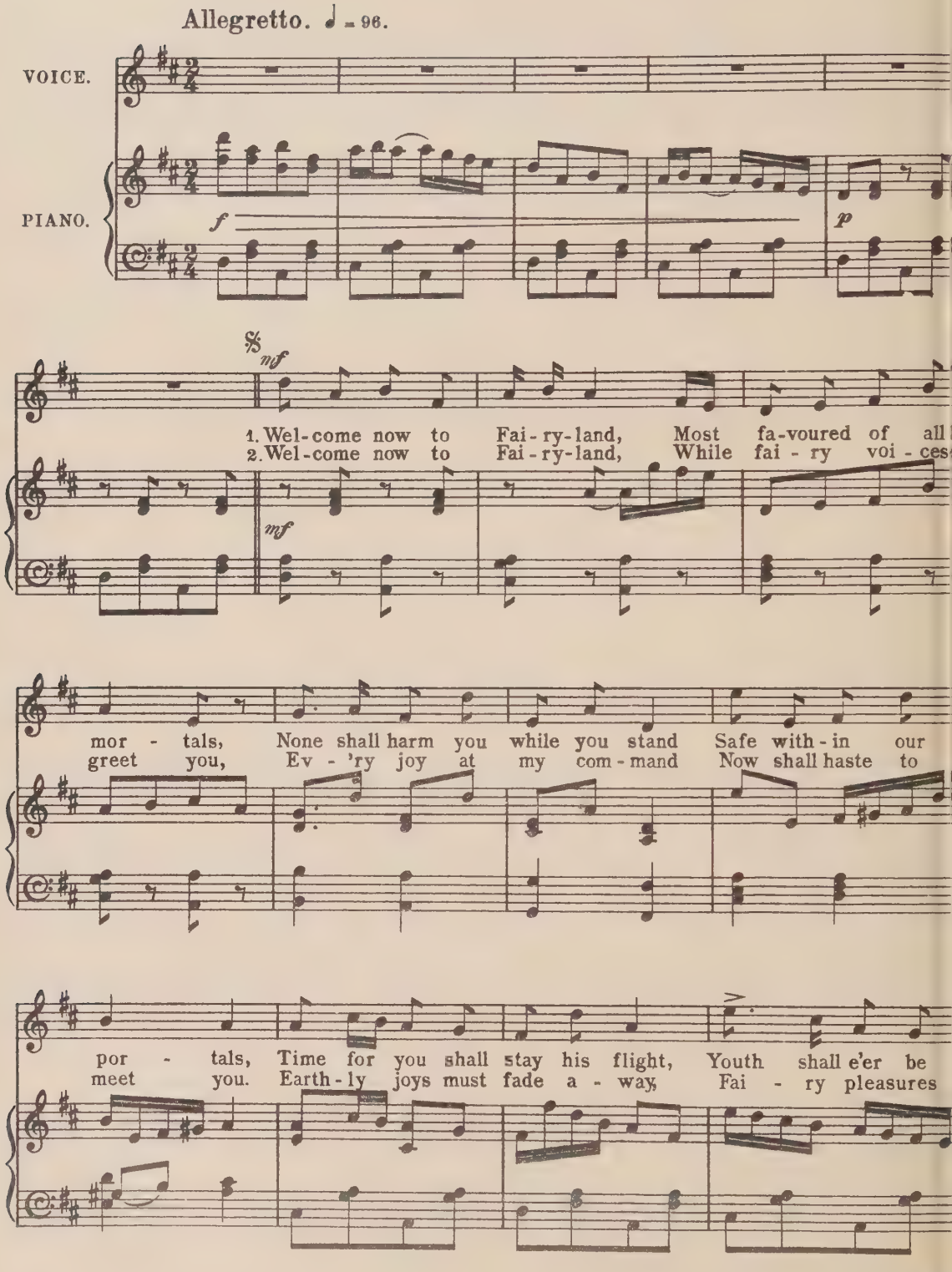
TITANIA.—You have done well to hasten hither My pardon is given you, even ere you demand it, so great is my joy Where is Fugita?

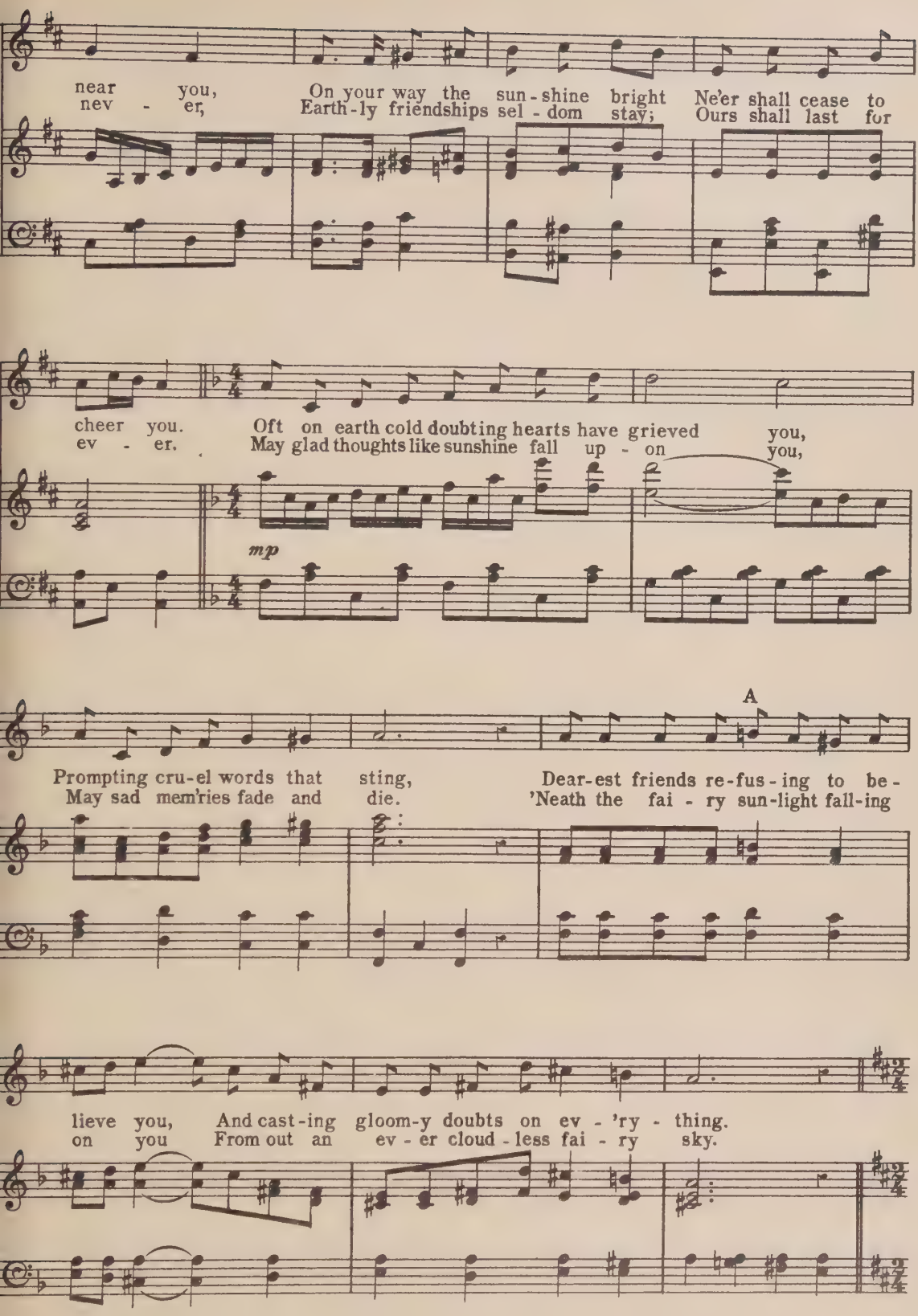
FUGITA.—At your Majesty's command

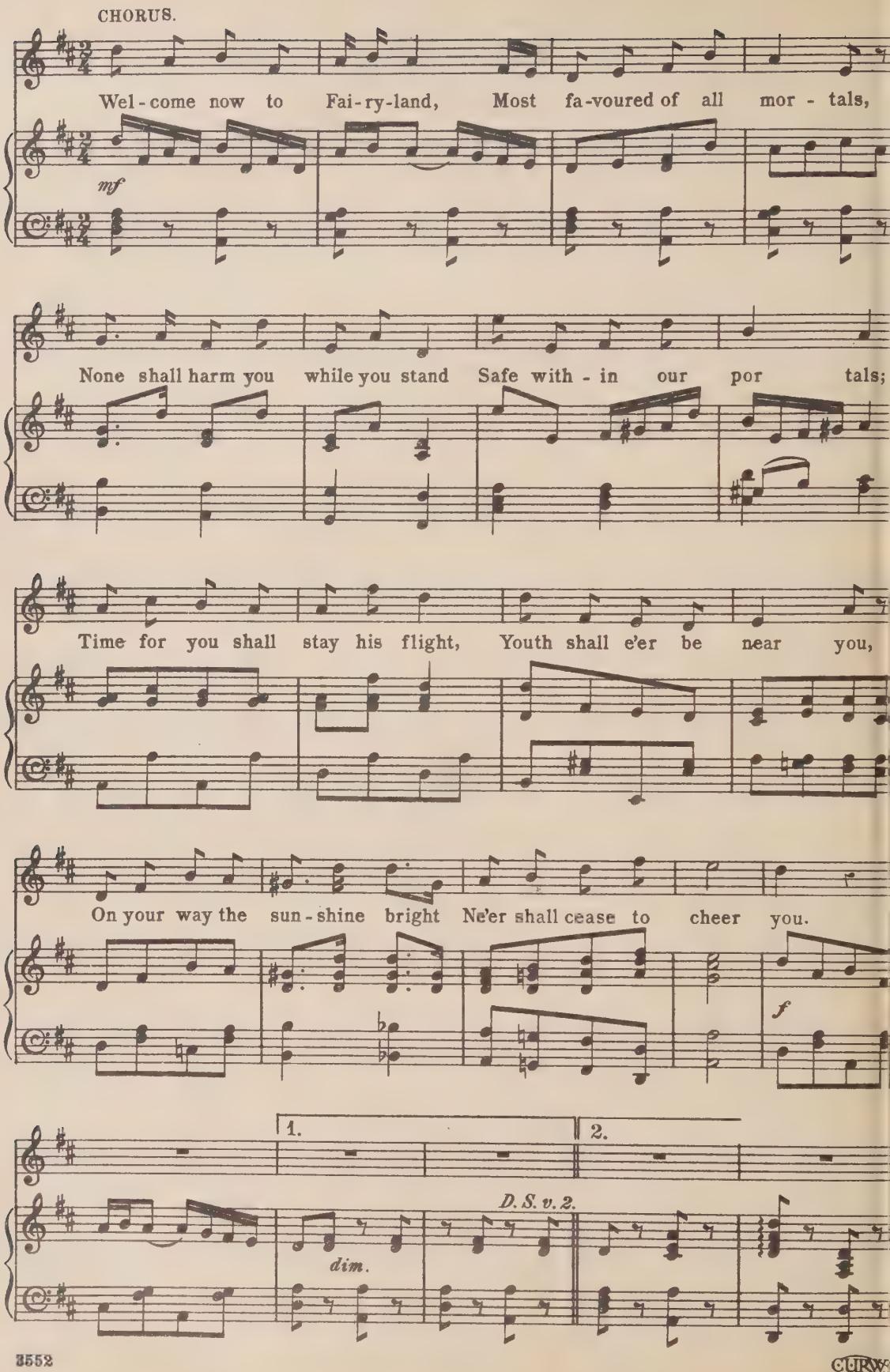
TITANIA.—Hasten, good Fugita, with all good speed for which you are so famous, and let Sanchica appear instantly before us (*Exit* FUGITA *who returns with* SANCHICA.)

No. 21. Song. (Titania.)

"WELCOME."


Allegretto. ♩ = 96.
VOICE.
PIANO.
f
p
mf
1. Wel-come now to Fai-ry-land, Most fa-voured of all
2. Wel-come now to Fai-ry-land, While fai-ry voi-ces
mf
mor-tals, None shall harm you while you stand Safe with-in our
greet you, Ev-'ry joy at my com-mand Now shall haste to
por-tals, Time for you shall stay his flight, Youth shall e'er be
meet you. Earth-ly joys must fade a-way, Fai-ry pleasures


near you, On your way the sun-shine bright Ne'er shall cease to
nev - er, Earth-ly friendships sel - dom stay; Ours shall last for
cheer you. Oft on earth cold doubting hearts have grieved you,
ev - er. May glad thoughts like sunshine fall up - on you,
mp
A
Prompting cru-el words that sting, Dear-est friends re-fus-ing to be-
May sad mem'ries fade and die. 'Neath the fai - ry sun-light fall-ing
lieve you, And cast-ing gloom-y doubts on ev - 'ry - thing.
on you From out an ev - er cloud - less fai - ry sky.


CHORUS.
Wel-come now to Fai-ry-land, Most fa-voured of all mor-tals,
mf
None shall harm you while you stand Safe with-in our por tals;
Time for you shall stay his flight, Youth shall e'er be near you,
On your way the sun-shine bright Ne'er shall cease to cheer you.
f
1.
2.
D. S. v. 2.
dim.

CURWEN

TITANIA.—Welcome, thrice welcome, O most fortunate of mortals, since your refusal to be moved by the scoffs of the incredulous has enabled us again to enter the hearts of mortals Your reward shall be that you shall never grow old, for those who believe in us must always remain young. Father Time has promised to stand still for them. Take the Magic Key, good Fugita, return to earth, unlock the hearts of all the inhabitants of Barossa, and bring them instantly to Fairyland to receive my pardon. (*Exit* FUGITA. *Sounds of March No.* 11 *played softly and getting louder and louder as the procession of inhabitants of Barossa get nearer and nearer. Finally they enter and take up positions for No* 22.)

TITANIA.—Welcome, good people of Barossa. What have you to say for yourselves?

CORREGIDOR (*hesitatingly*).—This is so sudden.

TITANIA.—We do everything suddenly in Fairyland.

PAT FLANNIGAN.—I can assure your Majesty, that the suddenness of the whole thing has made me spaichless intoirely

TITANIA.—That seems a contradictory statement, truly

FLANNIGAN.—That's nothin' at ahl, at ahl, your most gracious goodness—I mane Majesty —an Oirishman always tahlks most whin he is spaichless

QUEEN.—A strange mortal, indeed!

SANCHO (*to* QUEEN).—May it please your Majesty, I am a poor barber and out of work Would your Majesty like a shave?

FAIRIES (*holding up hands in horror*).—Oh!

FLANNIGAN (*dragging* SANCHO *away*).—Come away wid ye; shure an' ye haven't any perfissional etikit at ahl, at ahl. Don't ye see the Court Barber himself a-looking at ye ahl the toime.

SANCHO (*alarmed*).—No! Where?

FLANNIGAN.—Hush! (*Points over shoulder at* FATHER TIME) Don't turn round It's rude I mane the ould gintleman with that murtherous-lookin' safety razor and bottle of lather, ornamintin' his waist-band (*scythe and hour-glass*).

SANCHO (*aside to* PAT).—I see, I shall have to smooth things over a bit (*To* QUEEN) I hope no offence, your Majesty. I meant to say, can I assist the Court Barber in any way? He seems a bit behind-hand with his work, if I may judge by the long line of gintlemen waiting for a shave (*points to* GNOMES).

QUEEN.—I see you are under some slight misapprehension, O most excitable mortal, carried away, no doubt, by an excess of professional zeal. The Court Barber, as you call him, is none other than "He who waits for no man"

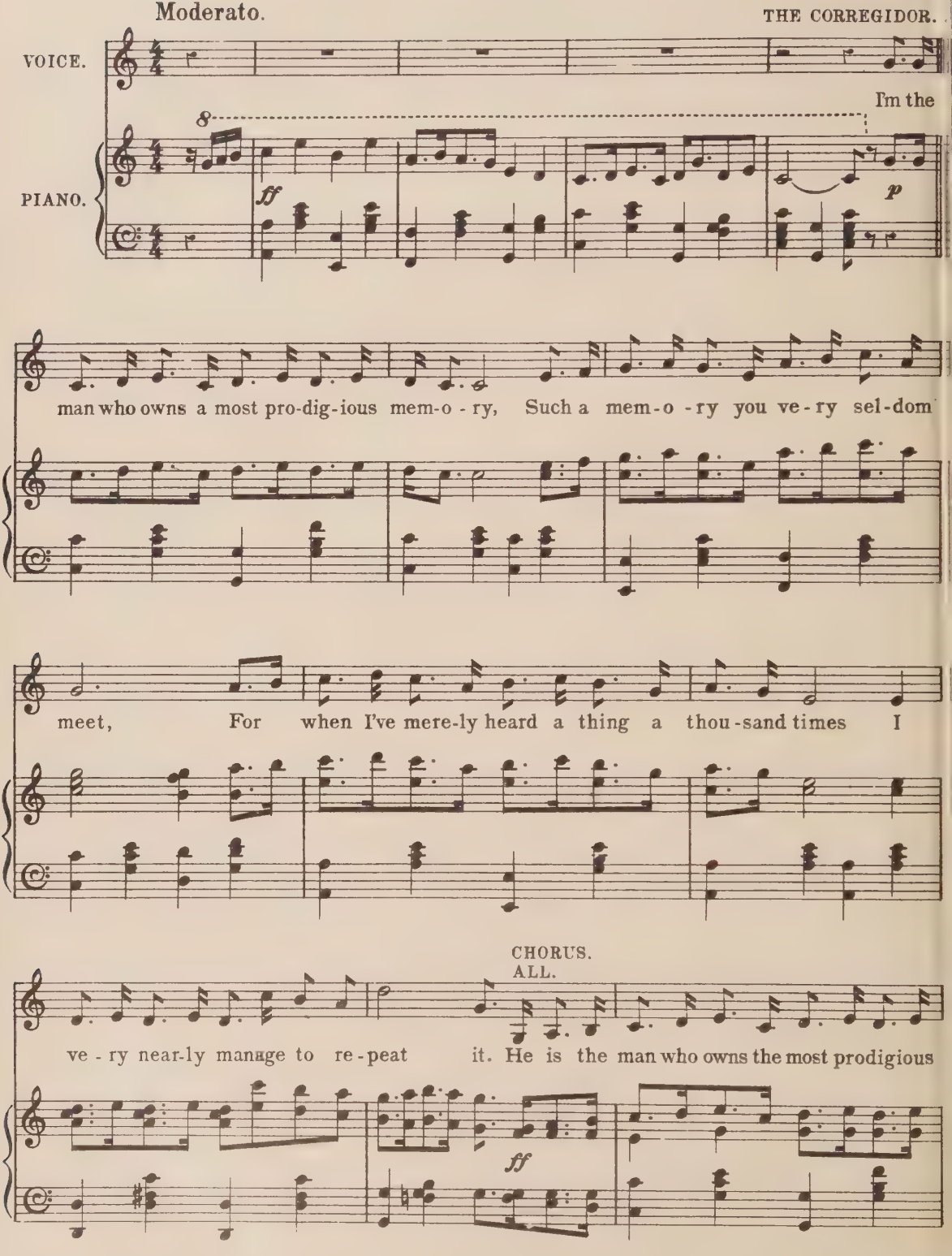
SANCHO (*aside to* PAT, *and pointing to the beards of the* GNOMES).—I see, makes his customers do the waiting, I expect.

QUEEN.—He is no less than Old Father Time.

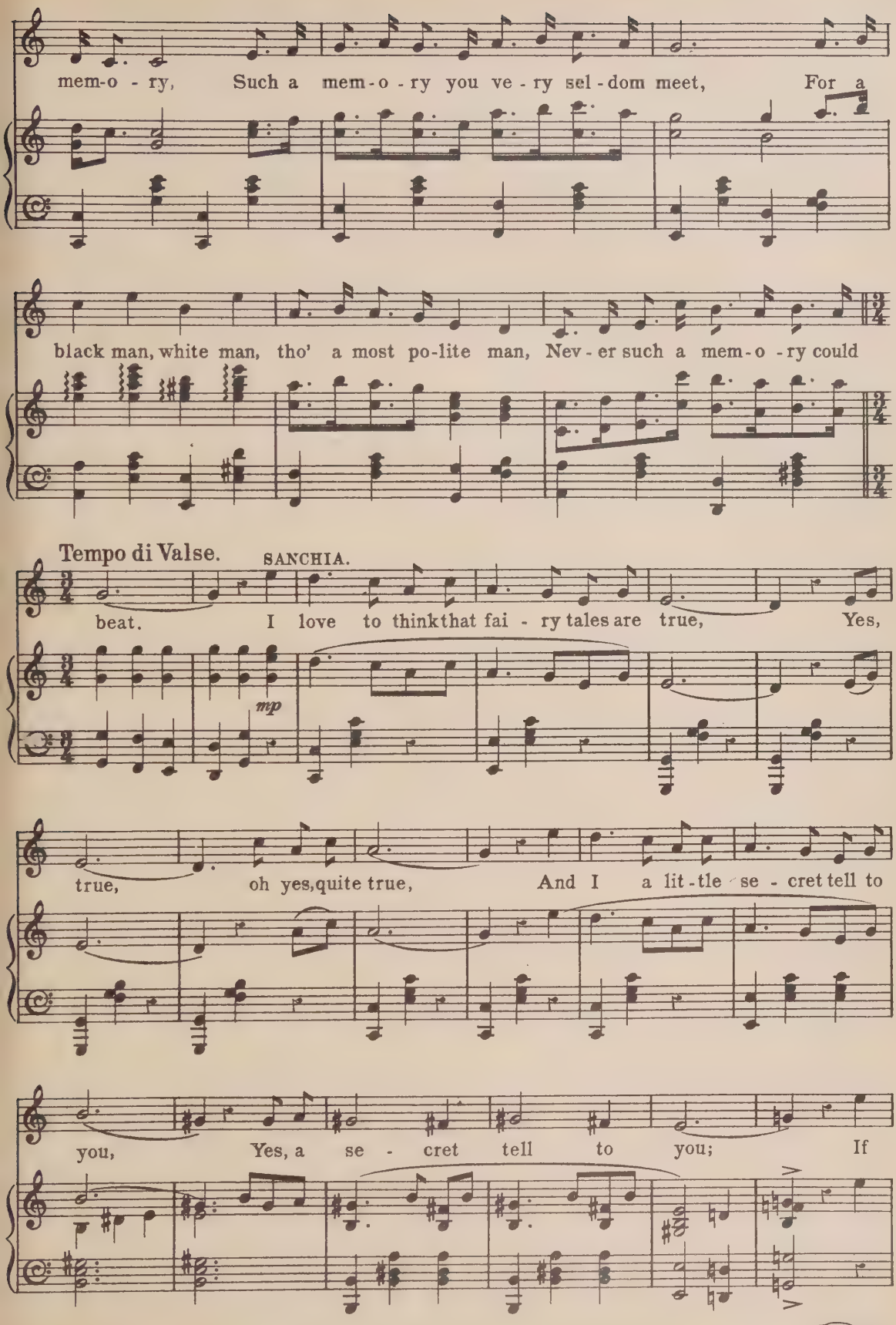
SANCHO (*aside to* PAT).—It's *Time* Father had a shave, I'm thinking.

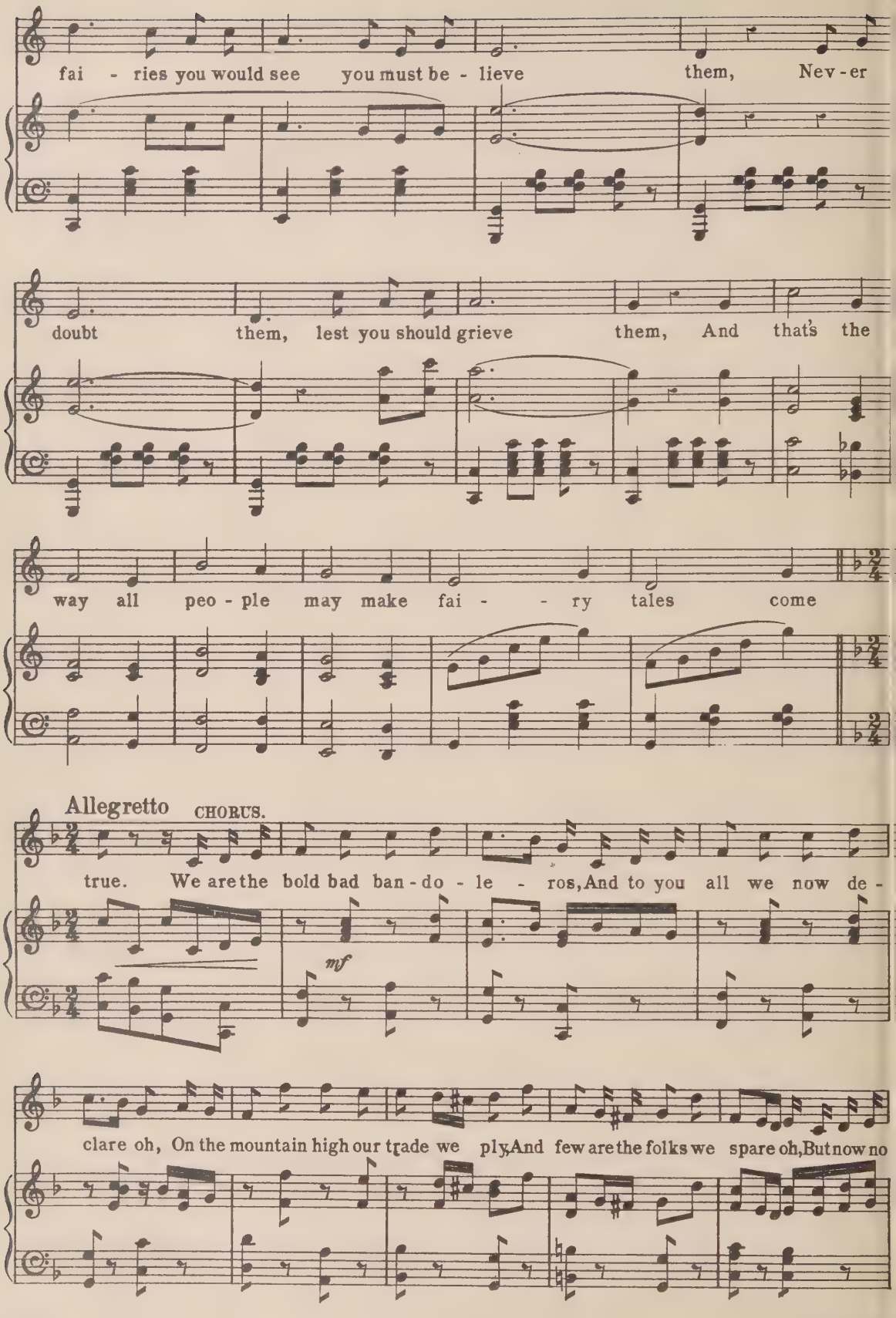
QUEEN.—And now, good people of Barossa, let me hear an account of you and your doings.

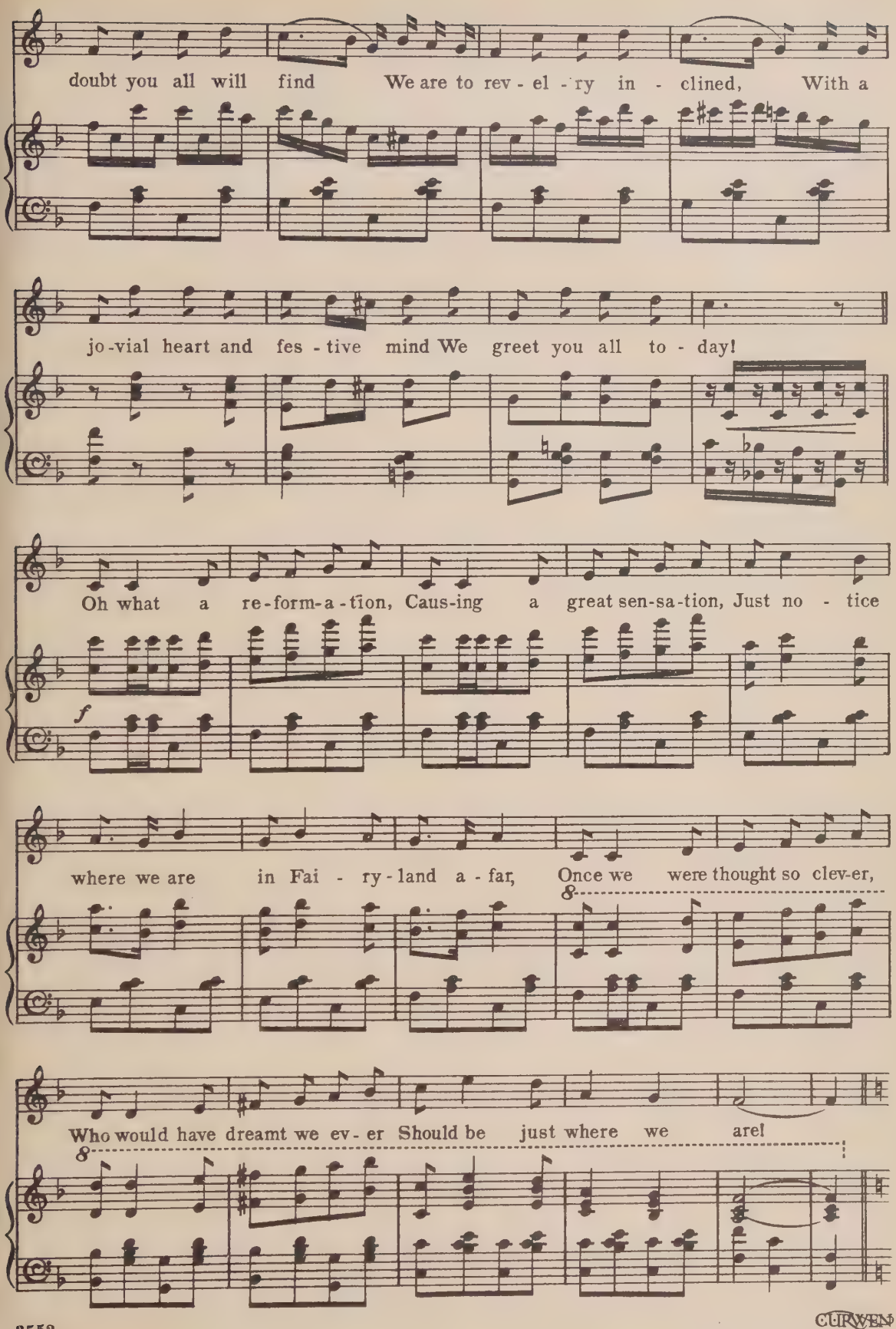
No. 22. Ensemble.

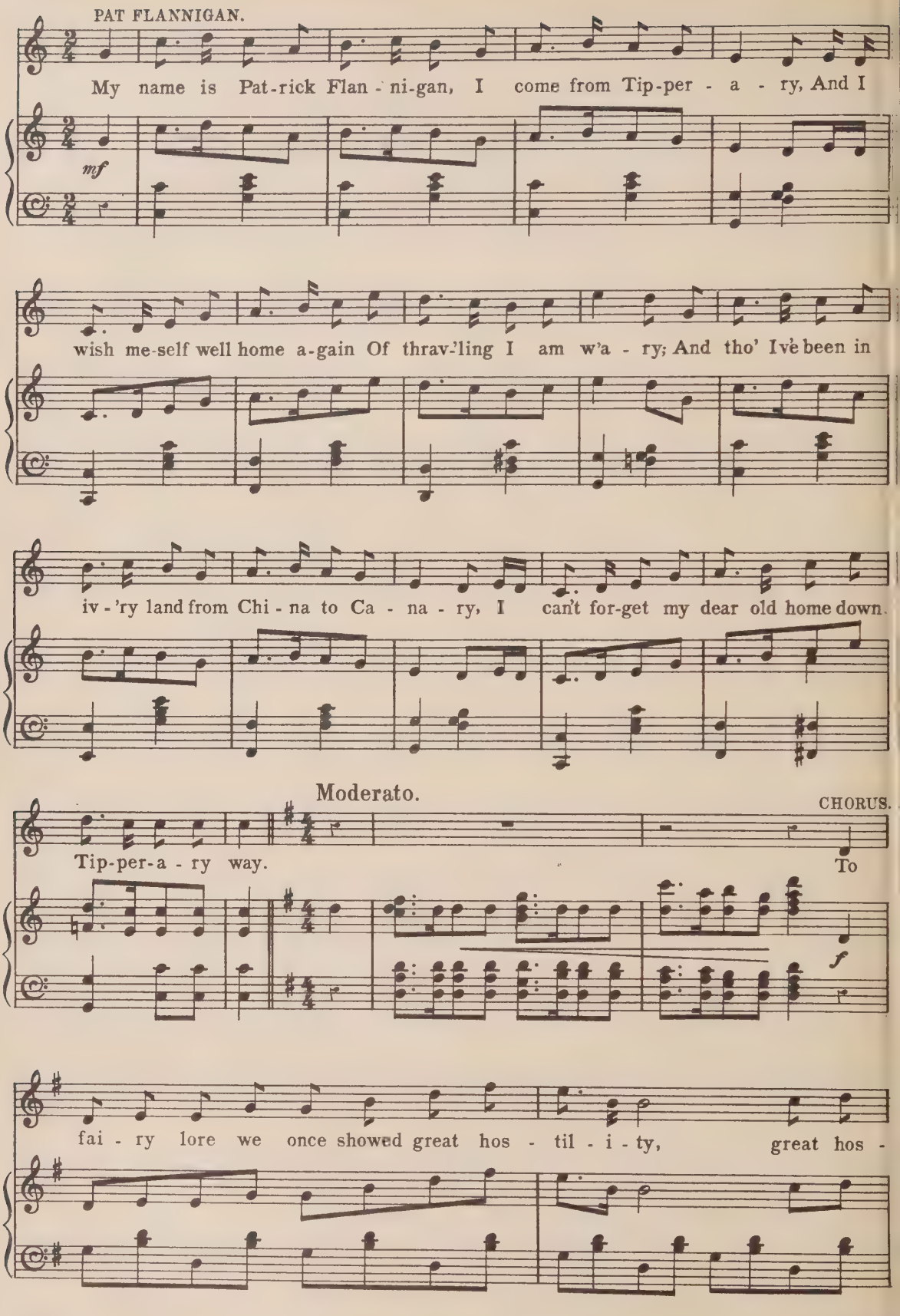

Moderato.
THE CORREGIDOR.
VOICE.
PIANO.
I'm the
ff
p
man who owns a most pro-dig-ious mem-o-ry, Such a mem-o-ry you ve-ry sel-dom
meet, For when I've mere-ly heard a thing a thou-sand times I
CHORUS.
ALL.
ve-ry near-ly manage to re-peat it. He is the man who owns the most prodigious
ff

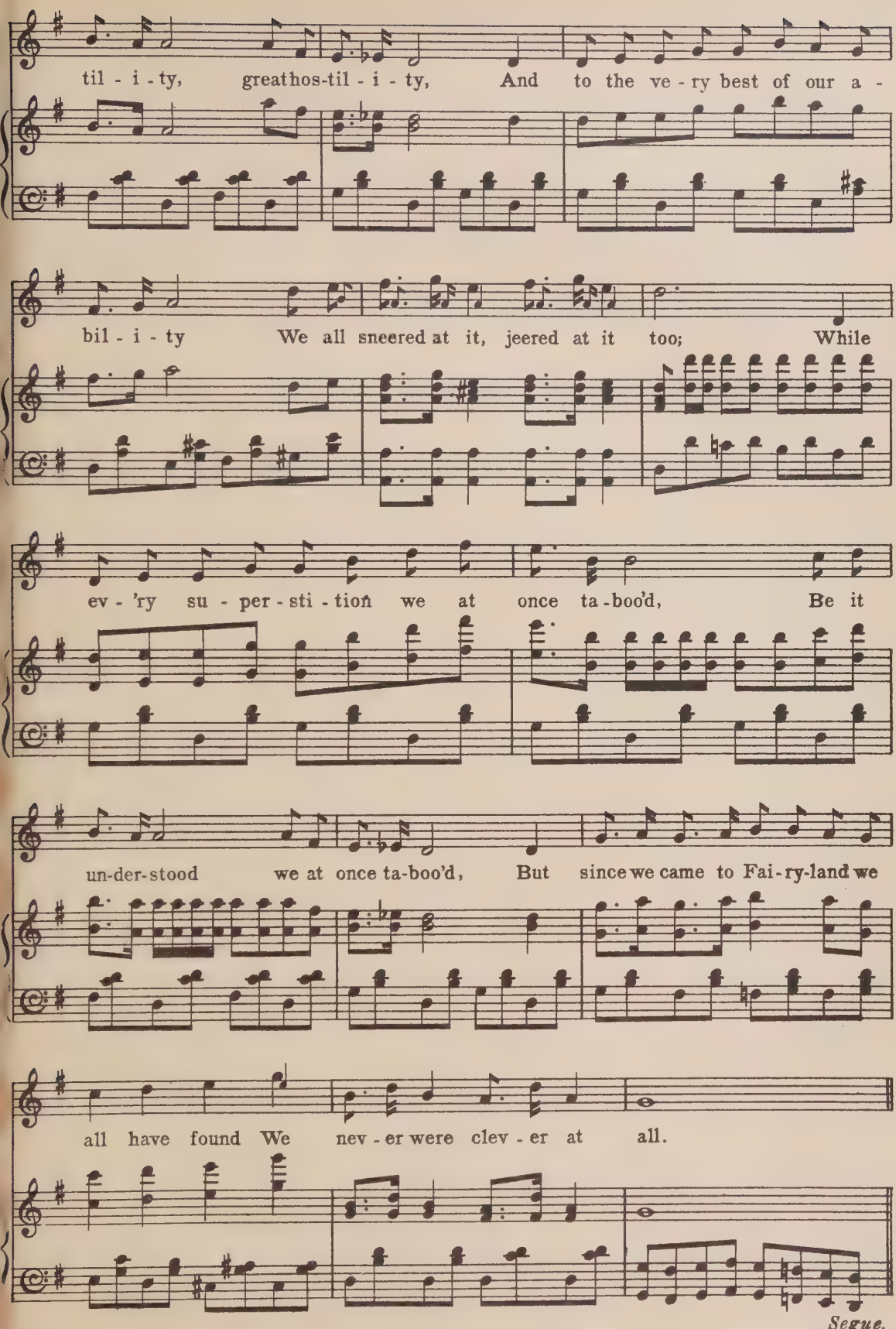
CURWEN


mem-o - ry, Such a mem - o - ry you ve - ry sel - dom meet, For a
black man, white man, tho' a most po-lite man, Nev - er such a mem - o - ry could
Tempo di Valse.
SANCHIA.
beat. I love to think that fai - ry tales are true, Yes,
mp
true, oh yes, quite true, And I a lit - tle se - cret tell to
you, Yes, a se - cret tell to you; If


fai - ries you would see you must be - lieve them, Nev - er
doubt them, lest you should grieve them, And that's the
way all peo - ple may make fai - - ry tales come
Allegretto
CHORUS.
true. We are the bold bad ban - do - le - ros, And to you all we now de -
mf
clare oh, On the mountain high our trade we ply, And few are the folks we spare oh, But now no


doubt you all will find We are to rev - el - ry in - clined, With a
jo-vial heart and fes - tive mind We greet you all to - day!
Oh what a re-form-a-tion, Caus-ing a great sen-sa-tion, Just no - tice
f
where we are in Fai - ry-land a - far, Once we were thought so clev-er,
8
Who would have dreamt we ev - er Should be just where we are!
8

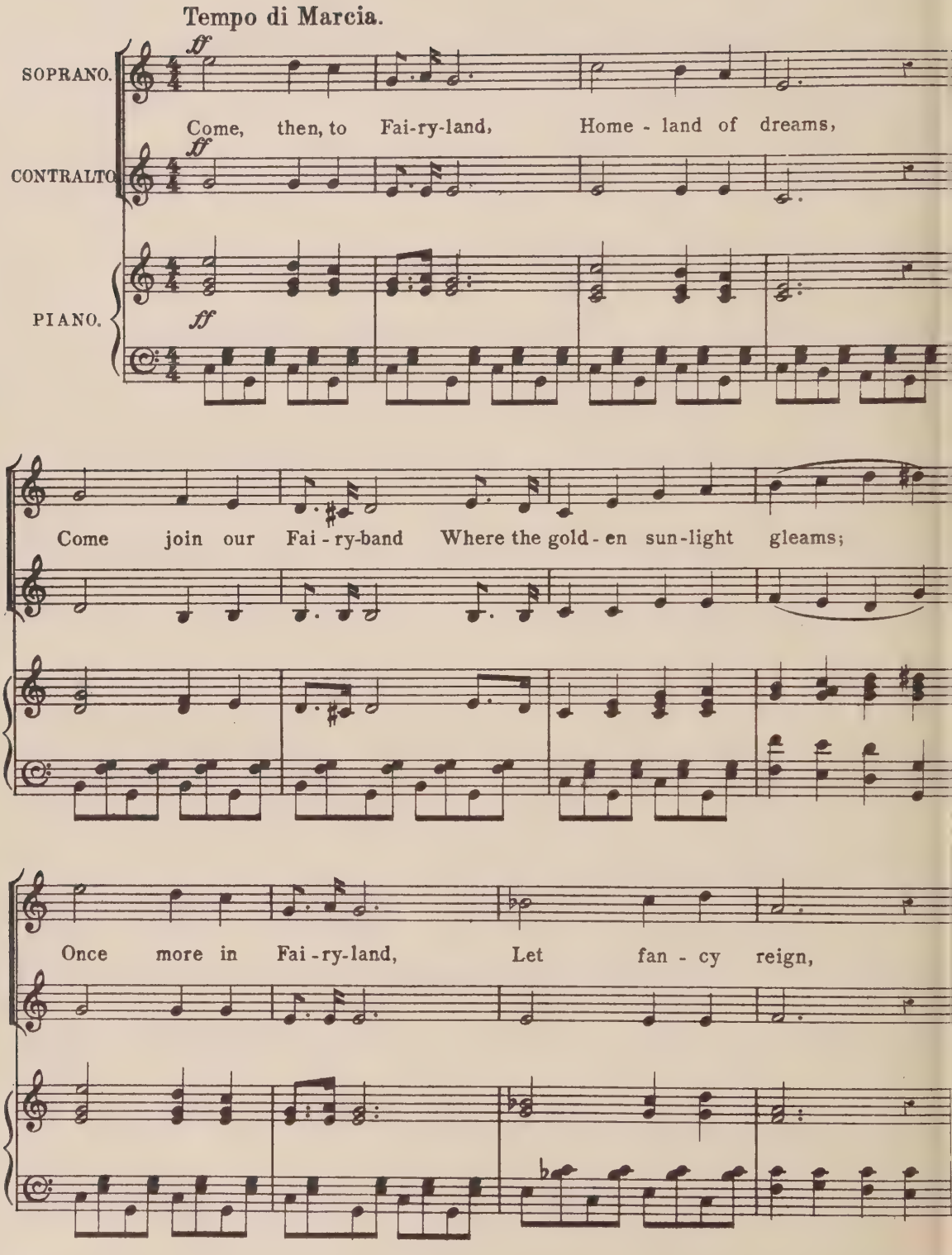

PAT FLANNIGAN.
My name is Pat-rick Flan - ni-gan, I come from Tip-per - a - ry, And I
mf
wish me-self well home a-gain Of thrav-'ling I am w'a - ry; And tho' I've been in
iv-'ry land from Chi - na to Ca - na - ry, I can't for-get my dear old home down
Moderato.
CHORUS.
Tip-per-a - ry way.
To
f
fai - ry lore we once showed great hos - til - i - ty, great hos -


til - i - ty, greathos-til - i - ty, And to the ve - ry best of our a -
bil - i - ty We all sneered at it, jeered at it too; While
ev - 'ry su - per - sti - tion we at once ta-boo'd, Be it
un-der-stood we at once ta-boo'd, But since we came to Fai-ry-land we
all have found We nev - er were clev - er at all.

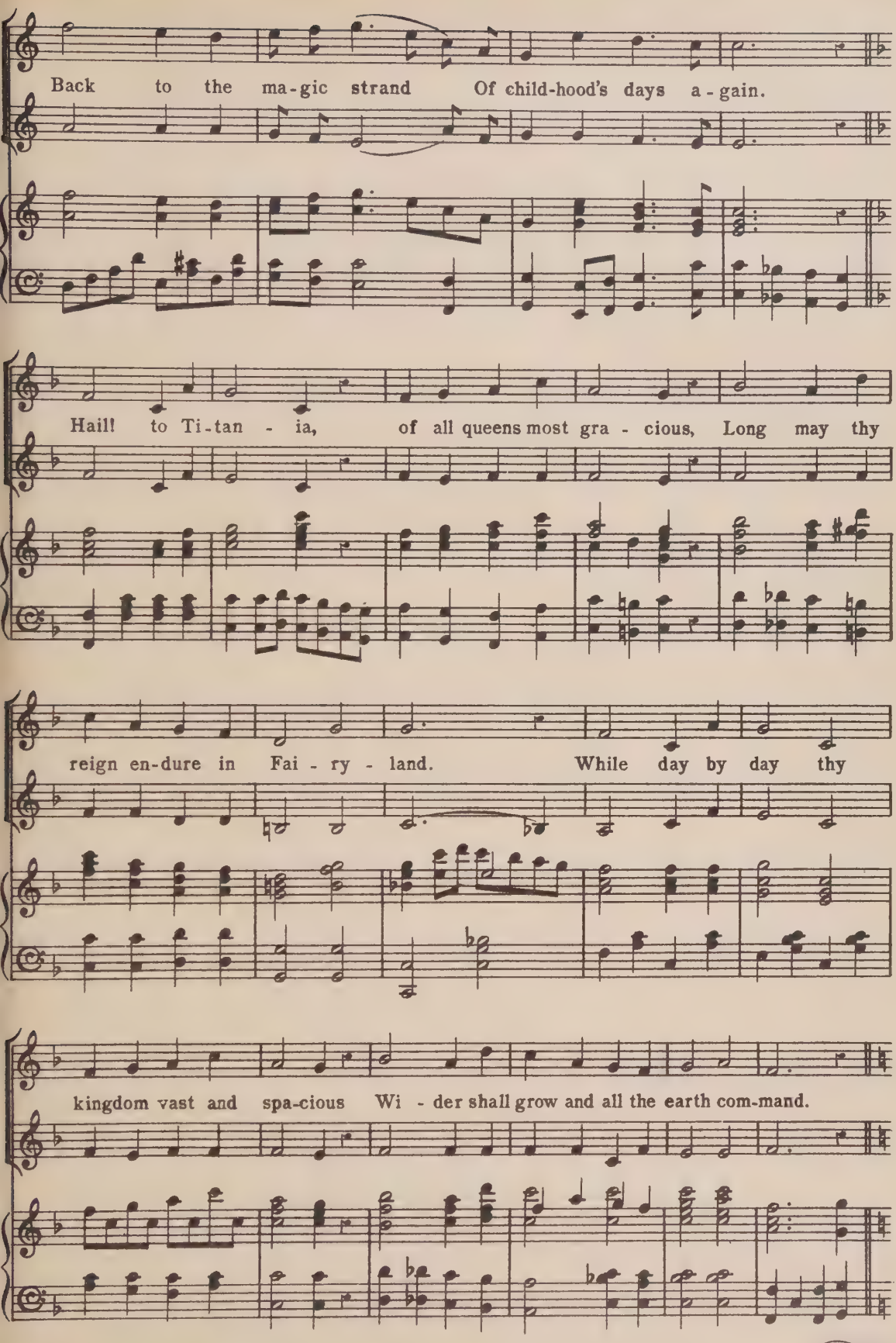
Segue.

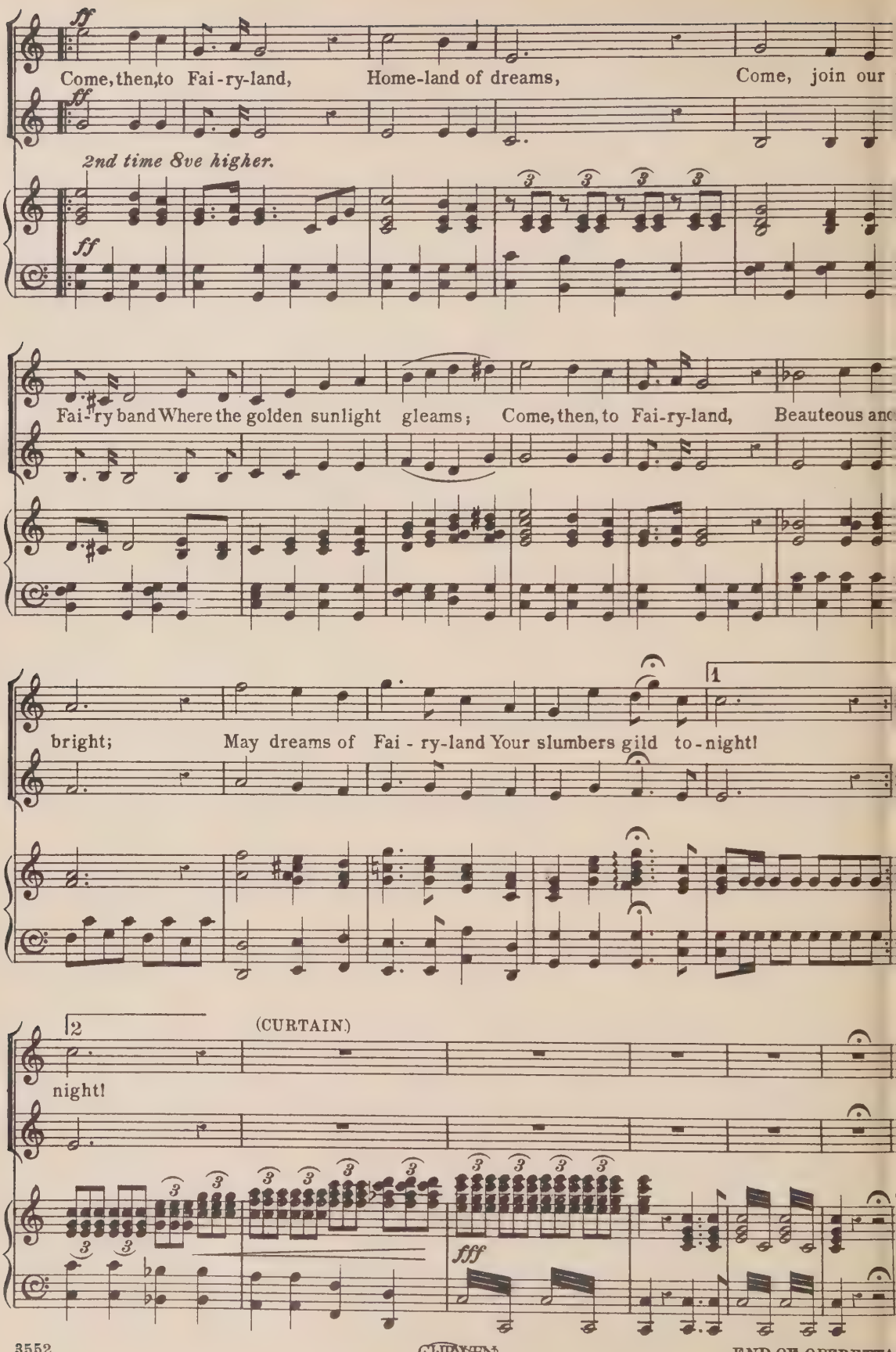
CURWEN

No. 23. Finale.


Tempo di Marcia.
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
PIANO.
ff
Come, then, to Fai-ry-land, Home - land of dreams,
Come join our Fai - ry-band Where the gold - en sun-light gleams;
Once more in Fai - ry-land, Let fan - cy reign,

CURWEN


Back to the ma-gic strand Of child-hood's days a-gain.
Hail! to Ti-tan-ia, of all queens most gra-cious, Long may thy
reign en-dure in Fai-ry-land. While day by day thy
kingdom vast and spa-cious Wi-der shall grow and all the earth com-mand.


ff
Come, then, to Fai-ry-land, Home-land of dreams, Come, join our
ff
2nd time 8ve higher.
ff
Fai-ry band Where the golden sunlight gleams; Come, then, to Fai-ry-land, Beauteous and
bright; May dreams of Fai-ry-land Your slumbers gild to-night!
1
2
(CURTAIN.)
night!
fff